

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

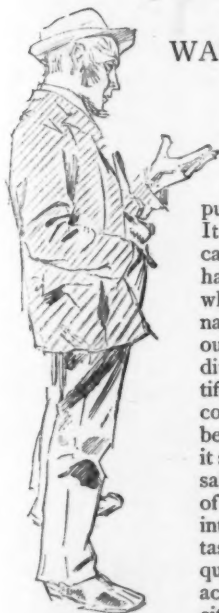
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No. 4.

WASHINGTON AS A SPECTACLE.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



A POLITICIAN.

WASHINGTON is a city planned and built solely for the purposes of government. It is probably the only capital in the world which has had such an origin; which is named after a nation's first leader, laid out according to his individual views, and beautified, to some extent, according to his ideas of beauty. Washington, as it stands to-day, may be said to be the expression of George Washington's intention and personal taste, and, in a consequent way, of his character. The plan of the city reminds one of the man's face, with its large,

quiet features, its calm symmetry, and its singularly unobtrusive individuality. One might almost say that the face of Washington the man, like the face of Washington the city, was characterized by its "magnificent distances." We even feel a little, in spite of what we know of his youth, that the man himself was "planned and built solely for purposes of government."

Strangely enough, too, the features of the first President, as we know them from his many

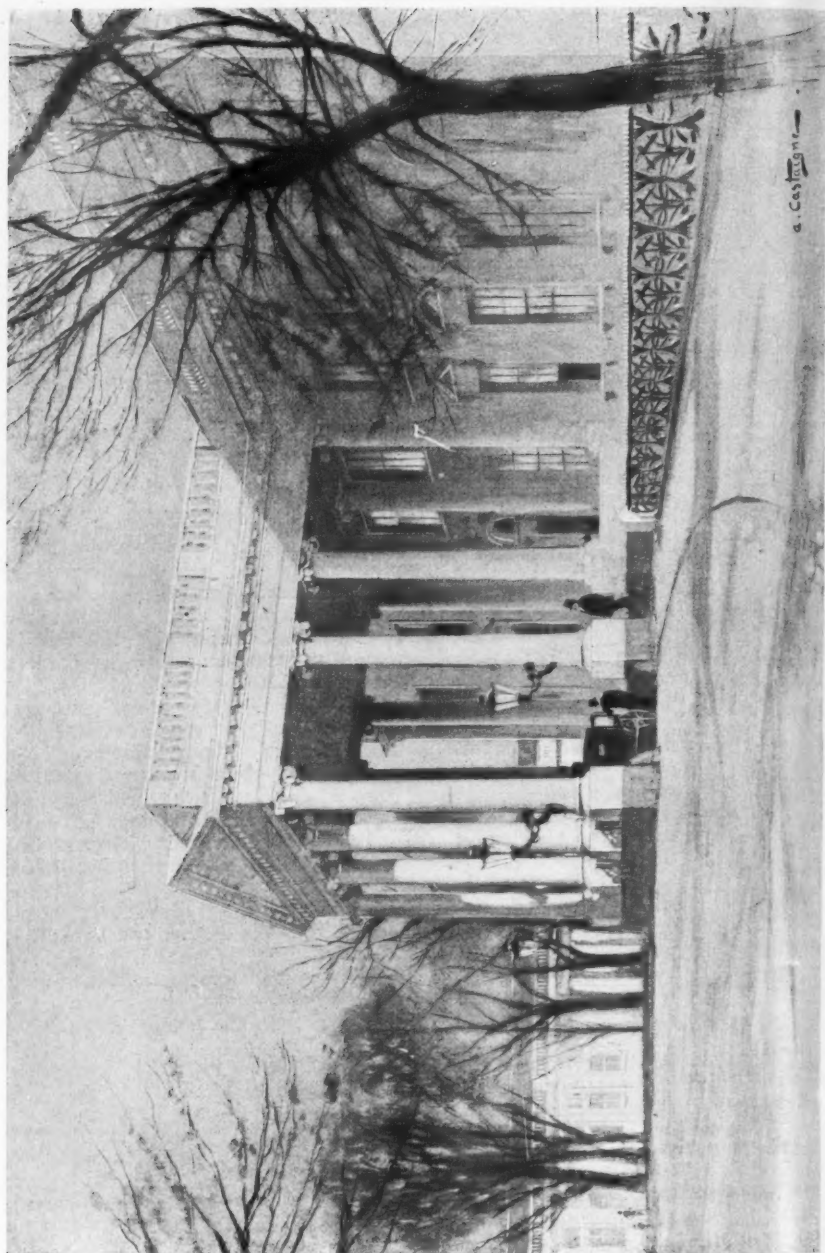
portraits, remind one irresistibly, by their almost supernal calm, of some of those beautiful heads of Buddha modeled in the far East by the hands of believing men; and his capital recalls very strongly the modern and English portions of such an Indian city as Allahabad, for instance. The beautiful trees, the endless, perfectly smooth roads, the red brick houses, the dark faces of the colored population, and, above all, the moist softness of the sunny air on summer days when it has lately rained, are points which Washington has in common both with Allahabad and Bombay, and which cannot fail to strike one who has lived long in all three places.

We Americans may say of ourselves that our qualities are real, but that our tastes are artificial. We may arrogate praise for what we have done, and deprecate foreign criticism of what we like. Our deeds are our own, but our tastes, as yet, are not. We have more really the desire for taste than taste itself. But the desire is enormous, and in seeking to satisfy it we have desperately attempted to throw an impossible bridge across the wide and deep gulf by which we are divided from former civilizations, and to drag the beau-



FROM THE SUNRAY SOUTH.

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a. Cassatt

THE WHITE HOUSE — MAIN ENTRANCE.

tiful by force over that bridge, to stay with us. We have indeed a preëminent right to please ourselves in our own way; but we cannot help being concerned about pleasing other people besides Americans, as we have lately shown. Hence the curious, sporadic conventionalities which crop up in unexpected places all over our country—conventionalities of which the object seems to be to produce a good, though only a temporary, impression where genuine traditions have not as yet developed. They make one think of those sham fronts of wood and plaster which are sometimes put up before great buildings yet unfinished, but to which it is necessary to give the appearance of being completed for some special occasion. They answer the purpose, but we feel that they are not intended to last.

In Washington, however, almost everything is meant to be enduring, and in one sense, which is a good sense, there is perhaps no city in any part of the world where a conventional standard has been arbitrarily adopted with such determination, and adhered to with such consistency, throughout so long a period of time, and, on the whole, with such good results. There is no city in the world, I think, where so many public buildings are of Greek style, and yet so unobtrusive.

But in these days of specialism, it is for specialists to talk of architecture, and it is the province of the novelist to enjoy such fiction as he can find in the world, and to make it enjoyable for others. It must be in spite of its conventionalism that Washington suggests romance, and breathes the breath of dream-life into the nostrils of dead statues, and in through the windows of lifeless buildings, and through all the bright air of blazing modernness in which we, the living ones, have our being. There is romance—let us not define the pretty word—in the dim, soft dawn, when the mists of the river are surprised in their loves with the sleeping trees; in the fresh morning, when the quiet streets ring with the double trill of the song-birds as each in turn and all together, and none last, they lift up their little voices in a long, caroling cheer to the rising sun; in the broad day, wherein men work and struggle, and quarrel and make peace, and speak words which all the nation hears and judges, condemns, approves, or laughs at, as all humanity laughs or looks grave over its own centralized self; in the red evening light, when the perspective of the avenues grows long and fairy-like, and the brilliant equipages roll swiftly and smoothly through the sunset air that reddens the horses' bay coats, and enriches collar and harness with its fiery gold. And most of all at night, when the trees are all breathing again, and the broad streets are quiet; when the great army of work-

ers is gone to its boarding-house quarters, and the little regiment of do-nothings is broken up into squads to hunt the Beast of Boredom with laughter and sometimes with tears; when the stars play hide-and-seek with the moon round the corners of the silent Capitol, and kiss the great Liberty on either cheek, high in the cool, dark blue air; when the moonbeams run quivering through the rustling leaves, and weave white lace across the dark pavement; when the soft lights stream from the windows of the White House, across the broad lawn, and through the trees, to the high railings of the avenue; when the ducky boy and girl, hand in hand, pour out their little tale of woe to the passing dandy, trotting beside him as he strolls along in white tie and black cloak, on his way from a dinner to a reception; when the herdic cab backs up under the trees against the curbstone, swinging wide its self-opening doors, and throwing its bright flash out upon a vision of fair hair, and satin, and white lace, and slim silk-clad ankles, just as the impassive English footman opens the door of the house, and lets out a blaze



AN OFFICE-SEEKER.

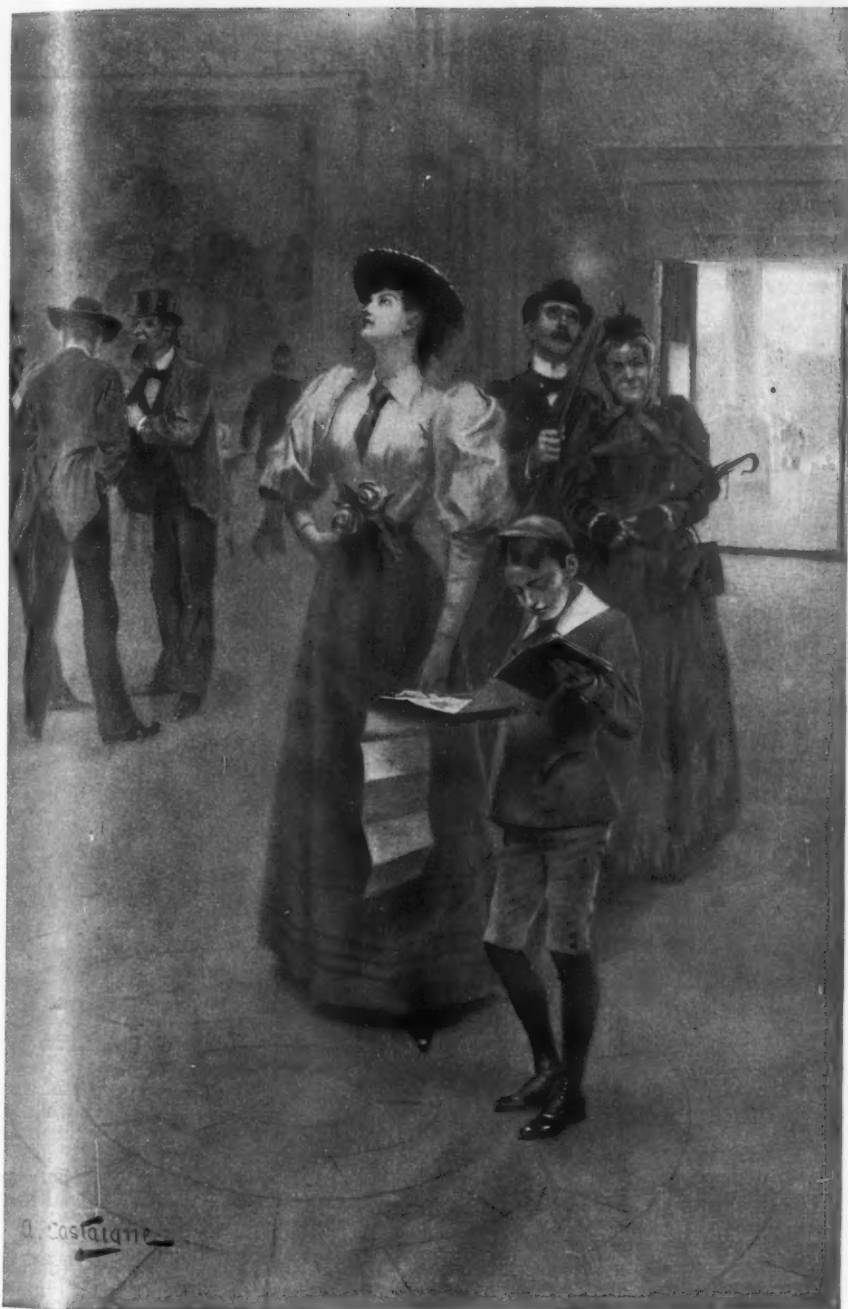


THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

of other light ; when, now and then, the over-smooth, honey-sweet voices of colored men echo very softly from back streets to the resonant little drumming and twanging of a banjo. There is assuredly something in it all that suggests romance, something that delicately stirs the heart with a premonition, as it were, of some other heart waiting for it somewhere, in shadow, or moonlight, or noonday sunshine.

It has been, and is still, the fashion to laugh at our capital city, and to speak with a very libelous contempt of what is done there. Many fashions are set by the Europeanized Ameri-

can, and they are not, on the whole, good ones. There are, indeed, two distinct classes of transatlantic Americans—those who live most of their lives abroad because they are obliged to do so by circumstances not to be controlled, and those who spend half the year on the other side as a matter of taste. The former are often more patriotic than those who stay at home. For them there is a glamour over everything ; they feel little patriotic thrills at the sight of the Stars and Stripes, and the bald eagle's screaming is as melodious to them as the song of the nightingale. But the other is an unpleasant person who affects strange



UNDER THE DOME.



THE WAR, NAVY, AND STATE DEPARTMENTS.

accents and quaint gestures, wears curiously elaborate garments of great price, and calls America a "beast of a hole," which is a coarse expression not susceptible of grammatical explanation. One chief object of this man's calumnies is Washington, under which general term he abuses the city, its inhabitants, and those whose thankless task it is to make laws for the general cases in which our federation must needs figure as one State. The American Parisian and the British New Yorker consider Washington a failure, its official society a band of ineffable cads, and the Government of the United States a fraud.

Even in New York it is amazing to see what

prejudice there is against Washington, and what indifference even where there is no prejudice. And yet, even as a mere spectacle, Washington is not by any means to be despised, while, as a study, it is one of the most interesting cities in the whole world.

There is this fundamental difference between the general aspects of Washington and New York. The latter, cramped for space on its narrow island, has increased by building higher. The former, unhampered by limits of nature, has spread over an enormous area of naturally fertile land. There is, indeed, an even greater regularity of plan in Washington than in New York, to which the ruler and square were applied, so to

say, after the city had grown out of infancy. But in the capital this regularity is not forced upon the eye by the unbroken succession of blocks succeeding blocks, for miles, in a wearisome similarity of architecture, and with such a monotonous absence of landmarks in some regions as to puzzle a Western pathfinder. On the contrary, the lines are everywhere broken by the variety of detachment where dwellings stand alone, and feathered all along their length with graceful trees. In New York, business is the main fact; idleness and its dwellings are incidents. In Washington it is the other way; for business is only incidental, government is

more sky, since the streets are wider, and the houses lower. And winter in Washington brings the white surprise of snow rather than the discomfort of sullen and dirty slush, and a sudden thaw and a quick-succeeding frost will cast the trees in brilliant ice, as it were, making of each twig a miracle in crystal, and of every gnarl and knob and withered berry a crown diamond set in virgin silver.

Especially after a sudden snowfall there is more joy than over many snow-storms in the North, coming as it does with the certainty that it cannot lie long on the ground, nor pile itself into hundredfold wet blankets on the roofs,



IN DIPLOMATIC SOCIETY.

the main occupation, leisure is the common right of many, and idleness is the privilege of not a few. More than New York, too, Washington is subject in its aspect to the influence of the seasons, in proportion as there is more of nature to be seen everywhere, more grass to turn brown and green again, more trees to lose their leaves in winter and to bud in spring,

nor heap itself in ten-foot drifts where it ought not. Snow in the North is a grim certainty; in Washington it is but the illuminating flash of a passing holiday, to be enjoyed quickly while it lasts, to disappear more quickly still in the sunshine that makes it beautiful. It is marvelous to see how the dashing sleighs turn out upon "the avenue,"—which is, of course



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

Pennsylvania Avenue,—to hear all at once the unceasing tinkle of the bells instead of the dull roll of carriage-wheels, to feel how in an instant the pace of the whole city quickens with noiseless speed upon the rare white carpet, to listen to new tones of voices echoing across the snow—to have all the magic of winter's beauty, without its grimness, for one short, joyous day.

It is natural that in its social aspect Washington should differ from most other cities. It is strangely cosmopolitan. There is in the ranks of society the greatest variety of race with the greatest variety of interest, or, at least, in the object of interest. There is, in things social, the greatest diversity together with a singular uniformity of principle. There is a notable simplicity existing side by side with something very like real magnificence of display, and a remarkable absence of that socially servile opinion which accepts display alone as an outward and visible sign of inward and social grace. The ubiquitous diplomat leavens

the whole, and lends it a slightly European savor. The curious English traveler comes, sees, and takes away an impression, but leaves none; the German of solid acquirements puts on an air of levity, the better to observe, to note, and mentally to digest; the Frenchman, generally new at wandering, sparkles in conversation, whether he be understood or not, and generalizes within himself as all Frenchmen do. For the French mind differentiates keenly, but integrates by one rule only, which is the Parisian.

You may see almost every type at a big afternoon tea in Washington, especially at one of those given, according to a pretty custom, to "bring out"—to present to society—a daughter of the house. There she stands, the young girl whose social eyes are to be opened, a type of the American maiden of to-day, unlike any other in the world. For we are the only one among the great nations of whom it must be said that we are a distinct result rather

than a distinct race, and this result is a type indefinitely varied by divers race characteristics. The "result" stands by her mother's side near the door of the first drawing-room through which guests pass—tall, slender, probably clad in white, probably having rather dark hair and a complexion to which the "national irritable heart," as the doctors call it, gives a brilliancy rarely seen abroad. Almost beyond a doubt, too, she has eyes which would seem unusual in Europe, with strong, fringing lashes, but rather too boldly bright, and restlessly, though innocently, curious. The mouth is very mobile; the hands are rarely quiet for a moment—slender hands, very narrow at the base, very closely webbed between the thumb and forefinger, very exquisitely kept under her long gloves; hands with which none but those of Frenchwomen can compare for the wise pains bestowed upon them.

By her side, upon a broad table, are endless flowers, chiefly if not altogether white. In her left hand are roses, white too, and as fresh as herself. Her right she gives frankly to stranger and friend alike, as her mother, splendid with historic jewels and maternal pride, introduces them all to her, one after the other. A word or two, not more, to each, and each passes on. It is a pretty custom, unlike any other in the world. They all pass on and join the international

throng in the other rooms—senators, officials, diplomats; grave men who seize the quick opportunity to exchange words of moment, and other grave men, gray-haired, but not old in heart, who whisper the pleasant nothings they learned long ago to young ears that have perhaps not heard them yet. The air smells of tea and flowers, the rooms are

crowded, the heat is great, the good-will greater still toward the tall young girl by the door, who has shaken the hand of each, and looked into the face of each, wondering, perhaps, whether any face of them all is ever to be the one face of all the world for her.

We Americans are a wonderfully sentimental people, and the lily-white maiden who makes

her entrance into society on this day is as eager for sentiment as all the rest of us. Now sentiment is good when it is found, and is real, and there is little enough to care for in life without it. Why, then, should the pursuit of it be ridiculous? It is, and it is strange that it should be. Perhaps the heart is ashamed when the head knows what it is doing.

The Capitol is the heart of Washington, not topographically, but figuratively. As a matter of fact, the city has grown in a direction precisely opposite to that in which its founders expected growth, and what is really the front of the building faces away from the quarter of principal development. Fortunately, this has been an advantage, in so far as it presents the Capitol to the city in its most imposing aspect, from the side on which the land falls away, and on which broad flights of marble steps give access to the building. And from this side it cannot be denied that the great front of well-

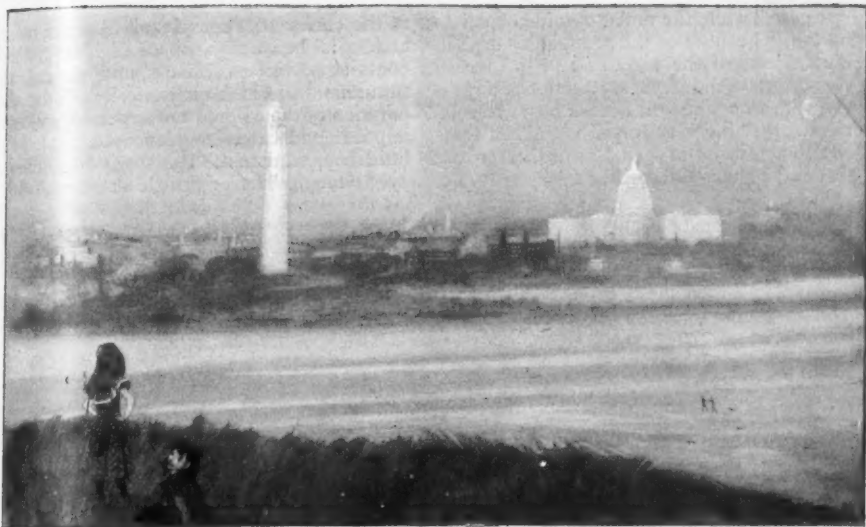
proportioned colonnades, surmounted by the airy dome, which itself is crowned by Crawford's statue of Liberty, is both imposing and beautiful. To the architect, the fact that the dome is of iron is a flaw in the nobility of the whole, but no ordinary eye can detect the change of material at that elevation. There are hours of the day, especially toward evening in



IN ALL HIS GLORY.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.



A QUIET EVENING — FROM THE VIRGINIA SHORES.

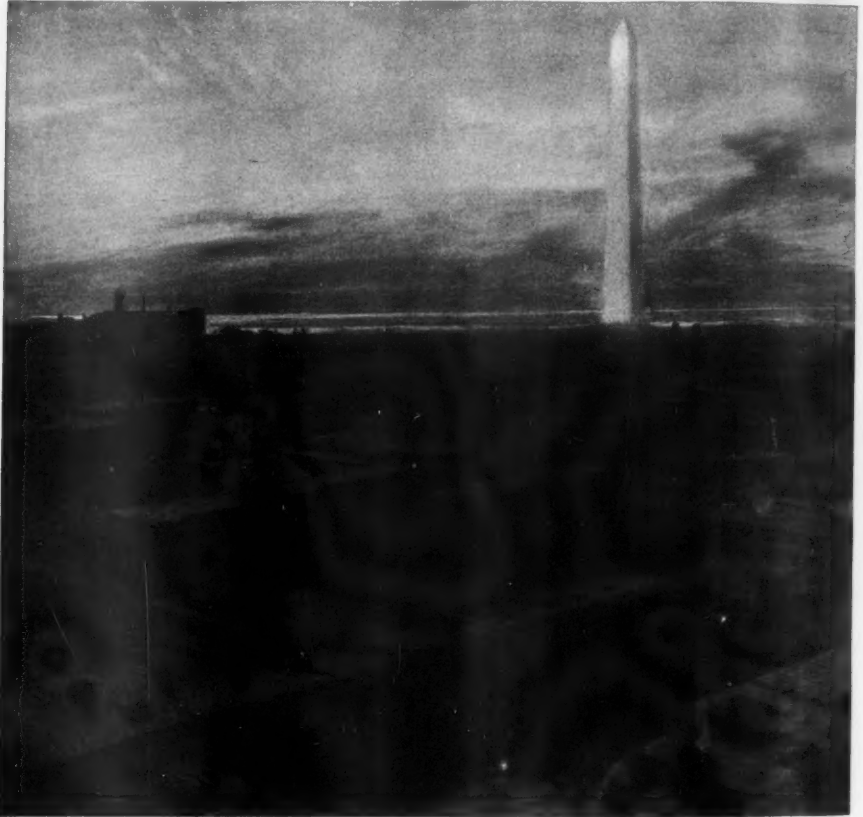
spring, when there is a wonderful fascination in the distant view, as one approaches the Capitol along Pennsylvania Avenue. It has a distinctness of proportion with a soft grace of outline, all in many tones of white against the misty evening sky, such as cannot be likened to anything in any other city. It suggests nothing ancient, nothing traditional, nothing old-fashioned, and yet it has nothing distinctly modern about it. Symbolical, it may be, for one may find symbols in all that man makes with a purpose, for all that man can think, and in nature for all that is beyond man's skill and craft. Let it be a symbol, then, and a good one of some good thing. Calm, lovely, high in air, with a beauty of its own, not beyond criticism, assuredly, but perhaps beyond imitation after its manner, crowned by the very handiwork of one of us,—of one whose hands worked lovingly,—let it be a symbol if it may be, not of the strife which has been striven under its shadow, but of that good state to which honest strife may bring us.

A strange life is going on within it, a wonderful, hive-like activity. All day long men and women stream in and out, their footsteps echoing through the stone passages below, their figures lean, fat, long, short, handsome, ugly, crooked, and straight, crowding the ever-ascending and -descending elevators; their voices, high, low, harsh and angry, or soft and persuasive, ringing in the rotunda, and through the corridors, all the way from the Senate to the House of Representatives; their faces as varied as their figures—the smooth wife of a fashionable senator elbowing the ungainly relative of

a “down-East” postmaster out of office; the scraggy, out-at-elbows office-seeker appealing by his very scragginess to the sleek rotundity of double-breasted success, in whom is exhibited all the symmetrical solemnity of the perfect sphere, which on a solid surface may roll but cannot fall. That lean, energetic man in decent black, who walks with quick stride from door to door of the House, sending in his name to one member after another for a brief interview, is “working a ‘committee’” for a private bill, business-like, direct, tactful. That beautifully dressed and compact young fellow with the bright eyes is the correspondent of a great paper, and knows his way even better than the man in black. That gray-headed giant with his noble head was once a fighter, and is a fighter still with words and ideas. That neat, one-armed man is one of a dozen or more doorkeepers, an old soldier, too, and he knows every member in the House by sight, besides a multitude of other personages great and small in the political world. There goes a bevy of smartly dressed girls who ask their way to the ladies’ gallery of the Senate, and two old members, conversing in low tones in the deep embrasure of a window, look up at the sound of young laughter, with eyes that are sharp still under the bushy white brows. And past them all, backward and forward, with steps that hurry anxiously or drag despondently, the crowd unceasingly streams on its way, throughout the long hours, as motley a multitude as one may see together in any civilized place. There are idlers and travelers, too, as well as busy men, and here and there a little knot of people stands

"at gaze," while the mulatto guide expatiates upon the beauties of the rotunda, or explains the subjects of the pictures and the frescos. Nobody pays the slightest attention to any one else with whom he or she is not busy. It would need something very surprising indeed to excite the curiosity of such a crowd. Here and there in the halls and corridors the sturdy guar-

arch of all he surveys, whose slightest gesture could stop even a cable-car, and whose lofty stature and speckless clothes call forth the admiration of the colored nursery-maid, and can impose good behavior even upon fair-haired little boys, and make the soggy-faced, blue-eyed "toughs" look a little less as though they



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

dians of the public peace, clad in immaculate uniforms, sit silent and indifferent, ruminating, to judge from the slow and regular action of their jaws, upon the destinies of the nation, though caring for none of these things. Fine specimens most of them are, too — broad-shouldered, healthy skinned, fair, quiet men, whose solid nerves nothing could surprise, whose firm but gentle mastication no political convulsion could retard. They are of a very different type from the burly New York policeman. One can hardly believe that they are really colleagues of the colored functionary, in similar blue cloth and brass buttons, who stands in all his glory

had bought the pavement for their own convenience and would refuse to let it even at a high price.

A famous living sculptor of ours has given us his opinion in condemnation of the Washington monument. It is sometimes called the Obelisk, for the comparatively simple reason that it is one, just as "they called him Peter, people said, because it was his name." With all due respect to the sculptor's right of judgment, which is unquestioned, we may differ with him, and yet not brand ourselves barbarians. To the present writer it seems not too much to say that in certain lights the Obelisk is the most im-

posing simple object of great dimensions in the whole world. Doubtless when seen, as it always can be seen by day, from a distance of two or three miles and from different parts of the city, cut off by a line of modern roofs across a pale sky, there is nothing remarkable or beautiful about it. It is then but the top of an obelisk, and nothing more; a slender straight line of stone visible in an uninteresting atmosphere. Even then it can hardly be said to be offensive, for it is too simple to offend.

Go to it at evening, when the sunset lights have faded and the full moon is rising. It is impossible not to see its beauty then. For some reason not immediately apparent the white light is not reflected from the lower half of it when the moon is not far above the horizon. The lines are all there, but the shaft is only a soft shadow below, gradually growing clearer as it rises, and ending in a blaze of silver against the dark sky. The enormous proportions are touched then with a profound mystery; the solidity of the symbol disappears, the greatness of the thought remains, the unending vastness of the idea is overwhelming. Block upon block, line by line, it was built up with granite from many States, a union of many into one simple whole, a true symbol of what we Americans are trying to make of ourselves, of our country, and of our beliefs. There is the solid foundation, proved and tried, which we know of and trust in. There is the dark and shadowy present, through which the grand straight lines are felt rather than seen. And there, high in the still air, points the gleaming future, perfect at all points, bright at all points, lofty as all but



A CORNER OF THE AGRICULTURAL GROUNDS.

heaven itself. There is the symbol. We may ask of ourselves whether we are to overtake the shadows and reach the light, we or our children, or our children's children; or whether the half-darkness will creep up with us always, and with them, for ages to come, and even to the end.

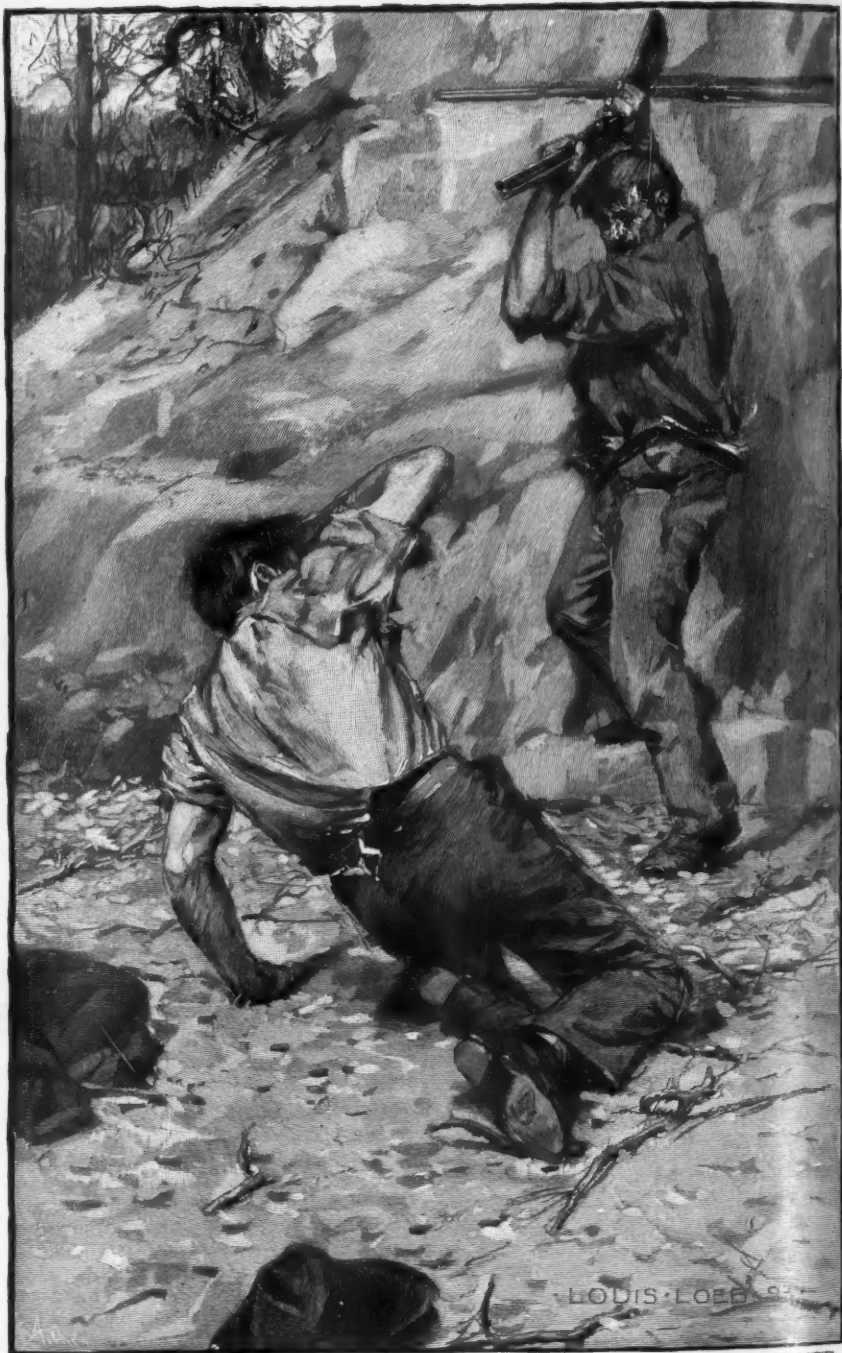
The Obelisk is beautiful not only by moonlight, as any one may see who will take the trouble to look at it with eyes human rather than critical—at evening, for instance, from the terrace of the Capitol, when all the world is sinking toward its mighty plunge into darkness through the foam of the cloud-breakers and the purple wash of night's rising tide; or at early morning, when the darkness sinks back, and the first blush of day warms the pinnacle of the lonely shaft—as though it had stabbed night in the sky and drawn the sweet blood of daylight upon its point. Most notably is it beautiful at such times when seen with the whole city from the great military cemetery on the heights of Arlington, than which few points in the world command a more lovely view.

There in the quiet earth the solemn dead lie side by side, the many who fought for us when we were but their children, and who, for ours, will fight their immortal battles again in the clouds like the warriors of old. Many of us have heroes of our own name and race lying there in the broad tree-hemmed meadows, and among the flowers, and in that chosen rank where the great generals lie, as they fought in the forefront of the enemy, facing now not enemies but friends, the deep sweet valley with the quiet river at their feet. And far away, beside the airy dome of the Capitol, the single shaft rises sunward, and tells in shadow-time for us, the living, the hours of the dead men's endless day.



SEEN FROM THE SENATE GALLERY.

F. Marion Crawford.



ROME AND JASPER.

ENGRAVED BY PETER ATKER.

A CUMBERLAND VENDETTA.

A TALE OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

By the Author of "A Mountain Europa," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

XII.



HE star and the crescent were swinging above Wolf's Head, and in the dark hour that breaks into dawn a cavalcade of Lewallens forded the Cumberland, and galloped along the Stetson shore. At the head rode young Jasper, and Crump the spy.

Swift changes had followed the court-house fight. In spite of the death of Rufe Stetson from his wound, and several other Stetsons from ambush, the Lewallens had lost ground. Old Jasper's store had fallen into the hands of creditors—"furriners"—for debts, and it was said his homestead must follow. In a private war a leader must be more than leader. He must feed and often clothe his followers, and young Jasper had not the means to carry on the feud. The famine had made corn dear. He could feed neither man nor horse, and the hired feudsmen fell away, leaving the Lewallens and the Braytons and their close kin to battle alone. So Jasper avoided open combat, and resorted to ambush and surprise; and, knowing in some way every move made by the Stetsons, with great daring and success. It was whispered, too, that he no longer cared who owned what he might want for himself. Several dark deeds were traced to him. In a little while he was a terror to good citizens, and finally old Gabe asked aid of the governor. Soldiers from the settlements were looked for any day, and both factions knew it. At the least this would delay the war, and young Jasper had got ready for a last fight, which was close at hand.

Half a mile on, the riders swerved into a wooded slope. There they hid their horses in the brush, and climbed the spur stealthily. The naked woods showed the cup-like shape of the mountains there—a basin from which radiated upward wooded ravines, edged with ribs of rock. In this basin the Stetsons were encamped. The smoke of a fire was visible in the dim morning light, and the Lewallens scattered to sur-

round the camp. The effort was vain. A picket saw the creeping figures; his gun echoed a warning from rock to rock, and with yells the Lewallens ran forward. Rome sprang from sleep near the fire, bareheaded, rifle in hand, his body plain against a huge rock, and the bullets hissed and spat about him as he leaped this way and that, firing as he sprang, and shouting for his men. Steve Marcum alone answered. Many, startled from sleep, had fled in a panic; others had run deeper into the woods for shelter. Bidding Steve save himself, Rome also turned up the mountain, running from tree to tree, and dropped unhurt behind a fallen chestnut. Other Stetsons, too, had turned, and answering bullets began to whistle to the enemy. But they were widely separated, and ignorant of one another's position, and the Lewallens drove them one by one to new hiding-places, scattering them more. To his right Rome saw Steve Marcum speed like a shadow up through a little open space, but he feared to move. Several Lewallens had recognized him, and were watching him alone. He could not even fire; at the least exposure there was a chorus of bullets about his ears. In a moment they began to come obliquely from each side; the Lewallens were getting around him. In a moment more death was sure there, and once again he darted up the mountain. The bullets sang after him like maddened bees. He felt one cut his hat and another sting his left arm, but he raced up, up, till the firing grew fainter as he climbed, and ceased an instant altogether. Then, still farther below, came a sudden crash of reports. Stetsons were pursuing the men who were after him, but he could not join them. The Lewallens were scattered everywhere between him and his own men, and a descent might lead him to the muzzle of an enemy's Winchester. So he climbed over a ledge of rock and lay there, peeping through a crevice between two boulders, gaining his breath. The firing was far below him, and was sharp. Evidently his pursuers were too busy now defending themselves to think further of him, and he began to plan how he should get

back to his friends. But he kept hidden, and, searching the cliffs below him for a sheltered descent, he saw something like a slouched hat just over a log, scarcely fifty feet below him. Presently the hat was lifted a few inches, a figure rose cautiously and climbed toward the ledge, shielding itself behind rock and tree. Very quietly Rome crawled back to the face of the cliff behind him, and crouched behind a rock with his cocked rifle across his knees. The man must climb over the ledge; there would be a bare, level floor of rock between them,—the Lewallen would be at his mercy,—and Rome, with straining ears, waited. There was a footfall on the other side of the ledge; a soft clink of metal against stone. The Lewallen was climbing slowly—slowly. Rome could hear his heavy breathing. A grimy hand slipped over the sharp comb of the ledge; another appeared, clenched about a Winchester—then the slouched hat, and under it the dark, crafty face of young Jasper. Rome sat like the stone before him with a half smile on his lips. Jasper peered about with the sly caution of a fox, and his face grew puzzled and chagrined as he looked at the cliffs above him.

"Stop thar!"

He was drawing himself over the ledge, and the low, stern voice startled him, as a knife might have done, thrust suddenly from the empty air at his breast. Rome rose upright against the cliff, with his resolute face against the stock of a Winchester.

"Drap thet gun!"

The order was given along Stetson's barrel, and the weapon was dropped, the steel ringing on the stone floor. Rome lowered his gun to the hollow of his arm and the two young leaders faced each other for the first time in the life of either.

"Seem kinder s'prised to see me," said the Stetson, grimly. "Hev ye got a pistol?"

Young Jasper glared at him in helpless ferocity.

"Naw!"

"Knife?"

He drew a long-bladed penknife from his pocket, and tossed it at Rome's feet.

"Move over thar!"

The Lewallen took his stand against the cliff, Rome picked up the fallen rifle, and leaned it against the ledge.

"Now, Jas Lewallen, thar 's nobody left in this leetle trouble 'cept you 'n' me, 'n' ef one of us was dead I reckon t' other could live hyar, 'n' thar 'd be peace in the mount'ins. I thought o' that when I hed ye at the eend o' this Winchester. I reckon you would 'a' shot me dead ef I hed poked my head over a rock as keerless as you." That is just what he would have done, and Jasper did not answer. "I 've

swore to kill ye, too," added Rome, tapping his gun; "I 've got a cross fer ye hyar."

The Lewallen was no coward. Outcry or resistance was useless. The Stetson meant to taunt him, to make death more bitter; for Jasper expected death, and he sullenly waited for it against the cliff.

"You 've been a-banterin' me a long time, now, 'lowin' as how ye air the better man o' the two; 'n' I 've got a notion o' givin' ye a chance to prove yer tall talk. Hit 's not *our* way to kill a man in cold blood, 'n' I don't want to kill ye anyways ef I kin he'p it. Seem s'prised ag'in? Reckon ye don't believe me? I don't wonder when I think o' my own dad, 'n' all the meanness yer folks have done mine; but I 've got a good reason fer not killin' ye—ef I kin he'p it. Ye don't know what it is, 'n' ye 'll never know; but I 'll give ye a chance now fer yer life ef ye 'll sw'ar on a stack o' Bibles as high as thet tree thar thet ye 'll leave these mount'ins ef I whoops ye, 'n' never come back ag'in as long as ye live. *I'll* leave, ef ye whoops me. Now, whut do ye say? Will ye sw'ar?"

"I reckon I will, seein' as I 've got to," was the surly answer. But Jasper's face was dark with suspicion, and Rome studied it keenly. The Lewallens once had been men whose word was good, but he did not like Jasper's look.

"I reckon I 'll trust ye," he said at last, more through confidence in his own strength than faith in his enemy; for Jasper whipped would be as much at his mercy as he was now. So Rome threw off his coat, and began winding his homespun suspenders about his waist. Watching him closely, Jasper did the same.

The firing below had ceased. A flock of mountain vultures was sailing in great circles over the thick woods. Two eagles swept straight from the rim of the sun above Wolf's Head, beating over a turbulent sea of mist, for the cliffs, scarcely fifty yards above the ledge, where a pine-tree grew between two rocks. At the instant of lighting, they wheeled away, each with a warning scream to the other. A figure lying flat behind the pine had frightened them, and now a face peeped to one side, flushed with eagerness over the coming fight. Both were ready now, and the Lewallen grew suddenly white as Rome turned again and reached down for the guns.

"I reckon I 'll put 'em a leetle furdur out o' the way," he said, kicking the knife over the cliff, and standing on a stone, thrust them into a crevice high above his head.

"Now, Jas, we 'll fight this gredge out, as our grandads hev done afore us."

Lewallen and Stetson were man to man at last. Suspicion was gone now, and a short, brutal laugh came from the cliff.

"I'll fight ye! Oh, I'll fight ye!"

The ring of the voice struck an answering gleam from Rome's gray eyes, and the two sprang for each other. It was like the struggle of primeval men who had not yet learned even the use of clubs. For an instant both stood close like two wild beasts, crouched for a spring, and circling about to get at each other's throats, with mouths set, eyes watching eyes, and hands twitching nervously. Young Jasper leaped first, and the Stetson, wary of closing with him, shrank back. There were a few, quick, heavy blows, and the Lewallen was beaten away with blood at his lips. Then each knew the advantage of the other. The Stetson's reach was longer; the Lewallen was shorter and heavier, and again he closed in. Again Rome sent out his long arm. A turn of Jasper's head let the heavy fist pass over his shoulder. The force of the blow drove Rome forward; the two clinched, and Jasper's arms tightened about the Stetson's waist. With a quick gasp for breath, Rome loosed his hold, and, bending his enemy's head back with one hand, rained blow after blow in his face with the other. One terrible stroke on the jaw, and Jasper's arms were loosed; the two fell apart, the one stunned, the other breathless. One dazed moment only, and for a third time the Lewallen came on. Rome had been fighting a man; now he faced a demon. Jasper's brows stood out like bristles, and the eyes under them were red and fierce like a mad bull's. Again Rome's blows fell, but again the Lewallen reached him, and this time he got his face under the Stetson's chin, and the heavy fist fell upon the back of his head, and upon his neck, as upon wood and leather. Again Rome had to gasp for breath, and again the two were fiercely locked—their corded arms as tense as serpents. Around and around they whirled, straining, tripping, breaking the silence only with deep, quick breaths, and the stamping of feet, Jasper firm on the rock, and Rome's agility saving him from being lifted in the air, and tossed from the cliff. There was no pause for rest. It was a struggle to the end, and a quick one; and under stress of excitement the figure at the pine-tree had risen to his knees—jumping even to his feet in plain view, when the short, powerful arms of the Lewallen began at last to draw the Stetson closer still, and to bend him backward. The Stetson was giving way at last. The Lewallen's vindictive face grew blacker, and his white teeth showed between his snarling lips, as he fastened one leg behind his enemy's, and, with chin against his shoulder, bent him slowly, slowly back. The two breathed in short, painful gasps; their swollen muscles trembled under the strain as with ague. Back—back—the Stetson was falling; he seemed al-

most down, when,—the trick is an old one,—whirling with the quickness of light, he fell heavily on his opponent, and caught him by the throat with both hands.

"'Nough?" he asked hoarsely. It was the first word uttered.

The only answer was a fierce struggle. Rome felt the Lewallen's teeth sinking in his arm, and his fingers tightened like twisting steel, till Jasper caught his breath as though strangling to death.

"'Nough?" asked the hoarse voice again.

No answer; tighter clenched the fingers. The Lewallen shook his head feebly; his purple face paled suddenly as Rome loosed his hold, and his lips moved in a whisper.

"'Nough!"

Rome rose dizzily to one knee. Jasper turned, gasping, and lay with his face to the rock. For a while both were quiet, Rome panting with open mouth, and white with exhaustion, looking down now and then at the Lewallen, whose face was turned away with shame.

The sun was blazing above Wolf's Head now, and the stillness about them lay unbroken on the woods below.

"I've whooped ye, Jas," Rome said at last; "I whooped ye in a fa'r fight, 'n' I've got nothin' now to say 'bout yer tall talk, 'n' I reckon you hev n't nuther. Now, hit 's understood, hain't it, thet ye 'll leave these mount'ins!"

"Ye kin go West," he continued, as the Lewallen did not answer. "Uncle Rufe used to say thar 's a good deal to do out thar, 'n' nobody axes questions. Thar 's nobody left hyar but you 'n' me, but these mount'ins was never big 'nough fer one Lewallen 'n' one Stetson, 'n' you 've got to go. I reckon ye won't believe me, but I 'm glad I did n't hev to kill ye. But you 've promised to go, now, 'n' I 'll take yer word fer it." He turned his face, and the Lewallen knowing it from the sound of his voice sprang to his feet.

"Oh!—"

A wild curse burst from Rome's lips, and both leaped for the guns. The Lewallen had the start of a few feet, and Rome, lamed in the fight, stumbled and fell. Before he could rise, Jasper had whirled with one of the Winchester above his head, and his face aflame with fury. Asking no mercy, Rome hid his face with one arm, and waited, stricken faint all at once, and numb. One report struck his ears, muffled, whip-like. A dull wonder came to him that the Lewallen could have missed at such close range, and he waited for another. Some one shouted a shrill halloo. A loud laugh followed; a light seemed breaking before Rome's eyes, and he lifted his head. Jasper was on his face again, motionless; and Steve Marcum's

tall figure was climbing over a boulder toward him.

"Thet was the best fight I've seed in my time," he said coolly, "'n', Rome, ye air the biggest fool this side o' the settlements, I reckon. I hed dead aim on him, 'n' I was jest a-thinkin' hit was a purty good thing fer you thet ole long-nosed Jim Stover chased me up hyar, when, d— me, ef thet boy up thar did n't let his ole gun loose. I'd a-got Jas myself ef he hed n't been so all-fired quick o' trigger."

Up at the root of the pine-tree Isom stood motionless, with his long rifle in one hand, and a little cloud of smoke breaking above his white face. When Rome looked up he started down without a word. Steve swung himself over the ledge.

"I heerd the shootin'," said the boy, "up thar at the cave, 'n' I could n't stay thar. I knowed ye could whoop him, Rome, 'n' I seed Steve, too, but I was afeerd—" Then he saw the body. His tongue stopped, his face shriveled, and Steve, hanging with one hand to the ledge, watched him curiously.

"Rome," said the boy in a quick whisper, "Is he daid?"

"Come on!" said Steve, roughly. "They'll be up hyar attar us in a minute. Leave Jas's gun thar, 'n' send thet boy back home."

That day the troops came—young Blue Grass Kentuckians. That night, within the circle of their camp-fires, a last defiance was cast in the teeth of law and order. Flames rose within the old court-house, and before midnight the moonlight fell on four black walls. That night, too, the news of young Jasper's fate was carried to the death-bed of Rome's mother, and before day the old woman passed in peace. That day Stetsons and Lewallens disbanded. The Lewallens had no leader; the Stetsons no enemies to fight. Some hid, some left the mountains, some gave themselves up for trial. Upon Rome Stetson the burden fell. Against him the law was set. A price was put on his head, his house was burnt,—a last act of Lewallen hate, —and Rome was homeless, the last of his race, and an outlaw.

XIII.

With the start of a few hours, and the sympathy of his people, one mountaineer can defy the army of the United States, and the mountaineers usually laugh when they hear troops are coming. For the time they stop fighting, and hide in the woods; and when the soldiers are gone, they come out again, and begin anew their little pleasantries. But the soldiers can protect the judge on his bench and the county-seat in time of court, and for these purposes they serve well.

The search for Rome Stetson, then, was useless. His friends would aid him; his enemies feared to betray him. So the soldiers marched away one morning, and took their prisoners for safe-keeping in the Blue Grass, until court should open at Hazlan.

Meantime, the spring came and deepened—the mountain spring. The berries of the winter-green grew scarce, and Rome Stetson, "hiding out," as the phrase is, had to seek them on the northern face of the mountains. The moss on the naked winter trees brightened in color, and along the river where willows drooped ran faint lines of green. The trailing-arbutus gave out delicate pink blossoms, and the south wind blew apart the petals of the anemone. Soon violets unfolded above the dead leaves; azaleas swung their yellow cups through the undergrowth; overhead the dogwood tossed its snowflakes in gusts through the green and gold of new leaves and sunlight; and higher still waved the poplar blooms, with honey ready on every crimson heart for the bees. Down in the valley Rome Stetson could see about every little cabin pink clouds and white clouds of peach and of apple blossoms. Amid the ferns about him shade-loving trilliums showed their many-hued faces, and every opening was thickly peopled with larkspur seeking the sun. The giant magnolia and the umbrella-tree spread their great creamy flowers; the laurel shook out myriads of pink and white bells, and the queen of mountain flowers was stirring from sleep in the buds of the rhododendron.

With the spring new forces pulsed the mountain air. The spirit of the times reached even Hazlan. A railroad was coming up the river, so the rumor was. When winter broke, surveyors had appeared, and, after them, mining experts and purchasers of land. New ways of bread-making were open to all, and the feudsmen began to see that he could make food and clothes more easily and with less danger than by sleeping with his rifle in the woods, and by fighting men who had done him no harm. Many were tired of fighting; many, forced into the feud, had fought unwillingly. Others had sold their farms and wild lands, and were moving toward the Blue Grass or westward. The desperados of each faction had fled the law or were in its clutches. The last Lewallen was dead; the last Stetson was hidden away in the mountains. There were left Marcums and Braytons, but only those who felt safest from indictment; and in these a spirit of hostility would live for years, and, roused by passion or by drink, would do murder now on one side of the Cumberland and now on the other; but the Stetson-Lewallen feud, old Gabe believed, was at an end at last.

All these things the miller told Rome Stet-

son, who well knew what they meant. He was safe enough from the law while the people took no part in his capture, but he grew apprehensive when he learned of the changes going on in the valley. None but old Gabe knew where he was, to be sure, but, with his own enemies to guide the soldiers, he could not hope to remain hidden long. Still, with that love of the mountains characteristic of all races born among them, he clung to his own land. He would rather stay where he was the space of a year and die, he told old Gabe passionately, than live to old age in another State.

But there was another motive, and he did not hide it. On the other side he had one enemy left — the last, too, of her race — who was more to him than his own dead kindred, who hated him, who placed at his door all her sorrows. For her he was living like a wolf in a cave, and old Gabe knew it. Her he would not leave.

"I tell ye, Rome, you've got to go. Thar's no use talkin'. Cote comes the fust Monday in June. The soldiers will be hyar. Hit won't be safe. Thar's some that s'picious I know whar ye air now, 'n' they 'll be spyin', 'n' mebbe hit 'll git me into trouble, too, aidin' 'n' abettin' a man to git away who air boun' to the law."

The two were sitting on the earthen floor of the cave before a little fire, and Rome, with his hands about his knees, and his brows knitted, was staring into the yellow blaze. His unshorn hair fell to his shoulders; his face was pale from insufficient food and exercise, and tense with a look that was at once caged and defiant.

"Uncle Gabe," he asked quietly, for the old man's tone was a little querulous, "air ye sorry ye helped me? Do ye blame me fer whut I've done?"

"No," said the old miller, answering both questions; "I don't. I believe whut ye tol' me. Though, even ef ye hed done it, I don't know as I'd blame ye, seein' thet it was a fa'r fight. I don't doubt he was doin' his best to kill you."

Rome turned quickly, his face puzzled and darkening.

"Uncle Gabe, whut air ye drivin' at?" The old man spat into the fire, and shifted his posture uneasily, as Rome's hand caught his knee.

"Well, ef I hev to tell ye, I s'pose I must. Thar's been nothin' pertickler ag'in' ye so fer, 'cept fer breakin' thet confederatin' statchet 'bout bandin' fightin' men together; 'n' nobody was very anxious to git hol' o' ye jes fer thet, but now —" the old man stopped a moment, for Rome's eyes were kindling — "they say thet ye killed Jas Lewallen, 'n' thet ye air a murderer; 'n' hit air powerful strange how all of a suddint folks seem to be gittin' down on a man as kills his fellow-creetur; 'n' now they means to hunt ye till they ketch ye."

It was all out now, and the old man was relieved. Rome rose to his feet, and in sheer agony of spirit paced the floor.

"I tol' ye, Uncle Gabe, thet I did n't kill him."

"So ye did, 'n' I believe ye. But a feller seed you 'n' Steve comin' from the place whar Jas was found dead, 'n' whar the dirt 'n' rock was throwed about as by two bucks in springtime. Steve says he did n't do it, 'n' he would n't say you did n't. Looks to me like Steve did the killin', 'n' was lyin' a leetle. He hain't goin' to confess hit to save your neck; 'n' he can't no way, fer he hev lit out o' these mount'ins — long ago."

If Steve was out of danger, suspicion could not harm him, and Rome said nothing.

"Isom's got the lingerin' fever ag'in, 'n' he's out 'n' his head. He's ravin' 'bout thet fight. Looks like ye tol' him 'bout it. He says, 'Don't tell Uncle Gabe'; 'n' he keeps sayin' it. Hit 'll 'mos' kill him ef you go 'way; but he wants ye to git out o' the mount'ins; 'n', Rome, you've got to go."

"Who was it, Uncle Gabe, thet seed me 'n' Steve comin' 'way from thar?"

"He air the same feller who hev been spyin' ye all the time this war's been goin' on; hit's thet dried-faced, snaky Eli Crump, who ye knocked down 'n' choked up in Hazlan one day fer sayin' somethin' ag'in' Isom."

"I thought it — I thought it — oh, ef I could git my fingers roun' his throat once more — jes once more — I'd be 'mos' ready to die."

He stretched out his hands as he strode back and forth, with his fingers crooked like talons; his shadow leaped from wall to wall, and his voice, filling the cave, was, for the moment, scarcely human. The old man waited till the paroxysm was over, and Rome had again sunk before the fire.

"Hit 'u'd do no good, Rome," he said, rising to go. "You've got enough on ye now, without the sin o' takin' his life. You better make up yer mind to leave the mount'ins now right 'way. You're a-gittin' no more 'n' half-human, livin' up hyar like a catamount. I don't see how ye kin stand it. Thar's no hope o' things blowin' over, boy, 'n' givin' ye a chance o' comin' out ag'in, as yer dad and yer grandad usen to do afore ye. The citizens air gittin' tired o' wars. They keeps out the furriners who makes roads 'n' buys lands; 'n' they air ag'in' the law, ag'in' religion, ag'in' yo' pocket, 'n' ag'in' mine. Lots o' folks hev been ag'in' all this fightin' fer a long time, but they was too skeery to say so. They air talkin' mighty big now, seein' they kin git soldiers hyar to pectect 'em. So ye mought as well give up the idea o' stayin' hyar, 'less 'n ye want to give yo'self up to the law."

The two stepped from the cave, and passed through the rhododendrons till they stood on the cliff overlooking the valley. The rich light lay like a golden mist between the mountains, and through it, far, far down, the river moaned like the wind of a coming storm.

"Did ye tell the gal whut I tol' ye?"

"Yes, Rome; hit was no use. She says Steve's word's as good as yourn; 'n' she knowed about the crosses. Folks say she swore awful ag'in' ye at young Jas's burial, 'lowin' thet she 'd hunt ye down herse'f, ef the soldiers did n't ketch ye. I hain't seen her sence she got sick; 'pears like ever body's sick. Mebbe she 's a leetle settled down now — no tellin'. No use foolin' with her, Rome. You git away from hyar. Don't you worry 'bout Isom — I 'll take keer o' him, 'n' when he gits well, he 'll want to come attar ye, 'n' I 'll let him go. He could n't live hyar without you. But ye must git away, Rome, 'n' git away mighty quick."

With hands clasped behind him, Rome stood and watched the bent figure slowly pick its way around the stony cliff.

"I reckon I've got to go. She 's ag'in' me; they 're all ag'in' me. I reckon I 've got to go. Somehow, I 've been kinder hopin'—" He closed his lips to check the groan that rose to them, and turned again into the gloom behind him.

XIV.

JUNE came. The wild rose swayed above its image along every little shadowed stream, and the scent of wild grapes was sweet in the air and as vagrant as a blue-bird's note in autumn. The rhododendrons burst into beauty, making gray ridge and gray cliff blossom with purple, hedging streams with snowy clusters and shining leaves, and lighting up dark coverts in the woods as with white stars. The leaves were full, wood-thrushes sang, and bees droned like unseen running water in the woods.

And with June came circuit court once more — and the soldiers. Faint music pierced the dreamy chant of the river one morning as Rome lay on a boulder in the summer sun; and he watched the guns flashing like another stream along the water, and then looked again to the Lewallen cabin. Never, morning, noon, or night, when he came from the rhododendrons, or when they closed about him, did he fail to turn his eyes that way. Often he would see a bright speck moving about the dim lines of the cabin, and he would scarcely breathe while he watched it, so easily would it disappear. Always he had thought it was Martha, and now he knew it was, for the old miller had told him more of the girl, and had wrung his heart with pity. She had been ill a long while. The "furriners" had seized old Jasper's cabin

and land. The girl was homeless, and she did not know it, for no one had the heart to tell her. She was living with the Braytons; and every day she went to the cabin, "moonin' 'n' sorrowin' aroun'," as old Gabe said; and she was much changed.

Once more the old miller came — for the last time, he said firmly. Crump had trailed him, and had learned where Rome was. The search would begin next day, — perhaps that very night, — and Crump would guide the soldiers. Now he must go, and go quickly. The boy, too, sent word that unless Rome went he would have something to tell. Old Gabe saw no significance in the message; but he had promised to deliver it, and he did. Then Rome wavered; Steve and himself gone, no suspicion would fall on the lad. If he were caught, the boy might confess. With silence Rome gave assent, and the two parted in an apathy that was like heartlessness. Only old Gabe's shrunken breast heaved with something more than weariness of descent, and Rome stood watching him a long time before he turned back to the cave that had sheltered him from his enemies among beasts and men. In a moment he came out for the last time, and turned the opposite way. Climbing about the spur, he made for the path that led down to the river. When he reached it he glanced at the sun, and stopped in indecision. Straight above him was a knoll, massed with rhododendrons, the flashing leaves of which made it like a great sea-wave in the slanting sun, while the blooms broke slowly down over it like foam. Above this was a gray sepulcher of dead standing trees, more gaunt and specter-like than ever, with the rich life of summer about it. Higher still were a dark belt of stunted furs and the sandstone ledge, and above these — home. He was risking his liberty, his life. Any clump of bushes might bristle suddenly with Winchesters. If the soldiers sought for him at the cave they would at the same time guard the mountain paths; they would guard, too, the Stetson cabin. But no matter — the sun was still high, and he turned up the steep. The ledge passed, he stopped with a curse at his lips and the pain of a knife-thrust at his heart. A heap of blackened stones and ashes was before him. The wild mountain-grass was growing up about it. The bee-gums were overturned and rifled. The garden was a tangled mass of weeds. The graves in the little family burying-ground were unprotected, the fence was gone, and no boards marked the last two ragged mounds. Old Gabe had never told him. He too, like Martha, was homeless, and the old miller had been kind to him, as the girl's kinspeople had been to her.

For a long while he sat on the remnant of the burnt and broken fence, and once more the old

tide of bitterness rose within him and ebbed away. There were none left to hate, to wreak vengeance on. It was hard to leave the ruins as they were; and yet he would rather leave weeds and ashes than, like Martha, have some day to know that his home was in the hands of a stranger. While he thought of the girl he grew calmer; his own sorrows gave way to the thought of hers; and half from habit he raised his face to look across the river. Two eagles swept from a dark ravine under the shelf of rock where he had fought young Jasper, and made for a sun-lighted peak on the other shore. From them his gaze fell to Wolf's Head and to the cabin beneath, and a name passed his lips in a whisper.

Then he took the path to the river, and he found the canoe where old Gabe had hidden it. Before the young moon rose, he pushed into the stream and drifted with the current. At the mouth of the creek that ran over old Gabe's water-wheel he turned the prow to the Lewallen shore.

"Not yit! Not yit!" he said.

xxv.

THAT night Rome passed in the woods, with his rifle, in a bed of leaves. Before daybreak he had built a fire in a deep ravine to cook his breakfast, and had scattered the embers that the smoke should give no sign. The sun was high when he crept cautiously in sight of the Lewallen cabin. It was much like his own home on the other shore, except that the house, closed and desolate, was standing, and the bees were busy. At the corner of the kitchen a rusty ax was sticking in a half-cut piece of timber, and on the porch was a heap of kindling- and firewood—the last work old Jasper and his son had ever done. In the Lewallens's garden, also, two graves were fresh; and the spirit of neglect and ruin overhung the place.

All the morning he waited in the edge of the laurel, peering down the path, watching the clouds race with their shadows over the mountains, or pacing to and fro in his covert of leaves and flowers. He began to fear at last that she was not coming, that she was ill, and once he started down the mountain toward Steve Brayton's cabin. The swift descent brought him to his senses, and he stopped half-way, and climbed back again to his hiding-place. What he was doing, what he meant to do, he scarcely knew. Midday passed; the sun fell toward the mountains, and once more came the fierce impulse to see her, even though he must stalk into the Brayton cabin. Again, half-crazed, he started impetuously through the brush, and shrank back, and stood quiet. A little noise down the path had reached his ear. In a moment he could hear

slow footfalls, and the figure of the girl parted the pink-and-white laurel blossoms, which fell in a shower about her when she brushed through them. She passed quite near him, walking slowly, and stopped for a moment to rest against a pillar of the porch. She was very pale; her face was traced deep with suffering, and she was, as old Gabe said, much changed. Then she went on toward the garden, stepping with an effort over the low fence, and leaned as if weak and tired against the apple-tree, the boughs of which shaded the two graves at her feet. For a few moments she stood there, listless, and Rome watched her with hungry eyes, at a loss what to do. She moved presently, walked quite around the graves without looking at them, came back toward him, and, seating herself in the porch, turned her face to the river. The sun lighted her hair, and in the sunken, upturned eyes Rome saw the shimmer of tears.

"Marthy!" He could n't help it—the thick, low cry broke like a groan from his lips, and the girl was on her feet, facing him. She did not know the voice, or the shaggy, half-wild figure in the shade of the laurel; and she started back as if to run; but seeing that the man did not mean to harm her, she stopped, looking for a moment with wonder and even with quick pity at the hunted face with its white appeal. Then a sudden spasm caught her throat, and left her body rigid, her hands shut, and her eyes dry and hard—she knew him. A slow pallor drove the flush of surprise from her face, and her lips moved once, but there was not even a whisper from them. Rome raised one hand before his face, as though to ward off something. "Don't look at me that way, Marthy—my God, don't! I did n't kill him. I sw'ar it! I give him a chance fer his life. I know, I know—Steve says he did n't. Thar was only us two. Hit looks ag'in' me; but I hain't killed one nur t' other. I let 'em both go. Ye don't believe me?" He went swiftly toward her, his gun outstretched. "Hyar, gal! I heerd ye swore ag'in' me out thar in the garden—'lowin' thet you was goin' to hunt me down if the soldiers did n't ketch me. Hyar's yer chance!"

The girl shrank away from him, too startled to take the weapon; and he leaned it against her, and stood away, with his hands behind him.

"Kill me ef ye think I 'm a-lyin' to ye," he said. "Ye kin git even with me now. But I want to tell ye fust,"—the girl had caught the muzzle of the gun convulsively and was bending over it, her eyes burning, her face inscrutable,—"*'hit was a fa'r fight betwixt us, 'n' I whooped him. He got his gun then, 'n' would 'a' killed me ag'in' his oath ef he hed n't been shot fust. Hit's so, too, 'bout the crosses.*

They 're thar on the gun. I made 'em; but whut could I do with mam a-standin' with the gun right thar, 'n' Uncle Rufe a-tellin' 'bout my own dad layin' in his blood, 'n' Isom 'n' the boys lookin' on! But I broke my oath, Marthy; I give him his life when I hed the right to take it. I could 'a' killed yer dad once, 'n' I hed the right to kill him, too, fer killin' mine; but I let him go, 'n' I reckon I done thet fer ye, too. 'Pears like I hain't done nothin' sence I saw ye over thar in the mill thet day, thet was n't done fer ye. Somehow ye put me ag'in' my own kin, 'n' tuk away all my hate ag'in' yourn. I could n't fight fer thinkin' I was fightin' you, 'n' when I saw ye comin' through the bushes jes now, so white 'n' sickly-like, I could n't git breath, a-thinkin' I was the cause of all yer misery. That 's all!" he stretched out his arms. "Shoot, gal, ef ye don't believe me. I 'm the only one now thet 's left, 'n' I 'd jes as liev die, ef ye thinks I 'm lyin' to ye, 'n' ef ye hates me fer whut I hain't done."

The gun had fallen to the earth. The girl, trembling at the knees, sank to her seat on the porch, and folding her arms against the pillar, pressed her forehead against them, her face unseen. Rome stooped to pick up the weapon.

"I 'm goin' 'way, Marthy," he went on slowly, after a little pause, "but I could n't leave hyar without seein' you. I wanted ye to know the truth, 'n' I thought ye 'd believe me ef I tol' ye myself. I 've been a-waitin' thar in the lorrel fer ye sence mornin'. Uncle Gabe tol' me ye come hyar ever' day. He says I 've got to go—'n' I reckon I 'll never see these mount'ins ag'in. I 've been livin' over thar on the Knob, lookin' over hyar, 'n' hopin' I mought come out o' the bushes some day 'n' live ag'in like other folks. But Uncle Gabe says ever'body 's ag'in' me more 'n' ever, 'n' thet the soldiers mean to ketch me. The gov'ner out thar in the settlements says as how he 'll give five hundred dollars fer me livin' or dead. He 'll never git me livin',—I 've swore thet,—'n' as I hev done nothin' sech as folks on both sides hev done who air walkin' roun' free, I hain't goin' to give up. Hit 's purty hard to leave these mount'ins. I 've been livin' like a catamount over thar on the Knob. I could jes see ye over hyar, 'n' I reckon I hain't done much 'cept lay over thar on a rock 'n' watch ye movin' round hyar. Hit 's mighty good to feel thet I 've seed ye, 'n' thet ye believe me, 'n' I want ye to know, Marthy, thet I 've been stayin' over thar fer nothin' on earth but jes to see you ag'in; 'n' I want ye to know

how I 've been a-thinkin' of ye, 'n' a-sorrowin' fer ye, when ye was sick, 'n' a-pinin' to see ye, 'n' mighty nigh starvin' fer ye, hopin' some day ye mought kinder git over yer hate fer me 'n'—"

He had been talking with low tenderness, half to himself, and with his face to the river, and he did not see the girl's tears falling to the porch. Her sorrow gave way in a great sob now, and he turned with sharp remorse, and stood quite near her.

"Don't cry, Marthy," he said. "I 'm sorry fer ye, 'n' God only knows whut I 'd give ef I 'd never been born. Hit 's hard to think thet I 've brought all this on ye when I 'd give all these mount'ins to save ye from it. Whut d' ye say? Don't cry."

The girl was trying to speak at last, and Rome bent over to catch the words.

"I hain't cryin' fer myself," she said faintly, and then she said no more; but the first smile that had passed over Rome's face for many a day passed then, and he put out one big hand, and let it rest on the heap of lustrous hair.

"Marthy, I hate to go 'way, leavin' ye hyar with nobody to take keer o' ye. Ye air all alone hyar in the mount'ins, 'n' I 'm all alone; 'n' I reckon I 'll be all alone wherever I go, ef ye stay hyar. I 've got a boat down on the river waitin' fer me, 'n' I 'm goin' out West whar Uncle Rufe use to live. I hain't good fer nothin' much, but, Marthy,"—he spoke almost huskily; he could scarcely get the words to his lips,— "I want ye to go with me. Won't ye?"

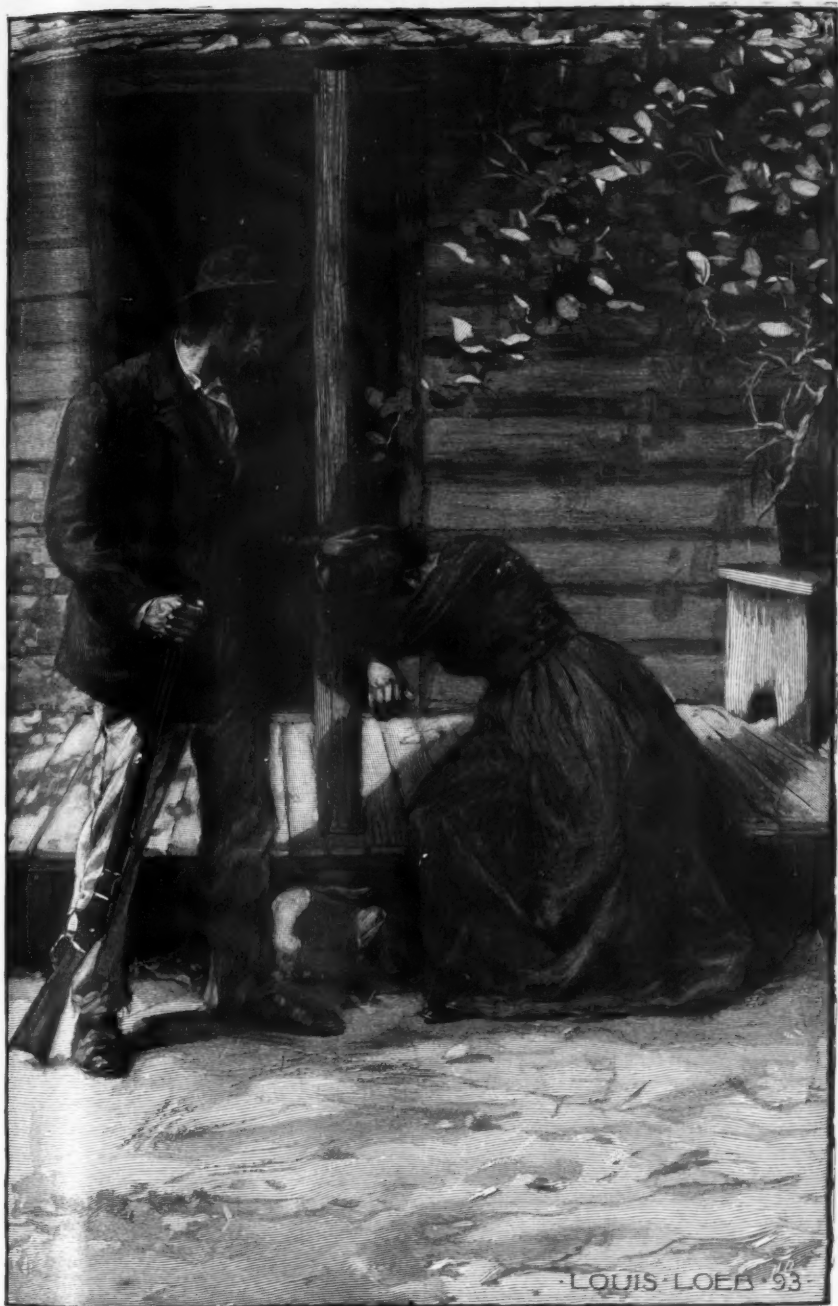
The girl did not answer, but her sobbing ceased slowly, while Rome stroked her hair; and at last she lifted her face, and for a moment looked to the other shore. Then she rose. There is a strange pride in the Kentucky mountaineer.

"Rome," she said, "as you say, thar 's nobody left but you, 'n' nobody but me; but they burned ye out, 'n' we hain't even yit." Her eyes were on Thunderstruck Knob, where the last sunlight used to touch the Stetson cabin.

"Hyar, Rome!" He knew what she meant, and he kneeled at the pile of kindling-wood near the kitchen door. Then they stood back and waited. The sun dipped below a gap in the mountains, the sky darkened, and the flames rose to the shingled porch, and leaped into the gathering dusk. On the outer edge of the quivering light, where it touched the blossomed laurel, the two stood till the blaze caught the eaves of the cabin; and then they turned their faces where, burning to ashes in the west, was another fire, the light of which blended in the eyes of each with a light older and more lasting than its own—the light eternal.

THE END.

John Fox, Jr.



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"DON'T CRY, MARTHY."

Pitt Martinic Monotone

DRUSIL'S FAIR'



DRUSIL'

THERE was commotion on the Middle Beach. You must know there are three beaches, so called,—the Southern, the Middle, with which we are now concerned, and the Eastern,—which are simply pockets of disintegrated mussel-shells, cast up by the sea in clear spaces between the rocks.

On the Middle Beach was gathered an excited throng of men, women, and children, all talking at once, and at times pointing toward a knot of men bent over the well, the long sweep of which was describing eccentric curves and angles in the air.

In the confusion I could gather little to explain the unwonted excitement and activity on the part of the men, who for the most part are given to a practice which may be described as "laying back," and which one presently discovers to be the gentle art of doing nothing.

To all interrogations the one reply accorded was, "She's daoun in the well," which was at once contradicted by another, who cried:

"Hain't, neither!"

"Sh' is, too!"

"Hain't, neither, I tell ye!"

It was not until the well had been sounded and prodded for half an hour, first by the men, then by the women, and finally by an adventurous youth, who climbed down into it with wide-spread legs, that one Maria Liz appeared at the top of the lane, and, wildly waving her arms, announced in a grating nasal voice, "I found 'er in un'er the baid!" and then there was an excited scramble among the women to see who would reach the house first.

It then came out that—"Ye see, Drusil' she 's set ag'in' egstravagant livin', bein' drefful clus and savin', an' her folks allus wuz before her. Why, I 'member her paa 'way back in '62." And here followed a history of the author of Drusil's being, with which I will not delay the narrative in hand.

"Well, an' that's heaow she came by her clus ways; and now Fairf'—Fairf' 's drefful openhanded, Fairf' is. Ye see, Fairf' he's had a good charnce to secoor as fine a yoke of cattle as I ever see, an' I 've seen—" Here was interpolated a description of a certain yoke of cattle that the speaker had seen at the Lewiston Fair. "Well, Fairf' he goes to Drusil', and he up and tells her of the steers, a-p'intin' toward the advartnages into 'em, and 'lows that 't would



FAIRF'.

be a good thing for him to take the lawbster money, as was sot by, and go and git 'em short hand. Well, b' jolly! Drusil' she bucked ag'in' it, and sot up such a waxy opposin' of it, that Fairf' he gin up, and took out of the house, and baited two tub of trawl gear before he dast go nigh her ag'in. But them steer they kind of ha'nted Fairf's mind, and he could n't git shet of thinkin' of their silky hides and long, outdacious horns of 'em; and then he see the profit that they was into 'em, with the luggin' of the winter wood, an' the haulin' of stone for the new wharf, an' it rankled into hees brains so thet he got so het up with the idee of losin' 'em, that for once he up gear and run before the wind to suit himself; and, b' jolly! he went and got the lawbster money out the cupboard, and went over ter Georgetown, and bought the steers, an' never let on to Drusil'. Well, sir, he did; and he come back, an' no one never knowed nawthin' about it; for Fairf' 's drefful silent when he sots out to be. Well, sir, yesterday the steers come. Yeseethem when they hove them off 'n the schooner in the harbor, did n't ye? Neaw, ain't they handsome? Well, Drusil' she see them, too, out the winder, but of course she never mistrusted that Fairf' he had anythin' in 'em. Well, when Fairf'

he sot eyes on 'em ag'in he was jest a-bu'stin' with pride into him, but he was afeard to tell Drusil'; so he ups and goes out trawlin', first a-sendin' one of the boys up to tell Drusil' that the steers was a present to her. Well, sir, believe it, Drusil' she never opened her haid, but just sot and looked as if she had a-knowed it all along; but just as soon as the boy had got clear of the house, she writ a piece on a paper, sayin' that Fairf' hed deceived her, and thet she had hove herself into the well; and pinned it into the lookin'-glass so that Fairf' when he come in would see it. Well, sir, bimeby Fairf' he kind of sneaked in with a pail of water, to

pass things off peaceable; but they wa' n't no Drusil' around, and no supper sot out. Fairf' he kind of peeked around, and bimeby he see the piece writ on the paper stickin' in the lookin'-glass. He read it, and, b' jolly! he sot up a confusion; for Fairf' he 's drefful soft-hearted, and that piece was enough to skeer any man, neaw wa' n't it?

"Fairf' he took out ter the well, and acted like a crazy man; and, b' jolly! we was all pooty spent, as ye see. Well, bimeby Maria Liz (drefful hand for pokin', is Maria Liz) she was a-pokin' around in the house, and she heard



"THE GENTLE ART OF DOING NOTHING."

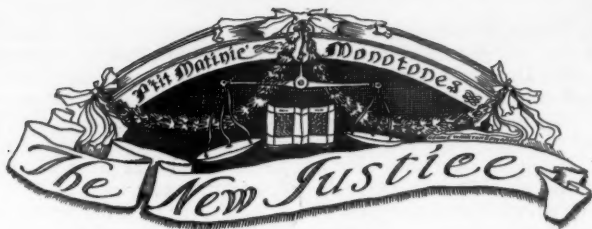
hard breathin', and, says she, it give her such a turn as she had n't had sence the night she mistook the lordnum for the Jamaiky ginger.

"Bimeby she peeked under the bed in the accit [attic], and—there was Drusil'. B' jolly! she had n't been near the well either once. Them 's the ways of women," he added philosophically.

"Well," I said, "and what about the steers?"

"Oh, yes. Well, Fairf' he 'lowed that he 'd sell 'em out of hand, but if you 'll believe it, Drusil' she 's just as sot up with 'em now as Fairf' was before, and won't hear of a-partin' with 'em—an' them 's the ways of women," said he, giving a hitch to his oilskin trousers.





AT the top of the village, if one may so designate the collection of ancient houses huddled together beneath the graveyard on the hill, there lives the important personage of P'tit Matinic'. His freehold consists of a yellow, two-storied house, a hennerly, a half ownership in a fish-house, with its accompanying privileges, a pair of wheels, forming part of an ox-cart, and the only ones, by the way, on the island. (I wish I could tell the story of the wheels right here, and an interesting one it is, too, but I started to describe the "Squire," and I must do so without more ado.) A pair of wheels, I say, and a better-half much given to gossip, and the pursuit of her own inclinations, one of which is the boiling of soap-fat, to the unspeakable disgust of her consort.

He first attracted my attention in the store, wherein are discussed nightly the affairs appertaining to P'tit Matinic'. He is perhaps between fifty and sixty, of large and muscular frame, nearly six feet in height, with a face as grave as can well be imagined—in color it is a reddish violet. His shirt-collar is generally open, and displays a neck at the base of which is visible a patch of crisp, iron-gray hair. At all times he wears a white shirt, in contradistinction to the other men, and from his ears dangle fine gold rings. In answer to my inquiry, it was made plain that he was Simon Tarbox, the educated man of P'tit Matinic', the arbiter of all disputes, from whose decision there could be no appeal. Here, seated upon a salt-cask in the store, he gravely smokes his pipe. Here he decides all matters referred to him, and plays the part of judge, as I have explained, in settling certain disputes between the islanders, which might otherwise breed ill feeling. Now it happened that I had been intrusted with rather a delicate mission to P'tit Matinic'. According to law, a justice was necessary upon the island; and, as I came through Port Cleeve, I was asked to find the proper man on the island, and to ask him to stand for election to that important office. Therefore, shortly after my arrival, I called upon Simon, stated my mission, and my confidence that he was the man of all men for the office of justice of the peace of P'tit Matinic' Grand Mahac plantation. How

shall I describe the expression that crept over that violet visage as the full import of my words dawned upon him, or the courtly wave of the hand with which he bade me be seated, or the bearing which he assumed in anticipation of the legal robes soon to be his? Begging to be excused for a moment, he left the room, returning soon after with an enormous gold chain, with pendent seals stretched across his bosom, and a pair of brilliant-hued carpet slippers upon his feet; it was then I noticed that one of his eyes was blue and the other brown, and that the pupil of the blue eye was very large and vertical, giving an indescribable appearance to his otherwise absolutely expressionless face. Between us we arranged for a public meeting at the school-house the next day, where and when his election would doubtless be consummated.

A placard was prepared and posted in the store, and the next day the men straggled up the hill by twos and threes, and soon the room was filled. Simon and I occupied the platform, where we prepared the slips of paper of yellow and blue for the voters, yellow denoting the ayes and the blues any possible opposition. Finally all was ready, and 'Fon' Smivvins and 'Lan' Levenseller were appointed to distribute and collect the votes. Simon stood up and exhorted each and all to conceal his vote, roll it up in a ball, and drop it into the box when it was passed around. The votes were cast in silence; the sunlight streamed through the small windows, throwing halos about some of the heads, bringing into relief certain horny hands with tattooed emblems thereon, and attracting attention to certain other flaring ears of vermilion illuminated by stray beams. The voting was over, and the votes were counted; only one blue paper pellet was cast, and Simon Tarbox was elected justice of the peace of P'tit Matinic' Grand Mahac plantation.

He arose, fumbled the massive chain in an impressive manner for a moment, cleared his throat, and, gazing at the ceiling, began:

"Fellow-citizens, ahem—we, ahem—are gathered here—ahem—what are we gathered here for? We are gathered here to exercise—ahem—our rights. What rights? Ahem—

why, our rights as free citizens of this island—ahem, ahem. You have been arsked to vote for a justice,—ahem,—and you have so done, so help you God. You have been arsked to select a man for that office, and you have seelected and elected,—ahem,—and that 's all there is to it. I don't say that ye have done well, but, b' jolly! you could n't have done no diferent, and no better; and now to finish in conclusion,—ahem,—I don't want no hard feelings toward the cuss that hove in that blue paper. I cal'late I know who he is, but bein' justice of the peace, I wun't take no 'count of it now, but if he ever comes before me in a criminal capacity, he 'll discover me to be the instrument of jestic with power into it.

"And I want to say that I 'm desirin' to see the youth of this island grow up good citizens,—ahem,—that is to say, ef they don't, they 'll find me on to 'em, b' jolly! And I want to see this island obeyin' the laws and regulations according to the authorities,—ahem,—as laid down in Blackstone." Here ensued an impressive pause, during which the speaker gazed severely at 'Lan' Levenseller, who squirmed in his seat, and, becoming conscious that his left leg, which was elevated in an easy position on the back of the bench before him, was not entirely respectful in its attitude, stealthily took it down, and hid it beneath its fellow-member, a proceeding which was regarded with judicial severity by the candidate, as a recognition of the proprieties which should obtain upon such an occasion. This breach upon the part of the unlucky Levenseller was witnessed by the assembled electors, and duly commented upon for months afterward. To add to the discomfiture of the unfortunate 'Lan', the candidate pointed his finger at him, slowly and impressively repeated, "As laid down in Blackstone," and cleared his throat with a tremendous ahem. "And now I pronounce Mr. Simon Tarbox, Esquire, Justice of the Peace of P'tit Matinic', and if any has got anything to say agi'n' it, let him say it now, or f'rever holt his peace. So be it."



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE NEW JUSTICE.

Apparently no one had anything to say, and the new justice sat down heavily, and spat upon the stove. Then the men withdrew from the school-house, and filed slowly down the hill to the store.

P'tit Matinic' Monotones

The Head of Ol' Gull

I HAD known P'tit Matinic' for many years, and thought that most of her secrets were mine: her bold coast-line, her heights, her wooded hill, and the schisms and petty quarrels of her people were plain to me. My painting had long since ceased to interest them, and had left only a mild wonder in their minds that one who seemed to show sense in other particulars should give himself up to such a childish pursuit. Their discussions of men and things in the store were free and uninterrupted by my presence; indeed, they even permitted me to take part in their symposiums.

Now, one of my favorite walks and haunts was, and is, Gull Head, or Ol' Gull, as it is commonly called. In form it is not unlike the head of the bird for which it is named. I should say that it is two hundred feet high, and about as wide. It projects out into the sea, and is connected with the island by a thin, narrow neck of grass-covered rock.

In an easterly storm the shattered waves leap upon it, bounding, hissing in irresistible fury toward its bald crest, but are arrested, and poured down the sides before they reach it. Viewed from behind, it is not unlike the back of some huge marine monster rising from the sea, or, say, a creature of the barnacle kind. In color it is a deep purplish brown, dark blue in the hollows and ridges, growing lighter on the top from the presence of certain veins of mica, which are decorated with patches of a peculiar orange lichen. In no season of the year is the surface of Ol' Gull ever quite dry, but always damp and treacherous to the foot. If one fell there, it were certain death, for there was nothing to keep one from falling: and once in the sea, the mighty rollers of the Atlantic would grind and dash one's life out in a very few minutes, as I have seen them grind the body of a sheep that strayed too near the slippery side, and went rolling and bounding into the pale-green, boiling surf.

It was growing foggy upon the day of which I write, and the loneliness of the place was absolute; for the town is on the other side of the island, over the crest of the hill, and thus out of sight. A few gulls were wheeling and crying in the air above. Nothing else broke the stillness, save the boom of the sea, spurning and writhing among the hollows beneath Ol' Gull. Upon one occasion, when unobserved by the speakers, I

had overheard some talk about a cave under the rock; there was evidently something about it that was not intended for other ears, for when I made my presence known there was an embarrassed silence. What I heard was this:

"I tell ye, Sim Breeson 'll git ketched at it 'fore long, an' we 'll all be into it," said one, bringing down his hand on his knee with a sounding slap.

"Oh, durn gittin' ketched!" said another. "Gull cave can't be found; revenoo ain't never been here, as I know on, and I've lived here man and boy now sixty years come next lawbsterin'. S' long as it's dranked here, an' ain't sold, in short of—" Seeing me—"Oh, yes, salt's riz—and riz—an' 'll continuoo to raise till ye can't see it fer the height of it"; and with that a pause, during which one after the other slouched away.

This it was that made me search for the cave. There are many such on P'tit Matinic'; some were reported unexplored. It was safe to enter one only at low tide, and then only for a few moments. If you were caught in another a minute after the tide, you must stay in its chill maw for five hours. 'This was the information imparted to me by the patriarch; but in it all was no mention of a cave under Ol' Gull.

It was a good ten minutes' walk over the crest of the hill from the town to the narrow neck that separated the main body of the island from Ol' Gull. As I reached it, I thought I saw a green dory below; but I dismissed the idea at once, for it seemed that no boat could live for a moment where my fancy pictured it; the rock here, as it descends to the water, is as smooth and rounded as the back of a hand, abrupt nowhere save where it descends giddily to the boiling surf. As I lay on the side of the rock, idly studying the action of the water, a piece of wreckage—the knee of a ship it was—came in on the breast of the long Atlantic roller, and glided toward and under the rock. I was sure it went under, for there was no shock or recoil where it should have reached the face of the rock; only a stealthy, gliding motion out of sight. What if this was the mouth of the cave? Why could I not, by means of a rope fastened to my waist and to the rock above, descend, and satisfy my surmise? In half an hour I had made my way to the village, secured a piece of rope, and was

again in the mist on the brow of the rock; in ten minutes more I was slowly creeping down the face of Ol' Gull toward the water. Suddenly the rock fell away at an angle, and beneath this the water surged and flowed into an opening. I could see a steady inpour as each roller came up, but no outcome. I grew giddy as the water lifted its surface toward me, and fell away again, with mechanical regularity. It was ebb-tide, and I knew I had to wait only an hour or two, to discover whether there was a foothold there or not; as to the return to the top of Ol' Gull, I had no thought. With my feet securely braced in a deep cleft in the rock, I half sat, half reclined.

The water fascinated me; it rose and fell with seeming indolent, purposeless indifference.

With a suddenness that was startling, a dory, painted green, shot out of the fog; there was a trawl tub in the bow, and a little white buoy with a black dot on it, that I knew at once for the patriarch's. Even if these had not been present, I should have recognized the squarely built figure in the yellow oilskins, rowing with its back toward me, *directly at the face of the rock*. I was on the point of calling out to him when something tied my speech. The dory leaped forward, the man turned his head; had he lifted his eyes he would have seen me in the cleft. I shrank back as well as I could without well knowing why. The man rested on his oars for an instant; the swell came from beyond, and as it lifted the dory, the man rowed with all his strength under the rock beneath me.

It was plain that nothing could be done before the tide fell; if there was any way of entering the cave other than by water, the falling tide would show it. Far off to the southward the sails of the mackerel fleet showed faintly, for the fog had passed to the north and east,

and the sea was unruffled, save that the long, clean-backed rollers which swept slowly shoreward staggered a little as they passed over the sunken ledges. Eastward, where the sky was lead-colored, long fangs of fog hung twisting and writhing, torn by the fresh southwest breeze, and deep from the bowels of the rock beneath me came a sound like a smothered snore as the water entered the opening—a sound like the hushed breathing of some hidden monster.

The tide was slowly falling; in an hour there would be a fall of ten feet, and if there was a way into the cave over the kelp-covered rock, it would be at my command; if not, well, I could try—distinctly I heard a shout from above, and then the slack rope attached to my waist was twitched. I slowly and carefully turned in the cleft, and, looking upward, saw against the sky the patriarch fumbling with the



THE HEAD OF OL' GULL.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

end of my line, which I had made fast to a small projection. "Come up!" he called out, motioning with his hand.

Up I went, hand over hand, and, breathless with the climb, reached the projection upon which he sat.

"Ye want to spit on yer hands, allus, when ye handles rope-yarn," he said sententiously.

(Pause.) "Say, mackerel's riz; see it into the paper. D' ye cal'late they 's gittin' any?" pointing toward the sails of the fleet gathered on the horizon. I ignored the question. "Ye don't say? Down there, eh? Is, eh? Cave? Sho, now!" I intimated that I had seen him enter the cave in the dory, and that I was bound to explore it myself. He looked me over slowly, and then once more studied the position of the mackerel fleet off shore. Suddenly he turned, and brought his large, red, tattooed hand down on my knee. "Say, son, d' ever you hear tell of the beast called the elephant, that 's got a nose hitched to his head four foot long? Ye did. Well, now, I cal'late a nose like that ain't healthy on to a human; to be shore, it 's drefful handy for pokin',—on a animal,—but on a human it 's onnatural. Say, son, says I, 't ain't healthy on a human, mark my word. Say, son, what be ye up to, anyway? Ye hain't revenoo, be ye?" The hand on my knee tightened, and the gray eyes grew more piercing. "Hain't? Well, I 'll take yer word for it; but take my advice, as is given kindly—about the elephant's nose, and keep clear of Ol' Gull.

"Say, son, have a cigar, will ye? 'T ain't bad." He fumbled in the breast of his tarpaulin,

and brought forth a silver case, worn, but of pure workmanship. "They 's fresh, if ye likes fresh ones." It was an Emanuel Garcia about six inches long, and of as fine flavor as I have ever tasted.

"Good? Oh, yes; pooty good. Got some down to the house a leetle better. Say, son, hev a taste?" Again the fumbling hand in the pocket,

and a silver flask was produced, the exact counterpart of the cigar-case. "Take a swig? In the foggy weather it 's handy to have clus by ye; but I don't bawther it much. Be ye a jedge of liquor? No?" in a disappointed tone, taking the flask from me; then, "Well, let's be goin'; ther' ain't no more to see. Show 's over here, and lights gittin' put out. Guess ye be a picter man, after all; and say, come over to the house to-night; I 'd like to show ye a picter, and git yer opinion on to it considering its merits."

He unfasted the end of the rope from the place where I had tied it, and with a circular motion well known to sailors cast it free, and it fell into the water below, and sank from sight.

Then, taking my arm ostentatiously in his, we carefully made our

way back to the village. As we parted he said, with a peculiar emphasis, "Better for ye to be seen comin' back with me, son."

That night I was sitting in his house looking in astonishment at the picture of a fresh, fair young girl in a gray gown, exquisitely painted, and signed—Carolus-Duran; and looking up in surprise, I saw the patriarch brush his hand across his eyes. "Gosh ee!" he said; "that cordial went the wrong way. Hey? Oh, that 's my Polly. She 's in Europe."



"SAY, SON, WHAT BE YOU UP TO, ANYWAY?"



"SHE asked me; yes, she did, sir, asked me fair." Hise turned the copper bolt which he was beating out hot upon the face of the anvil, and eying it critically, gave it a couple of tentative taps with the hammer. Hise, otherwise known as Benjamin Harrison Levenseller, blacksmith of P'tit Matin'ic, was the genius of the island. "Why, sir," to me said nimble Sim Breeson upon one occasion, he of the prodigious boots and hat, "Hise—you let Hise take and git him a good nice bolt, and I don't car' what ye want, he'll make it out for ye on th' anvil, Hise will; but, gosh! he can't talk none to speak of 'thout it's in meetin'; and then when he gits deaown on his knees, b' jolly! th' ain't no one else kin have a chance, 'cause he's a-goin' through it all from Genesis to Relations, Hise is. But ye git him off'n that, where th' ain't none kin tech him, and where he kin walk round Scripter like a cooper 'round a carsk—then ye've got him. 'Cause Hise he's got a nateral impediment into his speech, Hise has, and he can't git the words out what he's sensin', Hise can't. But with his anvil, or in meetin', Hise is a square-rigger a-goin' free 'fore the wind, Hise is. What say? Oh, no; Hise ain't never merried yit; he's allus lived alone over in Lawbster Cove ever sence he come here a boy. My woman lets him have a bakin' o' bread occasion', an' a mess o' beans. He don't want much in the fancy cookin' way, Hise don't. Hey? Oh, yes; he'll talk for ye, if ye patience him, and don't rile him by cuttin' in on him when he's tryin' to git the words out, Hise will. He kin talk better when he's a-hammerin' on his anvil; I cal'late he kind of shocks out the idees he's got into hees head, 'cause Hise he's full of idees, Hise is."

One evening in the late fall a schooner from Chebeague brought as a passenger a tall, wiry-looking woman, who, when she landed on the beach among the salt-barrels and upturned do-ries, inquired of the men the whereabouts of Benjamin Harrison Levenseller. She was directed to his house in the cove, and immediately rumors flew wild over the island; some of the men betook themselves in haste to their better halves to relate the strange occurrence of a visitor for Hise, and a woman at that. Others followed the woman up the hill, and ensconced themselves among the scrub-pines, from where they saw the visitor walk boldly up to the door of the little red one-story house in the cove, and enter

without knocking. For an hour the watchers waited, and then the visitor emerged, escorted by Harrison, lantern in hand, and hurried to the house of the justice of the peace, which they entered, closing the door behind them. I do not exaggerate when I say that the entire population of P'tit Matin'ic, with the exception of Sim Breeson, whose turn it was that night in the tower of the lighthouse,—men, women, and children,—was ensconced behind blinds of convenient houses, and out of doors in the shelter of rocks, and on the stone walls that lined the road to the house of the justice. One bolder than the rest walked up the stony path to the door, from which shone a brief gleam of light; and even I was beginning to feel the prevailing curiosity when Harrison and the woman emerged arm in arm. He stumbled in the gloom, and would have fallen, had not the woman held his arm. The two passed down the road between the hidden rows of questioning, eager eyes, past the store, which was deserted, and whose one forgotten kerosene lamp was giving out black smoke from a broken chimney, and up the hill to Harrison's house. "B' jolly!" said one individual who had followed them quite to the door, and then joined the throng which filled the store: "Hise he never opened hees haid, but the woman she talked a streak—could n't make out what 't was about, though. Then they went into the house and shet th' door." Here entered Fair'. "Hise's merried—I see 'em—I stood up with 'em while the squire spliced 'em fer better er fer worse; that's what squire said, and I witnessed it. She's got the lines, too, and Hise he's spliced to her. I went up and told Drusil', but, b' jolly! she says 't ain't so, thet they's underhanded business about it—comin' here like that female woman did, and jest snatchin' Hise offhand, as if they wa'n't nothin' onnatural in it. And Hise he jest taggin' along and lookin' as if 't wuz the same as he'd been in the habit o' doin' every day. And she says, says Drusil', that they ain't goin' ter be no shiverree till it's all made plain and square. It's scan'lous, sech goin's on. It's scan'lous when a female kin come over here an' jist walk a man afore jestic 'thout hevin' it said out in meetin'; and, b' jolly! I hed to sign the paper too—an' she got it!" Amid all the excitement of the ensuing days Harrison preserved his equanimity. As usual, when the wind was fair, his old green boat could be seen over on the fishing-ground.

The mysterious woman who had so outraged the proprieties of P'tit Matinic' pursued the even tenor of her way. The neighbors held aloof from her: there was no interchange of courtesies, such as a measure of green peas, or a toothsome cucumber, from the neighboring gardens; but as far as one could see, this had no effect upon the intruder, and so matters progressed.

Little by little the novelty of the situation wore away, and finally Hise's woman, as she was styled, was accepted as an integral part of P'tit Matinic'. The following summer found me once more at the island, and I noticed that now the interloper was respectfully called Mrs. Levenseller, and her praises resounded in the community. Who was it that attended to Sol when he got his fingers caught in the cog-wheels of the lamp machinery at the light-house, and deftly dressed them? And who sat up night after night at the bedside of old Mother Fethran, the common scold, who was in the last stages of consumption? And who was it, pray, who discovered Fairf' off the Duck Rock, in a nor'easter, on the bottom of his swamped boat, and rowed out to him before any one else had discovered his danger? Mrs. Levenseller, to be sure. She was a pleasant-faced woman of the Northern type, large boned, with wide gray eyes. I will let Harrison tell the story for himself.

"Arsked me fair—what say? Oh, ee, yes. She hed to—for I never wa' n't no hand to train with gells. I d' know; I allus cal'lated that they wuz laughin' at me. Ye know I got this 'p-p-p-pediment in my haid; got ideas enough, yes; but when I go to talk, 'thout it's singin' or preachin', I c-c-can't git it eabout. Yes; I see my fust over to Herrin'gut a-cruisin' by the post-office, and she turned and looked at me—b' jolly! when them big gray eyes of hern ketched mine—" Here ensued a paroxysm of chuckles and gasps. "Well, sir," he resumed, eying the copper bolt critically, and fitting the end of it carefully in a nut that he had made, "I allowed that I wanted that gell—but heawow ter git her? I knew I never dast spunk up to her. So I goes—ye wun't tell, will ye?—I know ye wun't, but them boys wants to find out all about it, so 's they kin set on the bar'ls in the store, and *orate* it—ever hear John B. Gough? I heard him over to Lewiston Fair. Neaw, John he—" I gently held him to the story in hand. "Oh, ee, yes. Well, I jest goes over to the bank where I hed four hundred an' sixty-two dollars salted down, and I says ter the jedge,—ye know the jedge?—'Jedge,' I says, slow-like, ye know, cause I got the 'p-p-p-p-pediment in my haid,—'Jedge,' I

says, offhand like that, 'they's a gell that I like over here, and I cal'late that she has a hankerin' after me—it's that there big-eyed Petersen gell. Neaw, I *dassent* say nawthin' ter her—but will ye favor me with her? Tell her thet I got four hundred an' sixty-two dollars salted down—and I got a house—and lot over on to P'tit Matinic', an' a boat, fishin' privilege, and thutty-four hogsheads o' fish—good house—four rooms furnished deaown-stairs, and a woodshed. Will ye answer for my character ter her, and say that I'm waitin' fer an answer?" Well, sir, the jedge said he would, and took his hat, and went along, and I waited there. Bimeby he come in. I says, says I, 'Jedge, what luck?' says I. 'Why, Hise,' says he, a-layin' hees hand on my arm friendly-like—'Hise,' says he, 'she jest laughed, and said thet'—well, never mind the words she said; they wuz techin' words, a-makin' sport with my 'p-p-p-p-pediment. So thet's the last gell I ever made up to."

"I don't understand," I said. "You got her after all, did n't you?"

"Got her? No, I did n't never git her; but I've got her mother, and she arsked me, too. She came over on the schooner, and she comes straight up ter my house, and walks in. And I wuz makin' some coffee for supper. I says, 'Set down, Mis' Petersen,' I says. 'Howdy? Have some supper,' I says. An' after we had supper, she says, 'Harr'son,' soft like thet; and I looked up at her, and I see thet she had sumpthin' on her mind. 'Harr'son,' says she, 'be ye lonesome?' An', b' jolly! my heart begin ter tremble; I knowed sumpthin' wuz comin', an' I could n't git a word eabout. 'Harr'son,' she says ag'in, 'when ye comes home nights, there ain't no one to get ye a mess of vittles; there ain't no one to take your oil-clothes, and hang 'em up to dry nigh the stove; they ain't no supper sot out fer ye; and they ain't no worldly comforts in yer cup of life.' Them's the words she said—poetical, ain't they, now? 'Harr'son,' she says, 'I come over ter stay with ye—and with that she ups and takes my hand, and lays her haid on my westc't—'Harr'son, will ye hev me for your own wedded wife?' she says, an', b' jolly! I riz up and says, says I, 'I will! Le's go and get the squire.' An' now, sir, you've got the whole story, and I hain't never regretted that big-eyed gell her daughter—pooty figger an' eyes she had, too, but she could n't stand my 'p-p-p-p-pediment; but sech ideas is onhealthy, I mean them love ideas, neaw, ain't they? Ye git yer haid all stirred up with thinkin', an' git *het* with it, and it's onhealthy,—jest like book-readin',—neaw, ain't it?"

George Wharton Edwards.

OLD 'BIAS'S VISION.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.



He would have been a unique figure to a stranger who chanced to take the old Piney road, as he rested his white-wash brush in a lock, and leaned against the wormfence, ruminating, and apparently counting the pink and white cotton-blooms just over the bars. No stranger crossed that way, for the road had seen its best days, and there was a new cut a mile or so above, which left Piney altogether out of the march of progress.

But Brer Peter Henderson was not counting cotton-blooms, nor was he seeking the employment of his profession; alone, and unseen by the eye of man, he was wrestling with a problem which, for the time, was dark enough to shut out the mellow beauty of his surroundings. Brer Peter was noted for his piety, and he believed the cloak of sanctification had fallen upon him as softly as velvet wings unfold from the shroud of a worm, and that he could do no sin. That there were some scoffers who, heretofore, had not agreed as to the genuineness of his purple had been a matter of small moment, but since the occurrences of the night before, it did matter much. It was not so entirely a question of conscience, but rather how much of that dark proceeding had been uncovered. Certain of his associates he could depend on, for they were in his debt, but — and Brer Peter groaned in bitterness of spirit. Nearly ten hours had elapsed since that eventful time; somebody must have heard something, and, being overcome with morbid curiosity and sickening unrest, Brer Peter resolved to make a cautious investigation. Only one eye had beheld the struggle, and the world should still look on a saintly mantle.

He shouldered the brush with the air that his little world knew so well, but his courage flickered a little at a turn half a mile farther on as he heard the "thrub, thrub" of a washboard, and he cleared his throat as the figure at the tub did not even turn.

"Mornin', Sis Hobson!"

"Dat you, Brer Peter? How's you an' yer folks? Take a cheer, an' make yerself natchel."

"Don't keer if I does, Sis Hobson," said Brer Peter, narrowly scanning the woman's face through half-closed eyes. "Me an' de ole 'oman mighty porely dese days, thank Gord. 'Bleeged, Mis' Hobson; don't keer if I does stop a minute." He set his brush carefully

against the fence, and lighted his cob pipe, tilting his chair against the hopper, into the shade of a peach-tree, with a grunt of satisfaction. "We has fallen on mighty onsartin times, Sis Hobson."

"Mighty onsartin," and Sis Hobson flecked a speck of suds off her expansive bosom and went on with her washing.

"Dey do say, Sis Hobson, as how Parson 'Bias done seed a vision, an' heared a call fer ter prophesy," continued Brer Peter.

"Don't say so!" said Sis Hobson.

"An' dey do say as how he 's stirrin' things up powerful," and Brer Peter, more at ease, settled back in his chair. "My May Ann were over at a dance at Duck Pon', and she say whilst dey was er-dancin', he come limpin' in, er-beatin' time ter de fiddle wid his stick, though he never knowed it, an' er-givin' out dat dancin' were made fer de off foot er Satan, dat he heared er call fer ter prophesy, an' he gwine speak."

"Sho! what he got on his min' now, Brer Peter?"

"He tell 'em dey gwine hear de doom at de 'stracted meetin'; dat de time ain't come yit. Dey do say, Sis Hobson, dey gwine hear sumpen dat 'ill call up all de mo'ners, bred-erin an' sisterin."

"Sho! sho!" and the washboard was musical again.

The conversation was commonplace for quite a while, and mostly on his part, and Brer Henderson was disappointed, for the woman skillfully parried each advance, and only a direct question would give the desired information.

"Well, it's mighty comfer'ble here, Sis Hobson, but dis ole nigger ain't no lily er de valley ter set here an' look putty."

"What yer hurry, Brer Peter?" came from the tub.

"Gotter be gwine," and Brer Peter rose and leaned against the tree; both owner and brush were akin in leaning propensities. "Whar Brer Jason?"

"Gone."

Brer Peter shifted his weight to the other leg. "Dey do say as how dey carried yer ole man off ter Boliver ter jail."

"Yas," said Sis Hobson, evasively.

"What mought it be fer?"

"Crap-shootin'."¹

Then the silence was broken only by the

¹ A favorite gambling game among negroes.

rhythmic "thrub, thrub" of the washboard, and the "puff, puff" of Brer Peter's pipe, sending its gray circles lazily through the early summer air.

"We has fallen on mighty onsartin times, Sis Hobson," ventured Brer Peter. "Po' Brer Jason! But we all got de splinter somewhar, lack de 'Postle Paul." Brer Peter winced a little behind his biblical reference, for his

he 's boun' ter be er nigger! You cain't chalk out dem rings of er coon!"

"Yaw!" laughed Brer Peter, encouragingly, "dat am er mighty putty figger, Sis Hobson."

"Now, what I washin' dese fingers plumb in-ter de bone fer? Ter git dat Jason out'n jail 'fore 'stracted meetin' begin; dat 's what fer."



"SANCTIFIED! . . . GO 'WAY, PETER HENDERSON!"

own wife Marcy had a grievance against him. "But de pra'r am dat grace mought erboun', Sis Hobson."

"Yas; an' you men is all de cause of it," said Sis Hobson, taking her arms out of the suds, and placing them akimbo on her hips; for her heart was sore, and her lips were opened at last. "I tell you, Peter Henderson, my ole man 's good ter me, as fer as good goes, fer he ain't never lay de weight of his han' on me; but he ain't worth de wroppin's of my finger. Um! de harder we 'omans works, de harder we have ter work!"

"Dat grace mought erboun'," murmured Brer Peter, cautiously, watching for a rising tempest.

"I tells you what it is," she continued, "er nigger 's boun' ter be er nigger. You kin white-wash him twel you w'ar yer brush out, an' put broad clorf an' er 'biled shirt on him, but I 'low

"Dat grace mought erboun'," murmured Brer Peter through his pipe-stem.

"Um! nigger don't know 'nough ter turn de tub up when it rain. White folkses kin give de back er dey han' ter de law, but er nigger! He go put his ole flat gizzard foot plumb into de middle of it—he gotter go shoot craps an' git jailed—um!"

Brer Peter leaned harder against the tree. "De sin, de sin, er dis worl'! Sis Hobson, does you happen ter know who were wid Brer Jason when he were took?"

Sis Hobson's check apron went to her eyes. "Hit were 'twixt midnight an' day; my Jason mought er run, too, if it had n't been for his game leg. We was gwine over ter Sis Chaney's dis very day, an' I seed de new moon through de trees over my lef' shoulder; but I sot an' wait fer Jason all night, twel I hear ole Speckle cackle 'bout her

egg: hins is just lack 'omans, Brer Peter; when dey 's got anything on dey min', dey just open dey mouns an' let it out plum loud. Well, I don't know nuffin, twel here come Brer Jackson an' Brer Adam, an' say dat Jason done been cotch crap-shootin'." Sis Hobson paused and sobbed.

"Hit 's all in de Lord's good time, Sis Hobson," said Brer Peter, solemnly. "Man 's boun' ter git inter trouble sho 's de chaff fly up'ards, but de glory gwine shine brighter, Sis Hobson, it gwine shine brighter." Brer Peter coughed a little, and scraped the ground with his foot. "I heard dar were three niggers wid him when he were cotch — Caney Creek niggers," he tried to say indifferently.

"Pear lack you knows er powerful sight erbout it, Brer Peter!" Sis Hobson set her lip hard, and there was a searching intonation in her voice.

Brer Peter, stung as with a "cottonmouth," was unmindful in his wrath of the threatening visage and flashing eye.

"Lord, Sis Hobson, what I gotter do wid crap-shootin', sinful, worfless niggers lack ole Jason? I just heard it. *My work 's 'mong de sorrerin' an' de 'flicted*, ever since I were kivered wid de sanctified mantle er spotlessness come two year ergo, an' I been er-wastin' dis precious word dis mornin' on yer worfless ole Jason!" Brer Peter during his harangue had briskly shouldered his whitewash brush as a preparatory act.

"Sanctified!" Sis Chloe Hobson fairly shouted. "Go 'way, Peter Henderson! Here you been er-settin' in my Jason's cheer, dat he cain't set in, po' creetur, an' er-bitin' him lack er creepin' snake! Here you is, you ole black hypercrite — yer done got one foot in the grave an' t' other got no business out! *You sanctified!* Dar ain't de littlest j'int er my Jason's littlest finger but 's wuth ever bone in yer worfless old carcass!"

Brer Peter Henderson regretted too late his loss of temper and of the usual invitation to dinner. "Good day, Sis Hobson; I ain't er-angered — de bowels er my sorrer still yearns ter desufferin', Sis Hobson." No answer, and Brer Peter lingered a moment with a final, "Good day, Mis' Hobson; I hopes ter see you an' Jason at de 'stracted meetin'." Fainter and fainter came the music of the washboard, now resumed, and Brer Peter gave a sigh of satisfaction. "She don't know nuffin'; but you had er mighty close call, ole man, if she *do* know; fer she were fightin' mad, mad enough ter tell!"

During the colder months religious enthusiasm seems to hibernate in the average negro; churches and society meetings are regularly attended, and the show of interest is kept up, but the spirit is mildly latent. Possibly it is pleasanter to sit round a big fire on cold

nights, roasting "sweet 'taters" and goobers; or it may be that the transplanted blood and disposition are easily chilled, and require the warmth of the sun for proper development, as do other plants of nature. Be that as it may, when the days are heavy with heat and the nights are stifling with drowsy perfume, then religious fervor buds and bursts forth in the warmth, a genus peculiar unto itself. Through the towns file the uniformed processions of Pole-Bearers, Sons of Ham, Sisters of Zion, Courts of Esther, and Daughters of the Seven Stars, for many a perspiring mile; and in the rural districts the "laying by" of crops is followed by the making of bush arbors, the spreading of straw, the gathering of clans, and then the voice of the exhorter is heard in the land.

The protracted meeting opened on a Sunday, and the morning dawned hot and bright. All the roads leading into the little town were full of dusty vehicles coming from Duck Pond, Caney Creek, Piney, and surrounding settlements. Some were "critter-back," and some were in wagons; some jogged along behind a lazy plow-mule, others "gee-hawed and whoaed" to a yoke of patient oxen; and all were in gala attire — fathers, mothers, grandmothers, and children. Here flamed a red or green ribbon from town; there beamed a smiling black face, sweating copiously beneath a new pink calico sunbonnet; here a pair of rusty bare heels beat a tattoo against the side of a crowded wagon; there an honest pair of "gizzard feet" trudged along in the dust in all the agonies of "store-bought" cowskins. All were bent upon enjoyment and religious exaltation; all were bound for the "stracted meetin'." The spot chosen for the meeting was picturesquely beautiful. Beneath the arms of oak and beech, hugging the borders of a purling stream, were stretched seats of log and plank in two long rows, leaving a wide aisle up the center; and toward this spot the throng poured unceasingly. There greetings were exchanged, families reunited after a year's separation, agricultural prospects commented upon, and general good fellowship prevailed. There in the crowd were Jason and Chloe, the latter radiant in a red-and-yellow 'kerchief, the former awkwardly but proudly conscious of his "b'iled shirt" and new jeans bought by Chloe's hard-earned wages after she had paid his gambling fine. There, followed by the patient little Marcy, was Brer Peter, pompously expounding a knotty point of criminal law to an admiring listener. Then came a lull of the murmuring voices, a solemn dividing of the lines, the men on the one side, the women on the other, and a shaking of the restless children into their places, as the dusky patriarch of Hardeman limped slowly down the grassy aisle. No deep-throated organ was there to herald his

approach with the stately pulsing "March of Prophet"; no mullioned window poured its mellowed light upon the solemnly bended head: but the sunbeams drifted softly through the swaying leaves, playing at hide-and-seek in the grizzly, waving hair, and over in the plum thicket a mocking-bird suddenly burst forth in a flood of melody to his brooding mate.

Old Parson 'Bias turned, and slowly and in-

his song, and the pause following was oppressive in its intensity, when, slowly drawing his red bandana through his trembling fingers, the patriarch of Hardeman led his dusky followers in prayer.

The breast of nature was bared before her child, and through such humble medium the strange, mysterious soul lifted on high its untaught eloquence. Before proceeding, the eye



AT THE "STRACTED MERTIN."

tently viewed his gathered congregation; then his quavering voice broke upon the silence: "My brederin, an' sisterin, an' chillen in de faith: I has tarried wid you on dese sinful shores fer er long, long time; I has seen de sun rise on sorrer an' set in triberlati'n; I has 'zorted ter you in yer youth, and has cried wid you when de gray hairs done come; I has worked wid you in slave-time, lack ole Moses start wid de chillen er Isrul, an' I has come out wid you, lack Joshway, inter de Promise' Lan'. Now de ole man stan' erfore you, maybe fer de las' time, wid one foot in de grave, brederin an' sisterin, dat gwine catch us all. You has heard de ole man 'zort in time er peace an' pray in time er wah, twel de voice done fade erway lack de song er de locus' in de fall. Now in dese times er sinnin' an' fergittin', de ole man done heard er call, maybe fer de-las' time, maybe fer de las' time, an' de ole man gwine fer ter tell it!"

The mocking-bird in the thicket had finished

of the old parson again intently searched his congregation. "I takes my tex' dis mornin', brederin an' sisterin, from de good Book whar it say, 'In dose days de young men shall dream dreams, an' de ole men shall see visions.' Long time ergo dar were er little boy name Sam'l who live in de house of er ole parson name Eli; an' he sleep in a room nigh him, 'ca'se Eli were ole an' sorter po'ly. One night Sam'l wake suddent lack; 'pear lack he hear sumpen call 'Sam'l!' an' he git up quick an' say, 'Farder Eli, you call me?' Ole Eli were deaf, an' he git up on his elbow, an' 'low, 'I did n't call you, Sam'l; go ter sleep.' Bimeby he hear de call ergin, but Eli say ergin 't wa'n't him. Den Sam'l lay an' steddly, an' kick de kiver off, 'ca'se it were warm, an' he hear it ergin; den he say, 'Here I is, Lord!' 'ca'se he knowit were de Lord done call him. I lackens myse'f ter-day, brederin an' sisterin, ter de infant Sam'l, 'ca'se ole age an' childhood is mighty nigh erkin; an' lookin'

inter de grave, I done heared er call ter de Jedgment. De Spirit done call three times, an' de ole man gwine prophesy."

Audible groans came from the front seats. "Three times it call, 'Bias!' an' three times I answers, 'Here I is!' Oh, ter-day, brederin an' sisterin, here I is, er-callin' on you, 'fore it too late an' de sun go down on yer sin, brederin an' sisterin!"

Subdued groans.

"Pear lack it were de early mornin', an' de Spirit taken me out ter a big place whar dar were a mighty getherin', an' I sees de grave open an' de dead walk out; I sees de getherin' er de los' tribes er Isrul, comin' from de norf, from de souf, from de east, and from de west—de air all curi's, lack er sun er blood were er-shinin' on de worl'. I looks up, an' de sky wuz all lined lack er gogerfy, cross an' criss-cross, an' dar were writ er-crost it in fire de doom dat ever'body mought read—edication er no edication."

Groans from the sides.

"Dar dey were, er-formin' in a big percession dat gwine move bimeby. Nobody talk, ever'body skeered lack an' real ashy; I jine 'em, an' say to mysef, says I, 'Ole 'Bias don't know nobody here.' Den I looks up an' sees ole Marse's overseer er-totin' er de dead muel he whup ter death 'fore de war, an' 'pear lack ever'body got sumpen. Bimeby we hears er shoutin' 'way over yander fer de rocks an' de mountings ter fall, fer de waters ter rise an' kiver 'em, an' our crowd groan, 'Hab mercy!' Oh, brederin an' sisterin, we could n't 'zort den, it were too late, too late! Dar was er ridin' here an' dar er horses what got wings on 'em, an' strike fire when dey put dey foots down; but we could n't look. 'Way over yander were Gabul er-waitin' ter give de summons wid de big trumpet er-shinin' lack de full moon er-risin' on er summer's night; but we could n't look, brederin an' sisterin, we could n't look. Bimeby I seed er crowd er-comin', an' I knowed 'em. Dar were de sisterin in de front what tells tales on one another, an' rolls er lie under dey long tongue, an' it tastes sweeter dan de honey an' de honeycomb ter 'em—dar dey come, sisterin! an' er-follerin' ever sister kim er little, long snake, an' it bite de heels er dat sister, an' it gnaw de heels er dat sister, an' strike wid his fangs; but she can't bruise his head, 'ca'se her tongue 's done black wid er lie—"

Groans from the men's side.

"I ain't call no name, sisterin, but de Lord know who were dar."

Sobs from one side, and groans from the other.

"Den de crowd comes nigher, an' dey all got sumpen dey tryin' ter hide; most all de niggers got pullets dat dey stole, an' dey tryin' hide 'em in dey pockets, but dey cain't hide 'em.

Oh, you hin-roost niggers, you cain't git shut of 'em in de last day! De moon good an' dark, an' de meat sweet an' juicy, but you cain't git shut of it in de last day!"

There was a visible cowering as old 'Bias continued, and a falling pin might have been heard.

"An' dar come Deacon Holly dar, er-puffin' an' er-blowin', er-draggin' dat yearlin' heifer he lied about in de cote—Deacon Holly dat 's 'zorted ter you many an' many 's de time. Oh, my brudder, you cain't hide dat heifer in de las' day!"

There was a painful collapse on the part of Deacon Holly, followed by prolonged groans.

"Den I seed Deacon Showers er-runnin' fitten ter kill, white and skeered—oh, Brudder Showers, you cain't hide dat shoat in de las' day! Yer coat 's too short, an' his legs too long, an' he squeal too loud fer ter drap him in de road—o-o-h, Brudder Showers, you c-a-i-n-t hide him in de las' day!"

Brother Showers leaned his head on his hands, and cried aloud.

"We 's a-a-l-l got sumpen we wanten hide, but dey a-i-n-t no hidin' in de las' day! Bimeby er little lizard come er-creepin' in my han', 'ca'se we all got sumpen dat we wanten hide; but de Spirit done pity de ole man's sin, an' kiver ole 'Bias wid de mantle er charity—hab mercy on dese sinners! Bimeby I sees Brer Jason, an' de light 'pear ter darken, an' de moon riz slow, an' dar were three others wid him, er-comin' ter de Jedgment—o-o-h, my brederin', er-comin' ter de Jedgment!"

There was an ashen, stony look on three faces in the congregation, and Parson 'Bias continued:

"Brer Jason he hold de fine er de law in his han', an' keep his mouf shut, an' walk 'hine de others in de percession er de Jedgment—oh, my brederin, dat awful day! Den here come Brer Adam and Brer Jackson dat fotch de blessin' ter de mo'nin' oman; dey got sumpen dey tryin' 'fer ter hide—o-o-h, my brederin, what is it? De bag am big, an' de balls am little, but dem little crap balls dey gwine click loud in de las' day!"

One after the other the two heads dropped to the knees, and the knees slid to the ground.

"Dar were *one* other colored pusson walkin' 'hine Brer Jason. O-o-h, my brederin, who he be? He go 'bout comfortin' de sorrerin' an' de 'flicted—o-o-h, my brederin! He taken down de robes er de sanctification—o-o-h, my brederin! He eaten up de victuals er de 'flicted an' de sorrerin'—o-o-h, my brederin, who he be? Who he be, brederin? He 's er-totin' er de horn er de crap-shootin' niggers, an' he cain't git shut of it in de las' day! He throw it in de water, but it float out ergin—oh, my brederin!

He put it in de groun', but de dirt won't kiver it, an' he tote it, an' he tote it, twel he white roun' de mouf; but de debil make him sweat, an' de debil make him groan—o-o-h, my brederin, who he be?"

Parson 'Bias paused to wipe the perspiration now rolling in little rivulets down his wrinkled face, and viewed with honest satisfaction his wailing congregation.

"De Spirit say, 'Look!' an' I turns, an' sees de face er de man what tote dat horn, an' I knows him. Oh, my brederin, you cain't hide dat horn in de las' day! Den de Spirit close my eyes, 'ca'se I don't want er see no mo'. Oh, my brederin, if dar one sinner here dat know de Spirit's call, if dar one Christian here dat done fall from grace, let him come 'mongst de mo'ners whilst we sing dis hymn."

Softly old 'Bias lined out, "What shall we Do that Day," and in quavering tones it was taken up amid sobs and groans; Caney Creek, Piney, and Duck Pond had never before had such an awakening. The song with its dismal interlineations died away, and with blanched face, chattering teeth, and shaking knees, Brer Peter Henderson rose before the astonished congregation, his ministerial mien vanished, his personal pride crushed into the dust.

"Brederin and sisterin,—if I may be 'lowed ter call you dat on dis solemn 'casion,—we has fallen on mighty onsartin times." He paused, and something seemed to rattle in his throat; a silence followed his voice, and the usual, "Go on, go on, Brer Peter!" was unspoken.

"Brederin and sisterin, Parson 'Bias seed dat vision right. I, Peter Henderson, is de nigger dat tote dat horn, an' I makes dis 'fession now in de hearin' er you all, 'fore it's too late. I, Peter

Henderson, lead dem po' weak-kneed members er de faith inter de temptation an' 'citements er dat game. I l'arn it from er slick buck dat come from Memphis, an' we 's whooped 'em up many an' many 's de time, an' never got cotch, but de gourd dat go too often in de well bucket gwine git broke. I makes dis 'fession in de cause er 'ligion fer ter save my soul from de Jedgment. I has drag de sanctified robe er de promise inter de dus',—hab mercy on my po' soull!—an' make er money-changer er de sarvent er de Lord. I tells it all fer ter save my soul from de tormints er de las' day, fer it burn lack er fire, an' it cut lack er knife—hab mercy on my soul!"

Like a thunder-clap came the close of the confession.

"I burn ole Smif's gin, an' fire Caleb Jones's smoke-house; I taken de las' chicken off'n ever hin-roost in Piney, an' sòl 'em in Bolivar—here de money!" and a handful of silver quarters clinked on the boards, and rolled in the grass. "I has been er stingin' adder, er weasel 'mongst de chickens, an' er owl on de hin-roost—may de Lord hab mercy on my soul!"

Brer Peter sank down, cold and breathless, and some kindly voice raised the doxology, but ere the last note died away, Brer Peter Henderson was gone—"gone fer good."

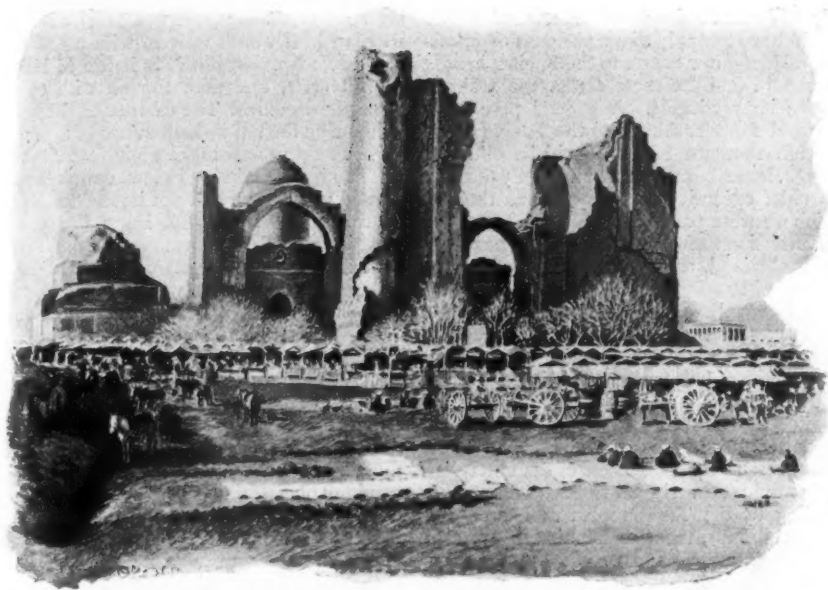
Some declared that he had been taken from amongst them by supernatural means; others that, like Judas, he had gone out and killed himself. Poor little Marcy inclined to the latter opinion, and wore her mourning faithfully long after peace brooded over the three little settlements, and generations had occupied the hen-roosts undisturbed; for the old, familiar haunts knew Peter no more.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

THE CLOSING CENTURY.

AS one who, roused from sleep, hears far away
The closing strokes of some cathedral bell
Tolling the hour, strives all in vain to tell
If denser grows the night, or pales the day—
So we, roused to life's brief existence, say
(We on whose waking falls a century's knell),
Is this the deepening dusk of years, the fell
And solemn midnight, or the morning gray?
We stir, then sleep again—a little sleep!
(Howbeit undisturbed by another's ring!)
For though, measured with time, a century
Is but a vanished hour tolled on the deep,
Yet what is time itself? 'T is but a swing
Of the vast pendulum of eternity.

Henry Jerome Stockard.



A MARKET-PLACE IN SAMARKAND, AND THE RUINS OF A COLLEGE.

ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE.

IV.—THE JOURNEY FROM SAMARKAND TO KULDJA.

ON the morning of November 16 we took a last look at the blue domes and minarets of Samarkand, intermingled with the ruins of palaces and tombs, and then wheeled away toward the banks of the Zerafshan. Our four days' journey of 180 miles along the regular Russian post-road was attended with only the usual vicissitudes of ordinary travel. Wading in our Russian top-boots through the treacherous fords of the "Snake" Defile, we passed the pyramidal slate rock known as the "Gate of Tamerlane," and emerged upon a strip of the Kizil-Kum steppe, stretching hence in painful monotony to the bank of the Sir Daria River. This we crossed by a rude rope-ferry, filled at the time with a passing caravan, and then began at once to ascend the valley of the Tchirtchik toward Tashkend. The blackened cotton which the natives were gathering from the adjoining fields, the lowering snow-line on the mountains in front of us, the muddy roads, the chilling atmosphere, and the falling leaves of the giant poplars — all warned us of the approach of winter.

We had hoped at least to reach Vernoye, a provincial capital near the converging point of the Turkestan, Siberian, and Chinese bound-

daries, whence we could continue, on the opening of the following spring, either through Siberia or across the Chinese empire. But in this we were doomed to disappointment. The delay on the part of the Russian authorities in granting us permission to enter Transcaspia had postponed at least a month our arrival in Tashkend, and now, owing to the early advent of the rainy season, the roads leading north were almost impassable even for the native carts. This fact, together with the reports of heavy snow-falls beyond the Alexandrovski Mountains, on the road to Vernoye, lent a rather cogent influence to the persuasions of our newly made friends to spend the winter among them.

Then, too, such a plan, we thought, might not be unproductive of future advantages. Thus far we had been journeying through Russian territory without a passport. We had no authorization except the telegram to "come on," received from General Kuropatkin at Askabad, and the verbal permission of Count Rosertsoff at Samarkand to proceed to Tashkend. Furthermore, the passport for which we had just applied to Baron Wrevsky, the Governor-General of Turkestan, would be available

only as far as the border of Siberia, where we should have to apply to the various governors-general along our course to the Pacific, in case we should find the route across the Chinese empire impracticable. A general permission to travel from Tashkend to the Pacific coast, through southern Siberia, could be obtained from St. Petersburg only, and that only through the chief executive of the province through which we were passing.

Permission to enter Turkestan is by no means easily obtained, as is well understood by the student of Russian policy in central Asia. We were not a little surprised, therefore, when our request to spend the winter in its capital was graciously granted by Baron Wrevsky, as well as the privilege for one of us to return in the mean time to London. This we had determined on, in order to secure some much-needed bicycle supplies, and to complete other arrangements for the success of our enterprise. By lot the return trip fell to Sachtleben. Proceeding by the Transcaspian and Transcaucasus railroads, the Caspian and Black seas, to Constantinople, and thence by the "overland express" to Belgrade, Vienna, Frankfort, and Calais, he was able to reach London in sixteen days.

Tashkend, though nearly in the same latitude as New York, is so protected by the Alexandrovski Mountains from the Siberian blizzards and the scorching winds of the Kara-Kum desert as to have an even more moderate climate. A tributary of the Tchirtchick River forms the line of demarcation between the native and the European portions of the city, although the population of the latter is by no means devoid of a native element. Both together cover an area as extensive as Paris, though the population is only 120,000, of which 100,000 are congregated in the native, or Sart, quarter. There is a floating element of Kashgarians, Bokhariots, Persians, and Afghans, and a resident majority of Kirghiz, Tatars, Jews, Hindus, gypsies, and Sarts, the latter being a generic title for the urban, as distinguished from the nomad, people.

Our winter quarters were obtained at the home of a typical Russian family, in company with a young reserve officer. He, having finished his university career and time of military service, was engaged in Tashkend in the interest of his father, a wholesale merchant in Moscow. With him we were able to converse either in French or German, both of which languages he could speak more purely than his native Russian. Our good-natured, corpulent host had emigrated, in the pioneer days, from the steppes of southern Russia, and had grown wealthy through the "unearned increment."

The Russian samovar is the characteristic feature of the Russian household. Besides a

big bowl of cabbage soup at every meal, our Russian host would start in with a half-tumbler of vodka, dispose of a bottle of beer in the intervals, and then top off with two or three glasses of tea. The mistress of the household, being limited in her beverages to tea and soup, would usually make up in quantity what was lacking in variety. In fact, one day she informed us that she had not imbibed a drop of water for over six years. For this, however, there is a very plausible excuse. With the water at Tashkend, as with that from the Zerafshan at Bokhara, a dangerous worm called *reshka* is absorbed into the system. Nowhere have we drunk better tea than around the steaming samovar of our Tashkend host. No peasant is too poor, either in money or in sentiment, to buy and feel the cheering influence of tea. Even the Cossack, in his forays into the wilds of central Asia, is sustained by it. Unlike the Chinese, the Russians consider sugar a necessary concomitant of tea-drinking. There are three methods of sweetening tea: to put the sugar in the glass; to place a lump of sugar in the mouth, and suck the tea through it; to hang a lump in the midst of a tea-drinking circle, to be swung around for each in turn to touch with his tongue, and then to take a swallow of tea.

The meaning of the name Tashkend is "city of stone," but a majority of the houses are one-story mud structures, built low, so as to prevent any disastrous effects from earthquakes. The roofs are so flat and poorly constructed that during the rainy season a dry ceiling is rather the exception than the rule. Every building is covered with whitewash or white paint, and fronts directly on the street. There are plenty of back and side yards, but none in front. This is not so bad on the broad streets of a Russian town. In Tashkend they are exceptionally wide, with ditches on each side through which the water from the Tchirtchick ripples along beneath the double, and even quadruple, rows of poplars, acacias, and willows. These trees grow here with remarkable luxuriance, from a mere twig stuck into the ground. Although twenty years of Russian irrigation has given Nature a chance to rear thousands of trees on former barren wastes, yet wood is still comparatively scarce and dear.

The administration buildings of the city are for the most part exceedingly plain and unpretentious. In striking contrast is the new Russian cathedral, the recently erected school, and a large retail store built by a resident Greek, all of which are fine specimens of Russian architecture. Among its institutions are an observatory, a museum containing an embryo collection of Turkestan products and antiquities, and a medical dispensary for the natives, where vaccination is performed by graduates of medi-



A RELIGIOUS DRAMA IN SAMARKAND.



OUR FERRY OVER THE ZERAFSHAN.



PALACE OF THE CZAR'S NEPHEW, TASHKEND.



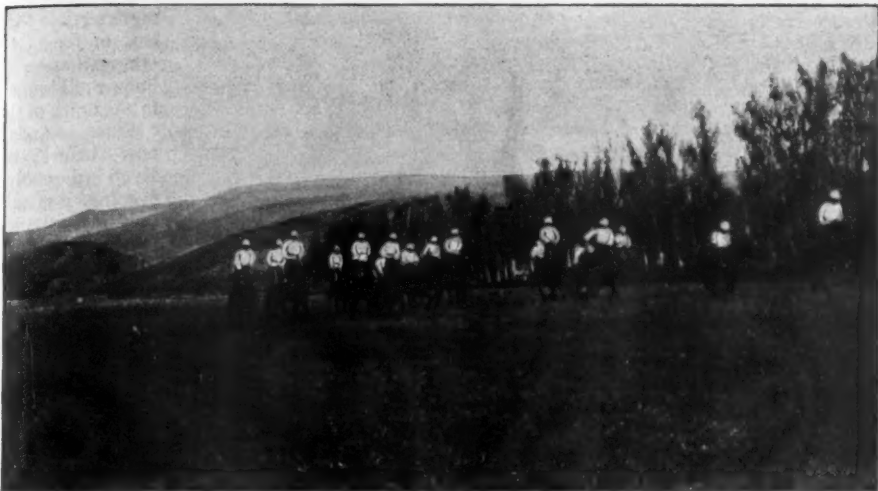
A SART RESCUING HIS CHILDREN FROM THE CAMERA OF THE "FOREIGN DEVILS."



KIRGHIZ ERECTING KIRITKAS BY THE CHU RIVER.



UPPER VALLEY OF THE CHU RIVER.



FANTASTIC RIDING AT THE SUMMER ENCAMPMENT OF THE COSSACKS.

now being established to educate the native children in the Russian language and methods, and native apprentices are being taken in by Russian merchants for the same purpose.

In Tashkend, as in every European city of the Orient, drunkenness, and gambling, and social laxity have followed upon the introduction of Western morals and culture. Jealousy and intrigue among the officers and functionaries are also not strange, perhaps, at so great a distance from headquarters, where the only avenue to distinction seems to lie through the public service. At the various dinner-parties and sociables given throughout the winter, the topic of war always met with general welcome. On one occasion a report was circulated that Abdurrahman Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, was lying at the point of death. Great preparations, it was said, were being made for an expedition over the Pamir, to establish on the throne the Russian candidate, Is-shah Khan from Samarkand, before Ayub Khan, the rival British protégé, could be brought from India. The young officers at once began to discuss their chances for promotion, and the number of decorations to be forthcoming from St. Petersburg. The social gatherings at Tashkend were more convivial than sociable. Acquaintances can eat and drink together with the greatest of good cheer, but there is very little sympathy in conversation. It was difficult for them to understand why we had come so far to see a country which to many of them was a place of exile.

An early spring did not mean an early departure from winter quarters. Impassable roads kept us anxious prisoners for a month and a half after the necessary papers had been se-

cured. These included, in addition to the local passports, a *carte-blanche* permission to travel from Tashkend to Vladivostock through Turkistan and Siberia, a document obtained from St. Petersburg through the United States minister, the Hon. Charles Emory Smith. Of this route to the Pacific we were therefore certain, and yet, despite the universal opinion that a bicycle journey across the Celestial empire was impracticable, we had determined to continue on to the border line, and there to seek better information. "Don't go into China" were the last words of our many kind friends as we wheeled out of Tashkend on the seventh of May.

At Chimbkend our course turned abruptly from what was once the main route between Russia's European and Asiatic capitals, and along which De Lesseps, in his letter to the Czar, proposed a line of railroad to connect Orenburg with Samarkand, a distance about equal to that between St. Petersburg and Odessa, 1483 miles. This is also the keystone in that wall of forts which Russia gradually raised around her unruly nomads of the steppes, and where, according to Gortchakoff's circular of 1864, "both interest and reason" required her to stop; and yet at that very time General Tcherniaieff was advancing his forces upon the present capital, Tashkend. Here, too, we began that journey of 1500 miles along the Celestial mountain range which terminated only when we scaled its summit beyond Barkul to descend again into the burning sands of the Desert of Gobi. Here runs the great historical highway between China and the West.

From Auli-eta eastward we had before us about 200 miles of a vast steppe region. Near

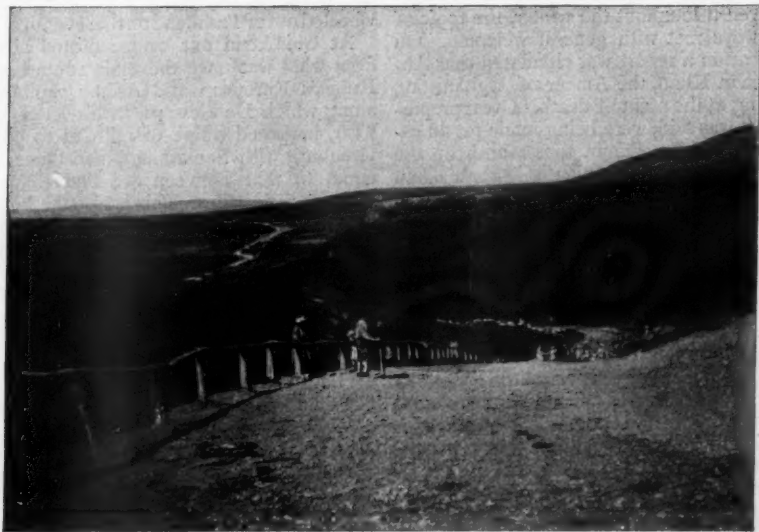


VIEW OF CHIMKEND FROM THE CITADEL.

the mountains is a wilderness of lakes, swamps, and streams, which run dry in summer. This is the country of the "Thousand Springs" mentioned by the Chinese pilgrim Huen T'sang, and where was established the kingdom of Black China, supposed by many to have been one of the kingdoms of "Prester John." But far away to our left were the white sands of the Ak-Kum, over which the cloudless atmosphere quivers incessantly, like the blasts of a furnace. Of all these deserts, occupying probably one half of the whole Turkestan steppe, none is

more terrible than that of the "Golodnaya Steppe," or Steppe of Hunger, to the north of the "White Sands" now before us. Even in the cool of evening, it is said that the soles of the wayfarer's feet become scorched, and the dog accompanying him finds no repose till he has burrowed below the burning surface. The monotonous appearance of the steppe itself is only intensified in winter, when the snow smooths over the

broken surface, and even necessitates the placing of mud posts at regular intervals to mark the roadway for the Kirghiz post-drivers. But in the spring and autumn its arid surface is clothed, as if by enchantment, with verdure and prairie flowers. Both flowers and birds are gorgeously colored. One variety, about half the size of the jackdaw which infests the houses of Tashkend and Samarkand, has a bright blue body and red wings; another, resembling our field-lark in size and habits, combines a pink breast with black head and

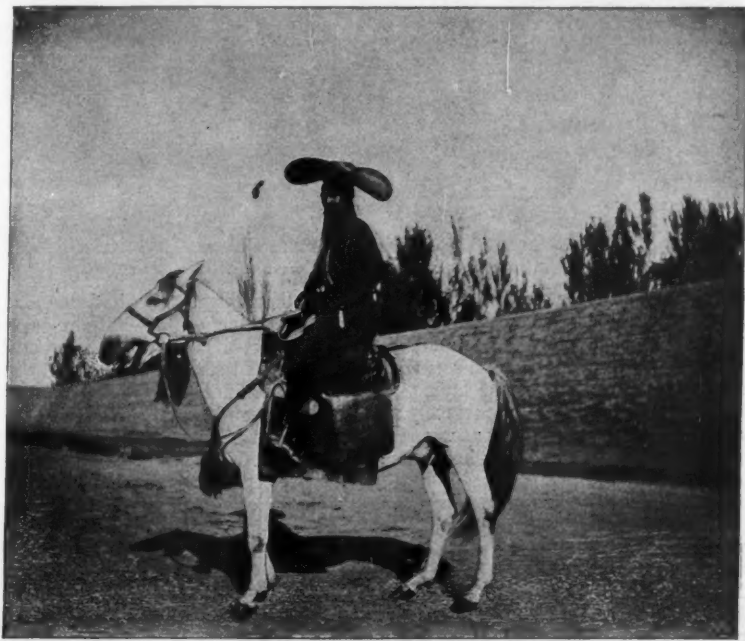


ON THE ROAD BETWEEN CHIMKEND AND VERNOYE.

wings. But already this spring-tide splendor was beginning to disappear beneath the glare of approaching summer. The long wagon-trains of lumber, and the occasional traveler's tarantass rumbling along to the discord of its *duga* bells, were enveloped in a cloud of suffocating dust.

Now and then we would overtake a party of Russian peasants migrating from the famine-stricken districts of European Russia to the pioneer colonies along this Turkestan highway. The peculiarity of these villages is their extreme length, all the houses facing on the one wide

the Kirghiz than these to their conquerors, the *mir*, or communal system, is now penetrating these fertile districts, and systematically replacing the Mongolian culture. But the ignorance of this lower class of Russians is almost as noticeable as that of the natives themselves. As soon as we entered a village, the blacksmith left his anvil, the carpenter his bench, the storekeeper his counter, and the milkmaid her task. After our parade of the principal street, the crowd would gather round us at the station-house. All sorts of queries and ejaculations would pass among them. One would ask: "Are

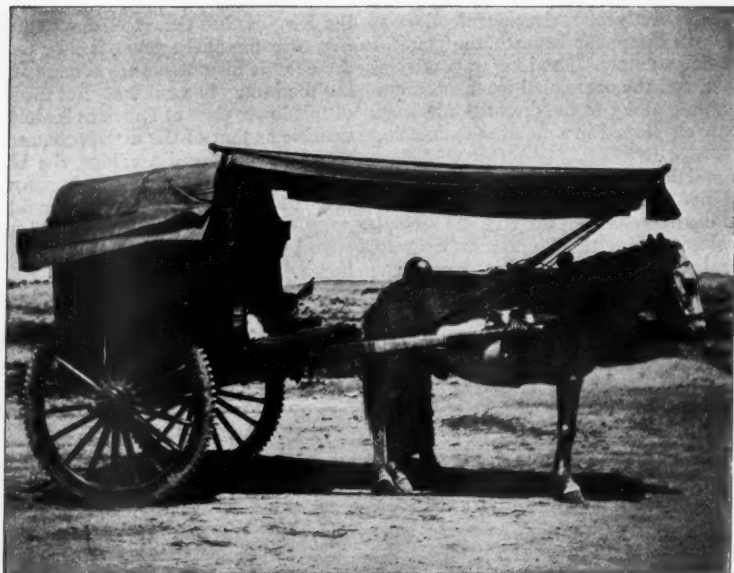


THE CHINESE MILITARY COMMANDER OF KULDJA.

street. Most of them are merely mud huts, others make pretensions to doors and windows, and a coat of whitewash. Near-by usually stands the old battered telega which served as a home during many months of travel over the Orenburg highway. It speaks well for the colonizing capacity of the Russians that they can be induced to come so many hundreds of miles from their native land, to settle in such a primitive way among the half-wild tribes of the steppes. As yet they do very little farming, but live, like the Kirghiz, by raising horses, cows, sheep, and goats, and, in addition, the Russian hog, the last resembling very much the wild swine of the jungles. Instead of the former military colonies of plundering Cossacks, who really become more assimilated to

these gentlemen baptized? Are they really Christians?" On account of their extreme ignorance these Russian colonists are by no means able to cope with their German colleagues, who are given the poorest land, and yet make a better living.

The steppe is a good place for learning patience. With the absence of landmarks, you seem never to be getting anywhere. It presents the appearance of a boundless level expanse, the very undulations of which are so uniform as to conceal the intervening troughs. Into these, horsemen, and sometimes whole caravans, mysteriously disappear. In this way we were often enabled to surprise a herd of gazelles grazing by the roadside. They would stand for a moment with necks extended, and then scamper



STYLISH CART OF A CHINESE MANDARIN.

away like a shot, springing on their pipe-stem limbs three or four feet into the air. Our average rate was about seven miles an hour, although the roads were sometimes so soft with dust or sand as to necessitate the laying of straw for a foundation. There was scarcely an hour in the day when we were not accompanied by from one to twenty Kirghiz horsemen, galloping behind us with cries of "Yak-shee!" ("Good!") They were especially curious to see how we crossed the roadside streams. Standing on the bank, they would watch intently every move as we stripped and waded through with bicycles and clothing on our shoulders. Then they would challenge us to a race, and, if the road permitted, we would endeavor to reveal some of the possibilities of the "devil's carts." On an occasion like this occurred one of our few mishaps. The road was lined by the occupants of a neigh-

boring tent village, who had run out to see the race. One of the Kirghiz turned suddenly back in the opposite direction from which he had started. The wheel struck him at a rate of fifteen miles per hour, lifting him off his feet, and hurling over the handle-bars the rider, who fell upon his left arm, and twisted it out of place. With the assistance



A LESSON IN CHINESE.

of the bystanders it was pulled back into the socket, and bandaged up till we reached the nearest Russian village. Here the only physician was an old blind woman of the faith-cure persuasion. Her massage treatment to replace the muscles was really effective, and was accompanied by prayers and by signs of the cross, a common method of treatment among the lower class of Russians. In one instance a cure was supposed to be effected by writing a

better room was answered by the question, if the one we had was not good enough, and how long we intended to occupy that. Evidently our English conversation had gained for us the covert reputation of being English spies, and this was verified in the minds of our hosts when we began to ask questions about the city prisons we had passed on our way. To every interrogation they replied, "I don't know." But presto, change, on the presentation of docu-



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT KULDJA.

prayer on a piece of buttered bread to be eaten by the patient.

Being users but not patrons of the Russian post-roads, we were not legally entitled to the conveniences of the post-stations. Tipping alone, as we found on our journey from Samarkand, was not always sufficient to preclude a request during the night to vacate the best quarters for the post-traveler, especially if he happened to wear the regulation brass button. To secure us against this inconvenience, and to gain some special attention, a letter was obtained from the overseer of the Turkestan post and telegraph district. This proved advantageous on many occasions, and once, at Auli-eta, was even necessary. We were surveyed with suspicious glances as soon as we entered the station-house, and when we asked for water to lave our hands and face, we were directed to the irrigating-ditch in the street. Our request for a

ments! Apologies were now profuse, and besides tea, bread, and eggs, the usual rations of a Russian post-station, we were exceptionally favored with chicken soup and *verainyik*, the latter consisting of cheese wrapped and boiled in dough, and then served in butter.

It has been the custom for travelers in Russia to decry the Russian post-station, but the fact is that an appreciation of this rather primitive form of accommodation depends entirely upon whether you approach it from a European hotel or from a Persian khan. Some are clean, while others are dirty. Nevertheless, it was always a welcome sight to see a small white building looming up in the dim horizon at the close of a long day's ride, and, on near approach, to observe the black and white striped post in front, and idle tarantasses around it. At the door would be found the usual crowd of Kirghiz post-drivers. After the presentation

of documents to the *starosta*, who would hesitate at first about quartering our horses in the travelers' room, we would proceed at once to place our dust-covered heads beneath the spindle of the washing-tank. Although by this dripping-pan arrangement we would usually succeed in getting as much water down our backs as on our faces, yet we were consoled by the thought that too much was better than not enough, as

they do at home. Rye, however, takes three years to reach the height of one year in America. Through the Russians, these people have obtained high-flown ideas of America and Americans. We saw many chromos of American celebrities in the various station-houses, and the most numerous was that of Thomas A. Edison. His phonograph, we were told, had already made its appearance in Pishpek, but



STROLLING MUSICIANS.

had been the case in Turkey and Persia. Then we would settle down before the steaming samovar to meditate in solitude and quiet, while the rays of the declining sun shone on the gilded eikon in the corner of the room, and on the chromo-covered walls. When darkness fell, and the simmering music of the samovar had gradually died away; when the flitting swallows in the room had ceased their chirp, and settled down upon the rafters overhead, we ourselves would turn in under our fur-lined coats upon the leather-covered benches.

In consequence of the first of a series of accidents to our wheels, we were for several days the guest of the director of the botanical gardens at Pishpek. As a branch of the Crown botanical gardens at St. Petersburg, some valuable experiments were being made here with foreign seeds and plants. Peaches, we were told, do not thrive, but apples, pears, cherries, and the various kinds of berries, grow as well as

the natives did not seem to realize what it was. "Why," they said, "we have often heard better music than that." Dr. Tanner was not without his share of fame in this far-away country. During his fast in America, a similar, though not voluntary, feat was being performed here. A Kirghiz messenger who had been despatched into the mountains during the winter was lost in the snow, and remained for twenty-eight days without food. He was found at last, crazed by hunger. When asked what he would have to eat, he replied, "Everything." They foolishly gave him "everything," and in two days he was dead. For a long time he was called the "Doctor Tanner of Turkestan."

A divergence of seventy-five miles from the regular post-route was made in order to visit Lake Issik Kul, which is probably the largest lake for its elevation in the world, being about ten times larger than Lake Geneva, and at a height of 5300 feet. Its slightly brackish water,



A STREET IN THE TARANTCHI QUARTER OF KULDJA.

which never freezes, teems with several varieties of fish, many of which we helped to unhook from a Russian fisherman's line, and then helped to eat in his primitive hut near the shore. A Russian Cossack, who had just come over the

snow-capped Ala Tau, "of the Shade," from Fort Narin, was also present, and from the frequent glances cast at the fisherman's daughter we soon discovered the object of his visit. The ascent to this lake, through the famous Buam

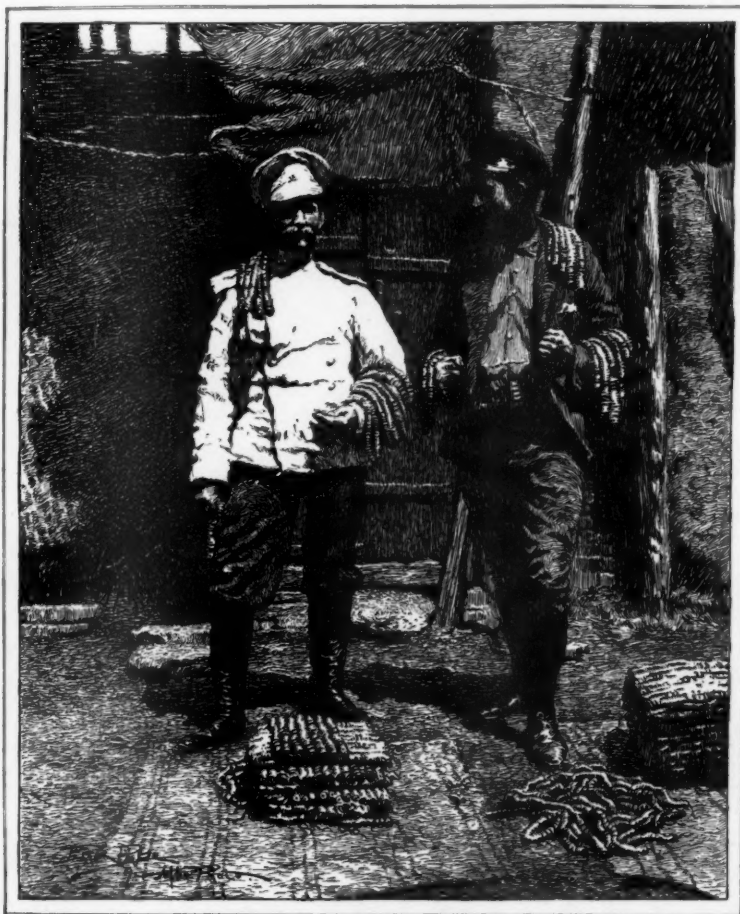


THE FORMER MILITARY COMMANDER OF KULDJA AND HIS FAMILY.

Defile, or Happy Pass, afforded some of the grandest scenery on our route through Asia. Its seething, foaming, irresistible torrent needs only a large volume to make it the equal of the rapids at Niagara.

Our return to the post-road was made by an unbeaten track over the Ala Tau Mountains.

turned the highest summit, the clouds shifted for a moment, and revealed before us two Kirghiz horsemen. They started back in astonishment, and gazed at us as though we were demons of the air, until we disappeared again down the opposite and more gradual slope. Late in the afternoon we emerged upon the

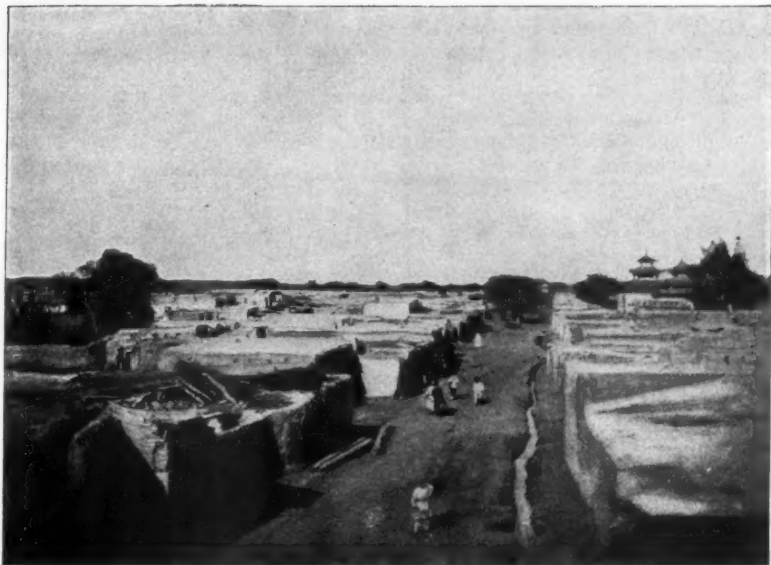


OUR RUSSIAN FRIEND AND MR. SACHTLEBEN LOADED WITH ENOUGH CHINESE "CASH" TO PAY FOR A MEAL AT A KULDJA RESTAURANT.

From the Chu Valley, dotted here and there with Kirghiz tent villages and their grazing flocks and herds, we pushed our wheels up the broken path, which wound like a mythical stairway far up into the low-hanging clouds. We trudged up one of the steepest ascents we have ever made with a wheel. The scenery was grand, but lonely. The wild tulips, pinks, and verbenas dotting the green slopes furnished the only pleasant diversion from our arduous labor. Just as we

plain, but no post-road or station-house was in sight, as we expected; nothing but a few Kirghiz kibitkas among the straggling rocks, like the tents of the Egyptian Arabs among the fallen stones of the pyramids.

Toward these we now directed our course, and, in view of a rapidly approaching storm, asked to purchase a night's lodging. This was only too willingly granted in anticipation of the coming *tomasha*, or exhibition. The milk-



VIEW OF A STREET IN KULDJA FROM THE WESTERN GATE.

maids as they went out to the rows of sheep and goats tied to the lines of woolen rope, and the horsemen with reinless horses to drive in the ranging herds, spread the news from tent to tent. By the time darkness fell the kibitka

was filled to overflowing. We were given the seat of honor opposite the doorway, bolstered up with blankets and pillows. By the light of the fire curling its smoke upward through the central opening in the roof, it was interesting



A MORNING PROMENADE ON THE WALLS OF KULDJA.



A CHINESE GRAVEYARD ON THE EASTERN OUTSKIRTS OF KULDJA.

to note the faces of our hosts. We had never met a people of a more peaceful temperament, and, on the other hand, none more easily frightened. A dread of the evil eye is one of their characteristics. We had not been settled long before the *ishan*, or itinerant dervish, was called in to drive away the evil spirits, which

the "devil's carts" might possibly have brought. Immediately on entering, he began to shrug his shoulders, and to shiver as though passing into a state of trance. Our dervish acquaintance was a man of more than average intelligence. He had traveled in India, and had even heard some one speak of America. This fact alone



SPLITTING POPPY-HEADS TO START THE OPIUM JUICE.

was sufficient to warrant him in posing as instructor for the rest of the assembly. While we were drinking tea, a habit they have recently adopted from the Russians, he held forth at great length to his audience about the *Amerikón*.

The rain now began to descend in torrents. The felt covering was drawn over the central opening, and propped up at one end with a pole to emit the clouds of smoke from the smoldering fire. This was shifted with the veering wind. Although a mere circular rib framework covered with white or brown felt, according as the occupant is rich or poor, the

of burden. The men never walk; if there is any leading to be done it falls to the women. The constant use of the saddle has made many of the men bandy-legged, which, in connection with their usual obesity,—with them a mark of dignity,—gives them a comical appearance.

After their curiosity regarding us had been partly satisfied, it was suggested that a sheep should be slaughtered in our honor. Neither meat nor bread is ever eaten by any but the rich Kirghiz. Their universal kumiss, corresponding to the Turkish yaourt, or coagulated milk, and other forms of lacteal dishes, sometimes mixed with meal, form the chief diet of



THE CHIEF OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE GIVES A LESSON IN OPIUM SMOKING.

Kirghiz kikitka, or more properly *yurt*, is not as a house built upon the sand, even in the fiercest storm. Its stanchness and comfort are surprising when we consider the rapidity with which it may be taken down and transported. In half an hour a whole village may vanish, emigrating northward in summer, and southward in winter. Many a Kirghiz cavalcade was overtaken on the road, with long tent-ribs and felts tied upon the backs of two-humped camels, for the Bactrian dromedary has not been able to endure the severities of these Northern climates. The men would always be mounted on the camels' or horses' backs, while the women would be perched on the oxen and bullocks, trained for the saddle and as beasts

the poor. The wife of our host, a buxom woman, who, as we had seen, could leap upon a horse's back as readily as a man, now entered the doorway, carrying a full-grown sheep by its woolly coat. This she twirled over on its back, and held down with her knee while the butcher artist drew a dagger from his belt, and held it aloft until the assembly stroked their scant beards, and uttered the solemn bismillah. Tired out by the day's ride, we fell asleep before the arrangements for the feast had been completed. When awakened near midnight, we found that the savory odor from the huge caldron on the fire had only increased the attraction and the crowd. The choicest bits were now selected for the guests. These consisted of pieces

of liver, served with lumps of fat from the tail of their peculiarly fat-tailed sheep. As an act of the highest hospitality, our host dipped these into some liquid grease, and then, reaching over, placed them in our mouths with his fingers. It required considerable effort on this occasion to subject our feelings of nausea to a sense of Kirghiz politeness. In keeping with their characteristic generosity, every one in the kibitka must partake in some measure of the feast, although the women, who had done all the work, must be content with remnants and bones already picked over by the host. But this disposition to share everything was not without its other aspect; we also were expected to share everything with them. We were asked to bestow any little trinket or nicknack exposed to view. Any extra nut on the machine, a handkerchief, a packet of tea, or a lump of sugar, excited their cupidity at once. The latter was considered a bonbon by the women and younger portion of the spectators. The attractive daughter of our host, "Kumiss John," amused herself by stealing lumps of sugar from our pockets. When the feast was ended, the beards were again stroked, the name of Allah solemnly uttered by way of thanks for the bounty of heaven, and then each gave utterance to his appreciation of the meal.

Before retiring for the night, the dervish led the prayers, just as he had done at sunset. The



TWO CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES IN THE YARD OF
OUR KULDJA INN.

praying-mats were spread, and all heads bowed toward Mecca. The only preparation for retiring was the spreading of blankets from the pile in one of the kibitkas. The Kirghiz are not in the habit of removing many garments for this purpose, and under the circumstances we found this custom a rather convenient one. Six of us turned in on the floor together, forming a semicircle, with our feet toward the fire.



PRACTISING OUR CHINESE ON A KULDJA CULPRIT.

"Kumiss John," who was evidently the pet of the household, had a rudely constructed cot at the far end of the kibitka.

Vernoye, the old Almati, with its broad streets, low wood and brick houses, and Russian sign-boards, presented a Siberian aspect. The ruins of its many disastrous earthquakes lying low on every hand told us at once the cause of its deserted thoroughfares. The terrible shocks of the year before our visit killed several hundred people, and a whole mountain in the vicinity sank. The only hope of its persistent residents is a branch from the Transsiberian or Transcaspian railroad, or the reannexation by Russia of the fertile province of Ili, to make it an indispensable depot. Despite these periodical calamities, Vernoye has had, and is now constructing, under the genius of the French architect, Paul L. Gourdet, some of the finest edifices to be found in Central Asia. The orphan asylum, a magnificent three-story structure, is now being built on experimental lines, to test its strength against earthquake shocks.

One of the chief incidents of our pleasant sojourn was afforded by Governor Ivanoff. We were invited to head the procession of the Cossacks on their annual departure for their summer encampment in the mountains. After the usual religious ceremony, they filed out from the city parade-ground. Being unavoidably detained for a few moments, we did not come up until some time after the column had started. As we dashed by to the front with the American and Russian flags fluttering side by side from the handle-bars, cheer after cheer arose from the ranks, and even the governor and his party doffed their caps in acknowledgment. At the camp we were favored with a special exhibition of horsemanship. By a single twist of the rein the steeds would fall to the ground, and their riders crouch down behind them as a bulwark in battle. Then dashing forward at full speed, they would spring to the ground, and leap back again into the saddle, or, hanging by their legs, would reach over and pick up a handkerchief, cap, or a soldier supposed to be wounded. All these movements we photographed with our camera. Of the endurance of these Cossacks and their Kirghiz horses we had a practical test. Overtaking a Cossack courier in the early part of a day's journey, he became so interested in the velocipede, as the Russians call the bicycle, that he determined to see as much of it as possible. He stayed with us the whole day, over a distance of fifty-five miles. His chief compensation was in witnessing the surprise of the natives to whom he would shout across the fields to come and see the *tomasha*, adding in explanation that we were the American gentlemen who had ridden all the way from America. Our speed was not slow, and fre-

quently the poor fellow would have to resort to the whip, or shout, "Slowly, gentlemen, my horse is tired; the town is not far away, it is not necessary to hurry so." The fact is that in all our experience we found no horse of even the famed Kirghiz or Turkoman breed that could travel with the same ease and rapidity as ourselves even over the most ordinary road.

At Vernoye we began to glean practical information about China, but all except our genial host, M. Gourdet, counseled us against our proposed journey. He alone, as a traveler of experience, advised a divergence from the Siberian route at Altin Imell, in order to visit the Chinese city of Kuldja, where, as he said, with the assistance of the resident Russian consul we could test the validity of the Chinese passport received, as before mentioned, from the Chinese minister at London.

A few days later we were rolling up the valley of the Ili, having crossed that river by the well-constructed Russian bridge at Fort Iliysk, the head of navigation for the boats from Lake Balkash. New faces here met our curious gaze. As an ethnological transition between the inhabitants of Central Asia and the Chinese, we were now among two distinctly agricultural races—the Dungans and Taranchis. As the invited guests of these people on several occasions, we were struck with their extreme cleanliness, economy, and industry; but their deep-set eyes seem to express reckless cruelty.

The Mohammedan mosques of this people are like the Chinese pagodas in outward appearance, while they seem to be Chinese in half-Kirghiz garments. Their women, too, do not veil themselves, although they are much more shy than their rugged sisters of the steppes. Tenacious of their word, these people were also scrupulous about returning favors. Our exhibitions were usually rewarded by a spread of sweets and yellow Dungan tea. Of this we would partake beneath the shade of their well-trained grape-arbors, while listening to the music, or rather discord, of a peculiar stringed instrument played by the boys. Its bow of two parts was so interlaced with the strings of the instrument as to play upon two at every draw. Another musician usually accompanied by beating little sticks on a saucer.

These are the people who were introduced by the Manchus to replace the Kalmucks in the Kuldja district, and who in 1869 so terribly avenged upon their masters the blood they previously caused to flow. The fertile province of Kuldja, with a population of 2,500,000, was reduced by their massacres to one vast necropolis. On all sides are canals that have become swamps, abandoned fields, wasted forests, and towns and villages in ruins, in some

of which the ground is still strewn with the bleached bones of the murdered.

As we ascended the Ili valley piles of stones marked in succession the sites of the towns of Turgen, Jarkend, Ak-kend, and Khorgos, names which the Russians are already reviving in their pioneer settlements. The largest of these, Jarkend, is the coming frontier town, to take the place of evacuated Kuldja. About twenty-two miles east of this point the large white Russian fort of Khorgos stands bristling on the bank of the river of that name, which, by the treaty of 1881, is now the boundary-line of the Celestial Empire. On a ledge of rocks overlooking the ford a Russian sentinel was walking his beat in the solitude of a dreary outpost. He stopped to watch us as we plunged into the flood, with our Russian telega for a ferry-boat. "All 's well," we heard him cry, as, bumping over the rocky bottom, we passed from Russia into China. "Ah, yes," we thought; "All 's well that ends well," but this is only the beginning."

A few minutes later we dashed through the arched driveway of the Chinese custom-house, and were several yards away before the lounging officials realized what it was that flitted across their vision. "Stop! Come back!" they shouted in broken Russian. Amid a confusion of chattering voices, rustling gowns, clattering shoes, swinging pigtails, and clouds of opium and tobacco smoke, we were brought into the presence of the head official. Putting on his huge spectacles, he read aloud the visé written upon our American passports by the Chinese minister in London. His wonderment was increased when he further read that such a journey was being made on the "foot-moved carriages," which were being curiously fingered by the attendants. Our garments were minutely scrutinized, especially the buttons, while our caps and dark-colored spectacles were taken from our heads, and passed round for each to try on in turn, amid much laughter.

Owing to the predominant influence of Russia in these northwestern confines, our Russian papers would have been quite sufficient to cross the border into Kuldja. It was only beyond this point that our Chinese passport would be found necessary, and possibly invalid. After the usual visés had been stamped and written over, we were off on what proved to be our six months' experience in the "Middle Kingdom or Central Empire," as the natives call it, for to Chinamen there is a fifth point to the compass — the center, which is China. Not far on the road we heard the clatter of hoofs behind us. A Kalmuck was dashing toward us

with a portentous look on his features. We dismounted in apprehension. He stopped short some twenty feet away, leaped to the ground, and, crawling up on hands and knees, began to *chin-chin* or knock his head on the ground before us. This he continued for some moments, and then without a word gazed at us in wild astonishment. Our perplexity over this performance was increased when, at a neighboring village, a bewildered Chinaman sprang out from the speechless crowd, and threw himself in the road before us. By a dexterous turn we missed his head, and passed over his extended queue.

Kuldja, with its Russian consul and Cossack station, still maintains a Russian telegraph and postal service. The mail is carried from the border in a train of three or four telegas, which rattle along over the primitive roads in a cloud of dust, with armed Cossacks galloping before and after, and a Russian flag carried by the herald in front. Even in the Kuldja post-office a heavily armed picket stands guard over the money-chest. This postal caravan we now overtook encamped by a small stream, during the glaring heat of the afternoon. We found that we had been expected several days before, and that quarters had been prepared for us in the postal station at the town of Suidun. Here we spent the night, and continued on to Kuldja the following morning.

Although built by the Chinese, who call it Nin-yuan, Kuldja, with its houses of beaten earth, strongly resembles the towns of Russian Turkestan. Since the evacuation by the Russians the Chinese have built around the city the usual quadrangular wall, thirty feet in height and twenty feet in width, with parapets still in the course of construction. But the rows of poplars, the whitewash, and the telegas were still left to remind us of the temporary Russian occupation. For several days we were objects of excited interest to the mixed population. The doors and windows of our Russian quarters were besieged by crowds. In defense of our host, we gave a public exhibition, and with the consent of the *Tootai* made the circuit on the top of the city walls. Fully 3000 people lined the streets and housetops to witness the race to which we had been challenged by four Dungan horsemen, riding below on the encircling roadway. The distance around was two miles. The horsemen started with a rush, and at the end of the first mile were ahead. At the third turning we overtook them, and came to the finish two hundred yards ahead, amid great excitement. Even the commander of the Kuldja forces was brushed aside by the chasing rabble.

Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr.
William Lewis Sachtleben.

WALKING AS A PASTIME.



HE greatest foe to exercise is monotony, but even monotony can be overcome by making exercise contribute interesting thoughts, or by giving to the mind change of thought. This is done when one gets into a new environment. The great advantage of travel consists in the change of scene. Often the pleasantest part of a traveling trip of any kind is in the unforeseen episodes. In travel it is not the riding in the close cars, or the contact with strangers, so much as the diversion of the mind which makes it a recreation. If we could travel without the accompaniments of bad air, crowds, late hours, and irregular meals, we would gain in recreation. This is just what travel by walking does for us. In a walk the traveler has a change of environment or of scene every minute of the way. He is in a new hotel or a new house every night. He sees new faces, he becomes acquainted with the people of the country, and he knows the topography of it far better than if he were whirled through it on the cars.

Another way to make walking a recreation is by the study of history. It is a good plan, therefore, to read the local history of the region through which a trip is planned, and then, having seen the places of interest, to refresh the mind with the story of them. It is wonderful how alive history seems to the traveler who clothes its scenes with the images of bygone years. History to the tramp who can appreciate it becomes a fact and not a myth.

Though tramping is of itself a recreation, it is made much more beneficial by company. With good companionship the hours pass swiftly, and fatigue is scarcely felt.

On one occasion I walked with an editor, who said that he did not care to make great distances, but only wished to be out of doors. It was in the springtime, and when we struck north he expressed anxiety about getting into snow; but though it lay in spots on the hillsides, the road was generally free from it. Finally, in Massachusetts, coming through a notch between hills, I saw considerable snow on the heights north of us, and, turning to my companion, said with emphasis, "There is your everlasting snow on the everlasting hills." The words were hardly out of my mouth when we heard a piping voice a little to one side say, "Amen." We supposed that the child who

uttered the pious ejaculation was only showing a proper respect for what she thought to be a biblical quotation.

On a trip taken in the spring, I climbed to a town in the hills of Berkshire County, Massachusetts. One of my companions had taken the degree of Ph. D. at one of the Eastern universities, and was known among us as "Doctor." A few days previous to the trip he had sprained his knee at tennis, and the tramp in the mud intensified the hurt. Having started, however, he refused to take our advice either to return home or take a conveyance of some kind. In the aforesaid town he dragged himself after us into the large room of the hotel, which served the purpose of bar-room, office, and sitting-room. There were two men present, either of whom would have made a good model for Rip Van Winkle. As our friend limped into the room, one of the men, addressing himself to me as a man nearer his own age than either of my comrades, said, "Has that man a cork leg?" "No," I replied; "he is only a little lame." "Well," he replied, "he walks as if he had had his leg cut off here"—making a line on his own leg under the knee. The second, encouraged by my willingness to talk, entered the conversation with, "I say, mister, is he a real doctor—I mean a physician?" In my answer I could not go into an explanation of the intricacies of the requirements of a doctor's degree, so I merely answered, "No, he is not a real doctor; but we call him so." "Oh, I see," said he; "he is a kind of a quack."

It shows the effect of a tramp upon the man of brain-work that the editor to whom I have referred complained on the trip of the bother and worry of his business, and said he almost wished he could get out of newspaper work. After seven days of out-door life, in rain and sunshine, we returned to New Haven. I met him down-town soon after, looking fresh and healthy, and I said, "How do you feel?" "Oh," replied he, "I can run seventeen papers now."

With a companion I was traveling from Marlborough, Massachusetts, toward New Haven, and, wishing to pass through a corner of Rhode Island, we had to take a long walk of over thirty miles before reaching our hotel at night. It was so dark that when we came to turns in the road one of us had to climb the mile-post, and strike a match, to see which direction to take. Finally we reached the hotel, and found it a rather barn-like structure. We were waited upon by

an old woman, who gave us a very good supper, and furnished us with a room with a fire in it. When we came to settle, we were told to go down to the bar-room, which we found full of loafers. The man who kept the bar and took the pay for our night's lodging was a companionable man, and in conversation with him one of us remarked upon the amount of forest, and asked him if there was any sport there. He, misunderstanding the question, said, "There used to be, but it is all broken up." To which his interlocutor replied, "You misunderstood me; I mean shooting." "Oh, yes," he said; "I understand. I thought you meant 'sport.' We used to have 'mills,' dog-fights, and all such things, but the officers of the government broke it up, and now it is very dull here. But we used to have lively times." When asked if he was the landlord, he said the landlord was in Arkansas, and he felt very anxious about things that he saw by the papers were happening down there—shooting, stabbing, etc. "Well," we replied, "what has that to do with your landlord?" Motioning with his hands as if he were dealing cards, and nudging us in the ribs, he said, "He is down there in this business, for he is one of our kind." We could only infer that the house had been a resort for shady characters, and that, as we came into the hotel after nightfall, we were supposed to be cracksmen, or gamblers of a higher grade. When, at the last, I mentioned to our hostess something extra which we had had, she replied, "Oh, you have been such pretty gentlemen, I shall not charge you for that." It is to be presumed that some of their guests of "our kind" had not been "such pretty gentlemen."

This mode of travel, besides being independent, has other advantages. No great preparations are needed for a trip. A vacation of a few days can be utilized by a man's swinging his pack on his back, and going off into the country. Owing to the continual change of abiding place, in three days, it often seems as if the traveler had been absent a week.

Another advantage is the light expense. In all other traveling trips the cost of mere locomotion is a great item. By walking, the change from place to place is made without paying any railroad or steamship fares, without paying any expressman or hackman, and without any of those unavoidable expenses which often make the cost of a trip a matter of anxious thought.

The greatest advantage is the tonic effect on the body and mind. This is due to the freedom from care, and to the natural life—the continual exercise in the open air, which stimulates the appetite, and causes a great demand for food. The amount of food consumed on one of these trips is generally three times what is taken at home. The stimulating action on the

skin, by the constant flushing of the pores in consequence of the exercise, and the baths required to keep one clean, bring into a state of healthy activity a part of one's system generally neglected by those living sedentary lives. In the coldest winter weather I often find, on closing a day's tramp, that my undergarments are wet with perspiration. Then, too, fatigue brings good sleep. Thus, with exercise, good food, free perspiration in fresh air, and plenty of sleep, a man takes nature's best tonics.

It must not be supposed that these tramps exercise only the legs and feet. If one carries a pack, the upper part of the body, and especially the muscles which hold the shoulder-blades, are thoroughly exercised. The back and the abdomen come in for their share, so that when the trip is over, and one goes about without his pack, it is not very hard to walk erect.

If a man wishes to begin the practice of tramping, I should advise him to take at first daily walks of at least four miles. After a little hardening of the muscles in this way, he should try the experiment of going for the whole day with a bag or knapsack; and, after a week or more, for two or three days. With this preliminary training, the candidate for walking will be ready for a longer tramp. But, above all things, let the beginner not do too much at once. After tasting the good effects of walking, I am quite sure that if a man has any love for nature in his soul, and any admiration for the beauties of scenery, he will not willingly forego the pleasure of tramping whenever he has opportunity to enjoy it.

Walking is a natural exercise. It is one which can be taken at any time. It is not like other exercises, in which there is danger of hurts or strain. The fatigue which walking brings on is a natural fatigue, if regularly followed. It strengthens the digestive organs. It drives the blood away from the tired brain, and is one of the best cures for nervousness.

These walks can be taken at all times of the year. The best seasons are spring and fall. The winter, though, is a pleasant time to walk, and all of my longest trips have been taken in mid-winter. I once walked over two hundred miles when the ground was covered with snow. One advantage of the winter trip is that the air is bracing. In the fall and spring, except in the early spring, the roads are generally better than in winter. But the season makes very little difference, because, if the weather renders walking difficult, one simply makes less distance in a day. As one of my companions says, "You can still keep out-of-doors, and get a great deal of walking to the square inch." In summer it is best to do most of the walking in early morning, and after four o'clock in the afternoon, lying by during the hot hours of the day. I

know of no better way of curing any tendency to rheumatism than by a tramp in hot weather. It has all the advantages of the Turkish bath without the disadvantages of the bad air. Even in inclement weather, flushing the pores of the skin with constant exercise will sometimes cure the worst case of rheumatism.

On one occasion a friend of mine who was troubled in this way, having appointed a certain time for a week's walk, came to me in great distress to say that he had such an attack of lumbago that he thought it dangerous to go. On my assuring him that if he would do as I told him, I would guarantee a cure, we started, though I must confess that when we struck a storm of snow and sleet, on the very first day, and the slush was deep enough to come over the tops of our shoes, even my confidence began to give way. But I kept my friend walking, and though he was very anxious to stop at some hotel long before we came to the day's end, we pushed through to Wilmington, Delaware, for the night. After drying off, changing our clothes, and having a good supper, the patient was no worse. The next morning his rheumatism was gone.

On another occasion I had been suffering from the only attack of neuralgia that I ever had. Having agreed to take a tramp, though it was midwinter, I started, taking with me some simple remedies. It stormed the first three days of the trip. After the first day I had no return of my neuralgia, and at the close of the trip I was entirely well, and have never had another attack. This is merely to show that nature is very kind to those who trust her. The best remedies for the ills "that flesh is heir to" are fresh air, exercise, and good food.

In winter most of the walking has to be done in the forenoon. On account of the shortness of the days there is very little time to walk in the afternoon, and the brisk air makes rapid walking more practicable than in either spring or summer. One peculiarity of winter walking is that if there is snow on the ground the feet are never blistered. The snow acts as a cushion against the ground, and prevents the heating of the feet.

The exhilaration of spirits can be illustrated by one or two cases in my experience. I have walked with a number of unusually solemn men, but, after two or three days of stimulating air, these same men have been guilty of shouting like boys. Certainly if anything can make men shout for joy it is to get on some hilltop from which one can see for miles and miles, and feel the blood course through the veins with a better stimulant than wine.

Once, after the preliminary trip by means of which the muscles had been hardened, a companion was ambitious to see what two old fellows could do. So we started from the Mas-

sachusetts line early in the morning, shaking hands across the line stone, and slept that night by the salt water, having walked across the State of Connecticut in one day, a distance of fifty-five miles. The secret of the exploit was in the fine preparation, and in the fact that our digestion was so good that we were able to assimilate our food. After all, a man is something like a steam-engine; he must have plenty of fuel in order to accomplish work. I do not advise exploits. I begin to feel as an old man expressed himself when on this last-mentioned occasion we stopped for dinner. He was sunning himself on the piazza of his hotel, and, on our presenting ourselves for dinner, was curious to know what two gray-haired men were doing walking. When we told him our ambition, and how much of what we aimed at had been accomplished, to conceal a smile he put his hand to his mouth, and said, "Well, I have heard of boys doing such things, but old men!" It was not necessary for him to finish. We understood the rest of the sentence; but he failed to understand how just such things keep old men young like boys.

It has been asked whether these trips are good for everybody. I say yes, with a reservation. It would be unwise for persons unaccustomed to walking to attempt to walk across the State of Connecticut in one day. Without the preparation which my companion and I had had for that trip, I have no doubt such a long walk would have been attended with bad consequences. As it was, we felt only the better for it.

Few people know how to walk correctly, and therefore walking is not to the great majority a means of recreation or a mode of travel. One hindrance to correct walking is improper footwear. Most persons have neither proper shoes nor proper socks. In consequence of wearing bad shoes from childhood, their feet are distorted. Perhaps not more than one out of four persons uses his toes in walking, and the toes are an important part of the means of locomotion. In walking once with a man of good physique I noticed that he walked entirely from his knees. By this I mean that he put one foot forward, and did not push himself with the toes of his other foot, but leaned forward and pulled the other foot after him. I found that he made no use of his toes, owing to his wearing badly made shoes from childhood.

At the age of twenty-one I was interested in a pamphlet "Where the Shoe Pinches." After reading it I procured lasts made on anatomical principles. Their use has prevented the usual deformity of the foot. Some fourteen years ago, and after I began regular walking, I found even these lasts faulty, and had another pair made. As I progressed in the know-

ledge of walking, I found even the second pair of lasts unsatisfactory. In order to obtain a correct form for my shoes I made plaster casts. In a box large enough to contain both feet I made a partition, and covered the bottom with a layer of putty. Then I put each foot in the putty, thus making an impression. Into the impression I poured plaster-of-Paris. On lasts formed from these models I obtained the best possible shoes.

The modern shoe is made partly for use and partly for show. The part that is for show is the heel. The heel is an unnatural device. It inclines the foot forward, stubbing the toes, and it also brings the weight of the body too far forward, necessitating an unnatural crook in the knees. After twelve years of walking I discarded the heel from walking-shoes, though so far deferring to fashion as to keep it for wear in the cities, and going to the expense of having two pairs of lasts made on the models referred to—one pair for heeled and one for heelless shoes.



INCORRECT FORM OF WALKING-LAST.

If any person interested in having a correct shoe will take the trouble to examine the various lasts on which shoes are made, he will find that they have the form of the last in the figure labeled "incorrect form." Ten chances to one they will be of worse form, being pointed so as to pinch the toes. A correct shoe for walking can never be made on such lasts. They are meant for heeled shoes. If a shoe without a heel is made on this kind of last, the foot will not rest flat, but will turn up at the toes.

By using a correct last, the sole of the foot from heel to toe will rest flat, as nature intended it to do, and the weight of the body will be distributed over the whole surface. In the shoe made on a bad last the weight is brought unevenly on different parts of the foot. In a long walk this uneven distribution of weight makes a great difference in the fatigue of the foot.

A laced shoe is to be preferred to any other.



CORRECT FORM OF WALKING-LAST.

Another improvement which I made was in doing away with the lining of the shoe. Still another improvement was in dispensing with all pegs. Hand-made shoes are generally "lasted" with wooden pegs. When the last is pulled out of the shoe the pegs stick up inside around the edge of the insole like so many nails. The shoemaker cuts them off with a knife, and then rasps them down. After the shoe has been in use some time, and the leather becomes dry from wear, these pegs work up, and are one cause of the blistering of the feet. I found that a shoe could be manufactured without the use of these wooden pegs, so that when the shoe was taken from the last there was nothing to blister the feet, or, in other words, so that the insole could be made perfectly smooth. To obviate the discomfort caused by seams in the shoe, I have each of my shoes made of one large piece of leather, with an additional small piece set in on one side, as shown in the accompanying cut.



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

CORRECT FORM OF WALKING-SHOE.

Another frequent cause of discomfort in walking is the sock. Most socks are manufactured with seams, and are pointed at the toe. These seams on a long day's tramp will cause blisters. If a person who wishes to become a walker will exercise care in the selection of his socks, he can obtain them without seams and square-toed. Woolen socks are to be preferred to cotton ones.

To travel properly, the walker must have two pairs of shoes, one pair made with light uppers and soles, the other pair with heavy uppers, heavy soles, and "bellows" tongue. In addition to the convenience of having shoes adapted to the weather, the change of shoe after a long walk is a great relief.

The next thing to be considered is the knapsack, or pack; for this mode of travel is an independent one, and the traveler carries his own luggage. The lighter the pack, the less labor to carry it. The best pack is made of carriage leather without a single piece of board, or stiffening of any kind. In this pack sufficient change of clothing can be carried for a two weeks' trip, if the tramping takes advantage of the opportunity to have washing done when he stops for the night. The principal part of the lug-

gage is underwear and socks. In the matter of clothing, novices err on the side of too much rather than too little. For daily wear a flannel shirt is better than any other.

The exercise of walking, even in severe weather, is sufficient to warm the person without extra clothing. I never carry a rubber coat or cape. An umbrella is sufficient protection from the weather at all times, besides furnishing a convenient staff.

There are certain particulars in the care of the person, both on the tramp and after the walk for the day is over, the advantages of which I was long in learning. In the first place, on a long tramp I make it a principle to start out early, never doing more than twenty miles the first day. Walking with novices, I endeavor to begin in the afternoon, if possible, so as to give rest to their weary muscles after only a few hours of exercise. The third day is always the trying one; it seems to take about seventy-two hours to get to the critical point of fatigue. I have never known any one to pass the third day, and keep on walking, without making a successful pedestrian, and every man who has failed in a walk has failed the third day.

It is also one of my principles to rest at least once in eight miles,—in the afternoon once every hour,—and in this rest to take a reclining position. In fact, part of the enjoyment of the trip comes from selecting for a place of rest some outlook where one can find a good view, and enjoy the scenery. Not only is the body rested, but the mind is refreshed as well, while the circulation of the blood is equalized. When the weather is warm, it is well before dinner to obtain a room, and to make a thorough change of clothing. The time taken for this change gives another rest, and also better enables the digestive powers to assimilate the food. This delay sometimes seems a waste of time when one is anxious to reach a particular point, but the beauty of this kind of travel is that one need not be in a hurry. In the evening it is also well to take a complete bath before supper. If the tramp has been a very hard

one, and the person is very much fatigued, it is wise to avoid cold water; if warm water is not to be had, it is better to take a dry rub-down. This regular friction of the skin at least once a day, and, if possible, twice, takes the soreness out of the muscles. It acts as a counter-irritant by drawing the blood to the surface.

In all kinds of exercise the food is what furnishes the power. It is, therefore, of the first importance to keep the digestive organs in good condition. To this end, the walker must be careful not to drink much water on an empty stomach before dinner, or at night before supper. Some young pedestrians, whom I have been unable to convince, have had to learn from hard experience that drinking much water at the close of a tramp deranges the digestive system. If the walker feel very thirsty, and must have something, let him rinse his mouth two or three times, and gargle his throat with cold water. When he goes to the table, he had better content himself with weak tea, and not too much of that. On the walk he can drink with impunity all he wants, but not near the close of the tramp, or just before a meal.

A person can make the most progress, and make it with the greatest comfort, by taking the longest part of the day's walk before noon. After getting into condition to make long distances, if he wishes to walk twenty-five miles in a day, he had better walk fifteen miles before dinner, and ten miles after, rather than reverse the order of the distances. The physical powers are in their best condition in the morning.

After a long experience I have set the limit of sixty miles for the first two and one half days of a long tramp—a limit not to be exceeded except in a case of necessity. For persons beginning to take walks it is wise to set a lower limit. In general, if a walker is in doubt whether he should take a greater or less number of miles for the first three days, let him take the less number. By observing a few precautions at the beginning of a tramp, the whole trip will be made comfortable, and a greater distance can be covered in a given number of days, if the first three days are taken easily.

Eugene Lamb Richards.

DOCTOR AND PRIEST.

NO leech can cure, how great soe'er his wit;
Tissue he cannot heal, nor the bone knit:
Life's secret means his splint and draft supply,
Nature then cures—or bids the patient die.

Wise through thy creed, dream not, presumptuous man,
'T is thine to save that which thou didst not plan:
Serve thou a mightier force than it or thee,
And each soul's self shall that soul's savior be.

Dora Read Goodale.

MAVERICK.



TRAVELING BUTTES is a lone stage-station on the road, largely speaking, from Blackfoot to Boise. I do not know whether the stages take that road now, but ten years ago they did, and the man who kept the stage-house was a person of primitive habits and corresponding appearance named Gilroy.

The stage-house is perhaps half a mile from the foot of the largest butte, one of three which loom on the horizon, and appear to "travel" from you, as you approach them from the plains. A day's ride with the Buttes as a landmark is like a stern chase in that you seem never to gain upon them.

From the stage-house the plain slopes up to the foot of the Big Butte, which rises suddenly in the form of an enormous tepee, as if Gitche Manito, the mighty, had here descended and pitched his tent for a council of the nations.

The country is destitute of water. To say that it is "thirsty" is to mock with vain imagery that dead and mummied land on the borders of the Black Lava. The people at the stage-house had located a precious spring, four miles up, in a cleft near the top of the Big Butte; they piped the water down to the house, and they sold it to travelers on that Jericho road at so much per horse. The man was thrown in, but the man usually drank whisky.

Our guide commented unfavorably on this species of husbandry, which is common enough in the arid West, and as legitimate as selling oats or hay; but he chose to resent it in the case of Gilroy, and to look upon it as an instance of individual and exceptional meanness.

"Any man that will jump God's water in a place like this, and sell it the same as drinks—he 'd sell water to his own father in hell!"

This was our guide's opinion of Gilroy. He was equally frank, and much more explicit, in regard to Gilroy's sons. "But," he concluded, with a philosopher's acceptance of existing facts, "it ain't likely that any of that outfit will ever git into trouble, s' long as Maverick is sheriff of Lemhi County."

We were about to ask why, when we drove up to the stage-house, and Maverick himself stepped out, and took our horses.

"What the—infernal has happened to the man?" my companion, Ferris, exclaimed; and

our guide answered indifferently, as if he were speaking of the weather:

"Some Injuns caught him alone in an out-o'-the-way ranch, when he was a lad, and took a notion to play with him. This is what was left of him when they got through. I never see but one worse-looking man," he added, speaking low, as Maverick passed us with the team: "him a bear wiped over the head with its paw. 'T was quicker over with, I expect, but he lived, and *he* looked worse than Maverick."

"Then I hope to the Lord I may never see him!" Ferris ejaculated; and I noticed that he left his dinner untasted, though he had boasted of a hunter's appetite.

We were two college friends on a hunting-trip, but we had not got into the country of game. In two days more we expected to make Hagar's Hole, and I may mention that "hole," in this region, signifies any small, deep valley, well hidden amidst high mountains, where moisture is perennial, and grass abounds. In these pockets of plenty, herds of elk gather and feed as tame as park pets; and other hunted creatures, as wild but less innocent, often find sanctuary here, and cache their stolen stock and other spoil of the road and the range.

We did not forget to put our question concerning Maverick, that unhappy man, in his character of legalized protector of the Gilroy gang. What did our free-spoken guide mean by that insinuation?

We were told that Gilroy, in his rough-handed way, had been as a father to the lad, after the savages wreaked their pleasure on him; and his people being dead or scattered, Maverick had made himself useful in various humble capacities at the stage-house, and had finally become a sort of factotum there and a member of the family. And though perfectly square himself, and much respected on account of his personal courage and singular misfortunes, he could never see the old man's crookedness, nor the more than crookedness of his sons. He was like a son of the house, himself; but most persons agreed that it was not as a brother he felt toward Rose Gilroy. And a tough look-out it was for the girl; for Maverick was one that no man would lightly cross, and in her case he was acting as "general dog around the place," as our guide called it. The young fellows were shy of the house, notwithstanding the attraction it held. It was likely to be Maverick or nobody for Rose.

We did not see Rose Gilroy, but we heard her step in the stage-house kitchen, and her voice, as clear as a lark's, giving orders to the tall, stooping, fair young Swede, who waited on us at table, and did other work of a menial character in that singular establishment.

"How is it the watch-dog allows such a pretty sprig as that around the place?" Ferris questioned, eying our knight of the trencher, who blushed to feel himself remarked.

"He won't stay," our guide pronounced; "they don't none of 'em stay when they 're good-lookin'. The old man he 's failin' considerable these days,—gettin' kind o' silly,—and the boys are away the heft of the time. Maverick pretty much runs the place. I don't justly blame the critter. He's watched that little Rose grow up from a baby. How 's he goin' to quit bein' fond of her now she 's a woman? I dare say he 'd a heap sooner she 'd stayed a little girl. And these yere boys around here they 're a triffin' set, not half so able to take care of her as Maverick. He 's got the sense and he 's got the sand; but there 's that awful head on him! I don't blame him much, lookin' the way he does, and feelin' the same as any other man."

We left Traveling Buttes and its cruel little love-story, but we had not gone a mile when a horseman overtook us with a message for Ferris from his new foreman at the ranch, a summons which called him back for a day at the least. Ferris was exceedingly annoyed: a day at the ranch meant four days on the road; but the business was imperative. We held a brief council, and decided that, with Ferris returning, our guide should push on with the animals and camp outfit into a country of grass, and look up a good camping-spot (which might not be the first place he struck) this side of Hagar's Hole. It remained for me to choose between going with the stuff, or staying for a longer look at the phenomenal Black Lava fields at Arco; Arco being another name for desolation on the very edge of that weird stone sea. This was my ostensible reason for choosing to remain at Arco; but I will not say the reflection did not cross me that Arco is only sixteen miles from Traveling Buttes—not an insurmountable distance between geology and a pretty girl, when one is five and twenty, and has not seen a pretty face for a month of Sundays.

Arco, at that time, consisted of the stage-house, a store, and one or two cabins—a poor little seed of civilization dropped by the wayside, between the Black Lava and the hills where Lost River comes down and "sinks" on the edge of the lava. The station is somewhat back from the road, with its face—a very grimy, unwashed countenance—to the lava.

Quaking asps and mountain birches follow the water, pausing a little way up the gulch behind the house, but the eager grass tracks it all the way till it vanishes; and the dry bed of the stream goes on and spreads in a mass of coarse sand and gravel, beaten flat, flailed by the feet of countless driven sheep that have gathered here. For this road is on the great overland sheep-trail from Oregon eastward—the march of the million mouths, and what the mouths do not devour the feet tramp down.

The staple topic of conversation at Arco was one very common in the far West, when a tenderfoot is of the company. The poorest place can boast of some distinction, and Arco, though hardly on the highroad of fashion and commerce, had frequently been named in print in connection with crime of a highly sensational and picturesque character. Scarcely another fifty miles of stage-road could boast of so many and such successful road-jobs; and although these affairs were of almost biennial occurrence, and might be looked for to come off always within that noted danger-limit, yet it was a fact that the law had never yet laid finger on a man of the gang, nor gained the smallest clue to their hide-out. It was a difficult country around Arco, one that lent itself to secrecy. The road-agents came, and took, and vanished as if the hills were their copartners as well as the receivers of their goods. As for the lava, which was its front dooryard, so to speak, for a hundred miles, the man did not live who could say he had crossed it. What it held, or was capable of hiding, in life or in death, no man knew.

The day after Ferris left me I rode out upon that arrested tide—those silent breakers which for ages have threatened, but never reached, the shore. I tried to fancy it as it must once have been, a sluggish, vitreous flood, filling the great valley, and stiffening as it slowly pushed toward the bases of the hills. It climbed and spread, as dough rises and crawls over the edge of the pan. The Black Lava is always called a sea—that image is inevitable; yet its movement had never in the least the character of water. "This is where hell pops," an old plainsman feelingly described it, and the suggestion is perfect. The colors of the rock are those produced by fire; its texture is that of slag from a furnace. One sees how the lava hardened into a crust, which cracked and sank in places, mingling its tumbled edges with the creeping flood not cooled beneath. After all movement had ceased, and the mass was still, time began upon its tortured configurations, crumbled and wore and broke, and sifted a little earth here and there, and sealed the burnt rock with fairy print of lichens, serpent-green and orange and rust-red. The spring rains left shallow pools

which the summer dried. A few dim trails wander a little way and give out, like the water.

For a hundred miles to the Snake River, this Plutonian gulf obliterates the land—holds it against occupation or travel. The shoes of a marching army would be cut from their feet before they had gone a dozen miles across it; horses would have no feet left; and water would have to be packed as on an ocean, or a desert, cruise.

I rode over places where the rock rang beneath my horse's hoofs like the iron cover of a manhole. I followed the hollow ridges that mounted often forty feet above my head, but always with that gruesome effect of thickening movement—that sluggish, atomic crawl; and I thought how one man, pursuing another into this frozen hell, might lose himself but never find the object of his quest. If he took the wrong furrow, he could not cross from one blind gut into another, nor hope to meet the fugitive at any future turning.

I don't know why the fancy of a flight and pursuit should so have haunted me in connection with the Black Lava; I suppose it must have been the desperate and lawless character of our conversation at the stage-house.

I fell completely under the spell of that skeleton flood. I watched the sun sink, as it sinks at sea, beyond its utmost ragged ridges; I sat on the borders of it, and stared across it in the gray moonlight; I rode out upon it when the Buttes, in their delusive nearness, were as blue as the gates of amethyst, and the morning was as fair as one great pearl: but no peace or radiance of heaven or earth could change its aspect more than that of a mound of skulls. When I began to dream about it, I thought I must be getting morbid. This is worse than Gilroy's, I said; and I promised myself I would ride up there next day and see if by chance one might get a peep at the Rose that all were praising, but none dared put forth a hand to pluck. Was it indeed so hard a case for the Rose? There are women who can love a man for the perils he has passed. Alas, Maverick! could any one get used to a face like that?

Here, surely, was the story of Beauty and her poor Beast humbly awaiting, in the mask of a brutish deformity, the recognition of Love pure enough to divine the soul beneath, and unselfish enough to deliver it. Was there such love as that at Gilroy's? However, I did not make that ride.

It was the fourth night of clear, desert moonlight since Ferris had left me: I was sleepless, and so I heard the first faint throb of a horse's feet approaching from the east, coming on at a great pace, and making the turn to the stage-house. I looked out, and on the trodden space

in front I saw Maverick dismounting from a badly blown horse.

"Halloo! what's up?" I called from the open window of my bedroom on the ground-floor.

"Did two men pass here on horseback since dark?"

"Yes," I said; "about twelve o'clock: a tall man and a little short fellow."

"Did they stop to water?"

"No, they did not; and they seemed in such a tearing hurry that I watched them down the road—"

"I am after those men, and I want a fresh horse," he cut in. "Call up somebody quick!"

"Shall you take one of the boys along?" I inquired, with half an eye to myself, after I had obeyed his command.

He shook his head. "Only one horse here that's good for anything: I want that myself."

"There is my horse," I suggested; "but I'd rather be the one who rides her. She belongs to a friend."

"Take her, and come on, then, but understand—this ain't a Sunday-school picnic."

"I'm with you, if you'll have me."

"I'd sooner have your horse," he remarked, shifting the quid of tobacco in his cheek.

"You can't have her without me, unless you steal her," I said.

"Git your gun, then, and shove some grub into your pockets: I can't wait for nobody."

He swung himself into the saddle.

"What road do you take?"

"There ain't but one," he shouted, and pointed straight ahead.

I overtook him easily within the hour; he was saving his horse, for this was his last chance to change until Champagne Station, fifty miles away.

He gave me rather a cynical smile of recognition as I ranged alongside, as if to say, "You'll probably get enough of this before we are through." The horses settled down to their work, and they "humped themselves," as Maverick put it, in the cool hours before sunrise.

At daybreak his awful face struck me all afresh, as inscrutable in its strange distortion as some stone god in the desert from whose graven hideousness a thousand years of mornings have silently drawn the veil.

"What do you want those fellows for?" I asked, as we rode. I had taken for granted that we were hunting suspects of the road-agent persuasion.

"I want 'em on general principles," he answered shortly.

"Do you think you know them?"

"I think they'll know me. All depends on how they act when we get within range. If they

don't pay no attention to us, we 'll send a shot across their bows. But more likely they 'll speak first."

He was very gloomy, and would keep silence for an hour at a time. Once he turned on me as with a sudden misgiving.

"See here, don't you git excited; and whatever happens, don't you meddle with the little one. If the big fellow cuts up rough, he 'll take his chances, but you leave the little one to me. I want him—I want him for State's evidence," he finished hoarsely.

"The little one must be the Benjamin of the family," I thought—"one of the bad young Gilroys, whose time has come at last; and Sheriff Maverick finds his duty hard."

I could not say whether I really wished the men to be overtaken, but the spirit of the chase had undoubtedly entered into my blood. I felt as most men do, who are not saints or cowards, when such work as this is to be done. But I knew I had no business to be along. It was one thing for Maverick, but the part of an amateur in a man-hunt is not one to boast of.

The sun was now high, and the fresh tracks ahead of us were plain in the dust. Once they left the road and strayed off into the lava, incomprehensibly to me; but Maverick understood, and pressed forward. "We 'll strike them again further on. D— fool!" he muttered, and I observed that he alluded but to one, "huntin' water-holes in the lava in the tail-end of August!"

They could not have found water, for at Belgian Flat they had stopped and dug for it in the gravel, where a little stream in freshet time comes down the gulch from the snow-fields higher up, and sinks, as at Arco, on the lip of the lava. They had dug, and found it, and saved us the trouble, as Maverick remarked.

Considerable water had gathered since the flight had paused here and lost precious time. We drank our fill, refreshed our horses, and shifted the saddle-girths; and I managed to stow away my lunch during the next mile or so, after offering to share it with Maverick, who refused it as if the notion of food made him sick. He had considerable whisky aboard, but he was, I judged, one of those men on whom drink has little effect; else some counter-flame of excitement was fighting it in his blood.

I looked for the development of the personal complication whenever we should come up with the chase, for the man's eye burned, and had his branded countenance been capable of any expression that was not cruelly travestied, he would have looked the impersonation of wild justice.

It was now high noon, and our horses were beginning to feel the steady work; yet we had

not ridden as they brought the good news from Ghent: that is the pace of a great lyric; but it 's not the pace at which justice, or even vengeance, travels in the far West. Even the furies take it coolly when they pursue a man over these roads, and on these poor brutes of horses, in fifty-mile stages, with drought thrown in.

Maverick had had no mercy on the pony that brought him sixteen miles; but this piece of horse-flesh he now bestrode must last him through at least to Champagne Station, should we not overhaul our men before. He knew well when to press and when to spare the pace, a species of purely practical consideration which seemed habitual with him; he rode like an automaton, his baleful face borne straight before him—the Gorgon's head.

Beyond Belgian Flat—how far beyond I do not remember, for I was beginning to feel the work, too, and the country looked all alike to me as we made it, mile by mile—the road follows close along by the lava, but the hills recede, and a little trail cuts across, meeting the road again at Deadman's Flat. Here we could not trust to the track, which from the nature of the ground was indistinct. So we divided our forces, Maverick taking the trail,—which I was quite willing he should do, for it had a look of most sinister invitation,—while I continued by the longer road. Our little discussion, or some atmospheric change,—some breath of coolness from the hills,—had brought me up out of my stupor of weariness. I began to feel both alert and nervous; my heart was beating fast. The still sunshine lay all around us, but where Maverick's white horse was climbing, the shadows were turning eastward, and the deep gulches, with their patches of aspen, were purple instead of brown. The aspens were left shaking where he broke through them and passed out of sight.

I kept on at a good pace, and about three o'clock I, being then as much as half a mile away, saw the spot which I knew must be Deadman's Flat; and there were our men, the tall one and his boyish mate, standing quietly by their horses in broad sunlight, as if there were no one within a hundred miles. Their horses had drunk, and were cropping the thin grass, which had set its tooth in the gravel where, as at the other places, a living stream had perished. I spurred forward, with my heart thumping, but before they saw me I saw Maverick coming down the little gulch; and from the way he came I knew that he had seen them.

The scene was awful in its treacherous peacefulness. Their shadows slept on the broad bed of sunlight, and the gulch was as cool and still as a lady's chamber. The great dead desert received the silence like a secret.

Tenderfoot as I was, I knew quite well what must happen now ; yet I was not prepared — could not realize it — even when the tall one put his hand quickly behind him and stepped ahead of his horse. There was the flash of his pistol, and the loud crack echoing in the hill ; a second shot, and then Maverick replied deliberately, and the tall one was down, with his face in the grass.

I heard a scream that sounded strangely like a woman's ; but there were only the three, the little one, acting wildly, and Maverick bending over him who lay with his face in the grass. I saw him turn the body over, and the little fellow seemed to protest, and to try to push him away. I thought it strange he made no more of a fight, but I was not near enough to hear what those two said to each other.

Still, the tragedy did not come home to me. It was all like a scene, and I was without feeling in it except for that nervous trembling which I could not control.

Maverick stood up at length, and came slowly toward me, wiping his face. He kept his hat in his hand, and, looking down at it, said huskily :

"I gave that man his life when I found him las' spring runnin' loose like a wild thing in the mountings, and now I've took it ; 'n' God above knows I had no grudge ag'in' him, if he had stayed in his place. But he would have it so."

"Maverick, I saw it all, and I can swear it was self-defense."

His face drew into the tortured grimace which was his smile. "This here will never come before a jury," he said. "It's a family matter. Did ye see how he acted ? Steppin' up to me like he was a first-class shot, or else a fool. He ain't nary one ; he's a poor silly tool, the whip-hand of a girl that's boltin' from her friends like they was her mortal enemies. Go and take a look at him ; then maybe you 'll understand."

He paused, and uttered the name of Jesus Christ, but not as such men often use it, with an inconsequence dreadful to hear ; he was not idly swearing, but calling that name to witness solemnly in a case that would never come before a jury.

I began to understand.

"Is it — is the girl —"

"Yes ; it's our poor little Rose — that's the little one, in the gray hat. She 'll give herself away if I don't. She don't care for nothin' nor nobody. She was runnin' away with that fellow — that dish-washin' Swede what I found in the mountings eatin' roots like a ground-hog, with the ends of his feet froze off. Now you know all I know — and more 'n she knows, for she thinks she was fond of him. She wa' n't, never — for I watched 'em, and I know. She

was crazy to git away, and she took him for the chance."

His excitement passed, and we sat apart and watched the pair at a distance. She — the little one — sat as passively by her dead as Maverick pondering his cruel deed ; but with both it was a hopeless quiet.

"Come," he said at length, "I've got to bury him. You look after her, and keep her with you till I git through. I 'm givin' you the hardest part," he added wistfully, as if he fully realized how he had cut himself off from all such duties, henceforth, to the girl he was consigning to a stranger's care.

I told him I thought that the funeral had more need of me than the mourner, and I shrank from intruding myself.

"I dassent leave her by herself — see ? I don't know what notion she may take next, and she won't let me come within a rope's len'th of her."

I will not go over again that miserable hour in the willows, where I made her stay with me, out of sight of what Maverick was doing. Ours were the tender mercies of the wicked, I fear ; but she must have felt that pity at least was near her, if not help. I will not say that her youth and distressful loveliness did not help my perception of a sweet life wasted, gone utterly astray, which might have brought God's blessing into some man's home — perhaps Maverick's, had he not been so hardly dealt with. She was not of that great disposition of heart which can love best that which has sorest need of love ; but she was all woman, and helpless and distraught with her tangle of grief and despair, the nature of which I could only half comprehend.

We sat there by the sunken stream, on the hot gravel where the sun had lain, the willows sifting their inconstant shadows over us ; and I thought how other things as precious as "God's water" go astray on the Jericho road, or are captured and sold for a price, while dry hearts ache with the thirst that asks a "draught divine."

The man's felt hat which she wore pulled down over her face was pinned to the coil of braids ; this had slipped from the crown of her head. The hat was no longer even a protection ; she cast it off, and the blond braids, which had not been smoothed for a day and a night, fell like ropes down her back. The sun had burned her cheeks and neck to a clear crimson ; her blue eyes were as wild with weeping as a child's. She was a rose, but a rose that had been trampled in the dust ; and her prayer was to be left there, rather than that we should take her home.

I suppose I must have had some influence over her, for she allowed me to help her to arrange her forlorn disguise, and put her on her

horse, which was more than could have been expected from the way she received me. And so, about four o'clock, we started back.

There was a scene when we headed the horses to the west; she protesting with wild sobs that she would not, could not, go home, that she would rather die, that we should never get her back alive, and so on. Maverick stood aside bitterly, and left her to me, and I was aware of a grotesque touch of jealousy — which, after all, was perhaps natural — in his dour face whenever he looked back at us. He kept some distance ahead, and waited for us when we fell too far in the rear.

This would happen when from time to time her situation seemed to overpower her, and she would stop in the road, and wring her hands, and try to throw herself out of the saddle, and pray me to let her go.

"Go where?" I would ask. "Where do you wish to go? Have you any plan, or suggestion, that I could help you to carry out?" But I said it only to show her how hopeless her resistance was. This she would own piteously, and say: "Nobody can help me. There ain't nowhere for me to go. But I can't go back. You won't let him make me, will you?"

"Why cannot you go back to your father and your brothers?"

This would usually silence her, and, setting her teeth upon her trouble, she would ride on, while I reproached myself, I knew not why.

After one of these struggles, when she had given in to the force of circumstances, still unconsenting and rebellious, Maverick fell back, and ranged his horse on her other side.

"I know partly what's troubling you, and I'd rid you of that part quick enough," he said, with a kind of dogged patience in his hard voice; "but you can't get on there without me. You know that, don't you? You don't blame me for staying?"

"I don't blame you for anything but what you've done to-day. You've broke my heart, and ruined me, and took away my last chance, and I don't care what becomes of me, so I don't have to go back."

"You don't have to any more than you have to live. Dying's a good deal easier, but we can't always die when we want to. Suppose I found a little lost child on the road, and it cried to go home, and I did n't know where 'home' was, would I leave it there just because it cried and hung back? I'd take you to a better home if I knew of one; but I don't. And there's the old man. I suppose we could get some doctor to certify that he's out of his mind, and get him sent up to Blackfoot; but I guess we'd have to buy the doctor first."

"Oh, hush, do, and leave me alone," she said.

Maverick dug his spurs into his horse, and plunged ahead.

"There," she cried, "now you know part of it; but it's the least part — the least, the least! Poor father, he's awful queer. He don't more than half the time know who I am," she whispered. "But it ain't him I'm running away from. It's myself — my own life."

"What is it — can't you tell me?"

She shook her head, but she kept on telling, as if she were talking to herself.

"Father he's like I told you, and the boys — oh, that's worse! I can't get a decent woman to come there and live, and the women at Arco won't speak to me because I'm livin' there alone. They say — they think I ought to get married — to Maverick or somebody. I'll die first! I *will* die, if there's any way to."

This may not sound like tragedy as I tell it, but I think it was tragedy to her. I tried to persuade her that it must be her imagination about the women at Arco; or, if some of them did talk, — as indeed I myself had heard, to my shame and disgust, — I told her I had never known that place where there was not one woman, at least, who could understand and help another in her trouble."

"I don't know of any," she said simply.

There was no more to do but ride on, feeling like her executioner; but

Ride hooly, ride hooly, now, gentlemen,
Ride hooly now wi' me,

came into my mind; and no man ever kept beside a "wearier burd," on a sadder journey.

At dusk we came to Belgian Flat, and here Maverick, dismounting, mixed a little whisky in his flask with water which he dipped from the pool. She must have recalled who dug the well, and with whom she had drunk in the morning. He held it to her lips. She rejected it with a strong shudder of disgust.

"Drink it!" he commanded. "You'll kill yourself, carryin' on like this." He pressed it on her, but she turned away her face like a sick and rebellious child.

"Maybe she'd drink it for you," said Maverick, with bitter patience, handing me the cup.

"Will you?" I asked her gently. She shook her head, but at the same time she let me take her hand, and put it down from her face, and I held the cup to her lips. She drank it, every drop. It made her deathly sick, and I took her off her horse, and made a pillow of my coat, so that she could lie down. In ten minutes she was asleep. Maverick covered her with his coat after she was no longer conscious.

We built a fire on the edge of the lava, for we were both chilled and both miserable, each for his own part in that day's work.

The flat is a little cup-shaped valley formed by high hills, like dark walls, shutting it in. The lava creeps up to it in front.

We hovered over the fire, and Maverick fed it, savagely, in silence. He did not recognize my presence by a word—not so much as if I had been a strange dog. I relieved him of it after a while, and went out a little way on the lava. At first all was blackness after the strong glare of the fire; but gradually the desolation took shape, and I stumbled about in it, with my shadow mocking me in derisive beckonings, or contracting close to my heels, as the red flames towered or fell. I stayed out there till I was chilled to the bone, and then went back defiantly. Maverick sat as if he had not moved, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands. I wondered if he were thinking of that other sleeper under the birches of Deadman's Gulch, victim of an unhappy girl's revolt. Had she loved him. Had she deceived him as well as herself? It seemed to me they were all like children who had lost their way home.

By midnight the moon had risen high enough to look at us coldly over the tops of the great hills. Their shadows crept forth upon the lava. The fire had died down. Maverick rose, and scattered the winking brands with his boot-heel.

"We must pull out," he said. "I'll saddle up, if you will—" The hoarseness in his voice choked him, and he nodded toward the sleeper.

I dreaded to waken the poor Rose. She was very meek and quiet after the brief respite sleep had given her. She sat quite still, and watched me while I shook the sand from my coat, put it on, and buttoned it to the chin, and drew my hat down more firmly. There was a kind of magnetism in her gaze; I felt it creep over me like the touch of a soft hand.

When the horse was ready, Maverick brought it, and left it standing near, and went back to his own, without looking toward us.

"Come, you poor, tired little girl," I said, holding out my hand. She could not find her way at first in the uncertain light, and she seemed half asleep still, so I kept her hand in mine, and guided her to her horse. "Now, once more up," I encouraged her; and suddenly she was clinging to me, and whispering passionately:

"Can't you take me somewhere? Where are those women that you know?" she cried, shaking from head to foot.

"Dear little soul, all the women I know are two thousand miles away," I answered.

"But can't you take me *somewhere*? There must be some place. I know you would be good to me; and you could go away afterward, and I would n't trouble you any more."

"My child, there is not a place under the

heavens where I could take you. You must go on like a brave girl, and trust to your friends. Keep up your heart, and the way will open. God will not forget you," I said, and may he forgive me for talking cant to that poor soul in her bitter extremity.

She stood perfectly still one moment while I held her by the hands. I think she could have heard my heart beat; but there was nothing I could do. Even now I wake in the night, and wonder if there was any way but one.

"Yes; the way will open," she said very low. She cast off my hands, and in a second she was in the saddle, and off up the road, riding for her life. And we two men knew no better than to follow her.

I knew better, or I think, now, that I did. I told Maverick we had pushed her far enough. I begged him to hold up and at least not to let her see us on her track. But he never spoke a word, but kept straight on, as if possessed. I don't think he knew what he was doing. At least there was only one thing he was capable of doing—following that girl till he dropped.

Two miles beyond the Flat there is another turn, where the shoulder of a hill comes down and crowds the road, which passes out of sight. She saw us hard upon her as she reached this bend. Maverick was ahead. Her horse was doing all he could, but it was plain he could not do much more. She looked back, and flung out her hand in the man's sleeve that half covered it. She gave a little whimpering cry, the most dreadful sound I ever heard from any hunted thing.

We made the turn after her, and there lay the road white in the moonlight, and as bare as my hand. She had escaped us.

We pulled up the horses, and listened. Not a sound came from the hills or the dark gulches, where the wind was stirring the quaking asps; the lonesome hush-sh made the silence deeper. But we heard a horse's step go clink, clinking—a loose, uncertain step wandering away in the lava.

"Look! look there! My God!" groaned Maverick.

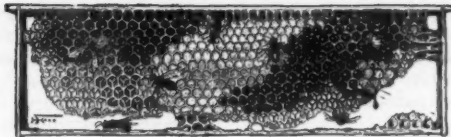
There was her horse limping along one of the hollow ridges, but the saddle was empty.

"She has taken to the lava!"

I had no need to be told what that meant, but if I had needed, I learned what it meant before the night was through. I think that if I were a poet, I could add another "dolorous circle" to the wailing-place for lost souls.

But she had found a way. Somewhere in that stony-hearted wilderness she is at rest. We shall see her again when the sea—the stupid, cruel sea that crawls upon the land—gives up its dead.

Mary Hallock Foote.



"HOME AG'IN."

I 'M a-feelin' ruther sad,
Fer a father proud and glad
As I am — my only child
Home, and all so rickonciled!
Feel so *strange*-like, and don't know
What the mischief ails me so!
'Stid o' *bad*, I ort to be
Feelin' good *pertickerly* —
Yes, and *extry* thankful, too,
'Cause my nearest kith and kin,
My Elviry's schoolin' 's through,
And I got her home ag'in —
Home ag'in with me!

Same as ef her mother 'd been
Livin', I have done my best
By the girl, and watchfulest:
Nussed her — keeful' as I could —
From a baby, day and night, —
Drawin' on the neighborhood
And the women-folks as light
As needssesity 'u'd 'low —
'Cept in "teethin'," onacet, and fight
Through black measles. Don't know now
How we ever saved the child!
Doc *he* 'd give her up, and said,
As I stood there by the bed
Sort o' foolin' with her hair
On the hot, wet piller there,
"Wuz no use!" and at them air
Very words she waked and *smiled* —
Yes, and *knowed* me. And that 's where
I broke down, and simply jes
Bellered like a boy — I guess! —
Women *claimed* I did, but I
Allus helt I did n't *cry*,
But wuz *laughin'*, — and I *wuz*, —
Men don't cry like *women* does!
Well, right then and there I felt
'T 'uz her *mother's* doin's, and,
Jes like to myse'f, I knelt
Whisperin', "I understand."
So I 've raised her, you might say,
Stric'ly in the narrer way
'At her mother walked therein —
Not so quite *religiously*,
Yit still *strivin'*-like to do
Ever'thing a father *could*

Do he knowed the *mother* would
Ef she 'd lived — And now all 's through,
And I got her home ag'in —
Home ag'in with me!

And I been so lonesome, too,
Here o' *late*, especially, —
"Old Aunt Abagail," you know,
Ain't no company, — and so
Jes the hired hand, you see —
Jonas — like a relative
More — sence he come here to live
With us nigh ten year' ago.
Still *he* don't count much, you know,
In the way o' company —
Lonesome, 'peared-like, 'most as me!
So, as I say, I been so
Special lonesome-like and blue,
With Elviry, like she 's been,
'Way so much, last two er three
Year' — But *now* she 's home ag'in —
Home ag'in with me!

Driv in fer her yisterday,
And we cut up all the way! —
Yes, and *sung*! — tell, blame it! I
Keyed *my* voice up 'bout as high
As when — days 'at I wuz young —
"Buckwheat-notes" wuz all they sung.
Jonas bantered me, and 'greed
To sing one 'at townfolks sing —
Down at Split Stump er High-Low —
Some new "ballet," said, 'at he 'd
Learnt — about "The Grapevine Swing."
And when *he* quit, I begun
To chune up my voice and run
Through the what 's-called "scales" and "do-
Sol-mi-fa's" I ust to know —
Then let loose old favorite one,
"Hunters o' Kentucky!" *My*!
Tell I thought the boy would *die*!
And we *both* laughed — Yes, and still
Heerd *more* laughin' top the hill;
Fer we 'd missed Elviry's train,
And she 'd lit out 'crosst the fields,
Dewdrops dancin' at her heels,
And cut on up Smoots's lane
So 's to meet us. And there in

Shadder o' the chinkypin,
 With a dangle dogwood-bough
 Bloomin' 'bove her—see her now!
 Sunshine sort o' flickerin' down
 And a kind o' lightnin' all
 Round her new red parasol,
 Tryin' to git at her!—like
 I jumped out, and showed 'em how—
 Yes, and jes the place to *strike*
 That air mouth o' hern—as sweet
 As the blossoms breshed her brow
 Er the sweet-williams round her feet!
 White and blushy, too, as she
 "Howdied" up to Jonas, and
 Jieuked her head, and waved her hand.
 "Hey!" says I, as she bounced in
 The spring-wagon, reachin' back
 To give *me* a lift, "Whoop-ee!"
 I says-ee, "You 're home ag'in—
 Home ag'in with me!"

Lord! how wild she wuz, and glad,
 Gittin' home! and things she had
 To inquire about, and talk—
 Plowin', plantin', and the stock.
 News o' neighborhood, and how
 Wuz the Deem girls doin' now,
 Sence that air young chicken-hawk
 They was "tamin'" soared away
 With their settin'-hen, one day?—
 (Said she 'd got Mame's postal-card
 'Bout it, very day 'at she
 Started home from Bethany.)
 How wuz *produce*—eggs, and lard?
 Er wuz stores still claimin' "hard
 Times," as usual? And, says she,
 Troubled-like, "How 's Deedie—say?
 Sence pore child e-loped away
 And got back, and goin' to 'ply
 Fer school-liscence by and by."
 And where 's 'Lijy workin' at?
 And how 's "Aunt" and "Uncle Jake?"
 How wuz "Old Maje"—and the cat?
 And wuz Marthy's baby fat
 As his "humpty-dumpty" ma?
 "Sweetest thing she ever saw!
 Must run 'crosst and see her, too,
 Soon as she turned in and got
 Supper fer us—smokin' hot—
 And the 'dishes' all wuz through."
 And sich supper! W'y, I set
 There and et, and et, and *et*!
 Jes et *on*, tell Jonas he
 Pushed his chair back, laughed, and says,

"I could walk *his* log!" and we
All laughed then, tell 'Viry she
 Lit the lamp—and I give in!
 Riz and kissed her: "Heaven bless
 You!" says I—"you 're home ag'in—
 Same old dimple in your chin,
 Same white apron," I says-ee,
 "Same sweet girl, and good to see
 As your *mother* ust to be,
 And I got you home ag'in—
 Home ag'in with me!"

I turns then to go on by her
 Through the door—and see her eyes
 Both wuz swimmin', and she tries
 To say somepin'—can't—and so
 Grabs and hugs, and lets me go.
 Noticed Aunty 'd made a fire
 In the settin'-room and gone
 Back where her p'serves wuz on
 B'ilin' in the kitchen. I
 Went out on the porch and set
Thinkin'-like. And by and by
 Heerd Elviry, soft and low,
 At the organ, kind o' go
 A mi-anderin' up and down
 With her fingers 'mongst the keys—
 "Vacant Chair" and "Old Camp Groun'."
 Dusk wuz moist-like, with a breeze
 Lazin' round the locust-trees—
 Heerd the hosses champin', and
 Jonas feedin', and the hogs—
 Yes, and katydids and frogs—
 And a tree-toad, som'er's. Heerd
 Also whipperwills. My land!—
 All so mournful ever'where—
Them out here, and *her* in there;
 'Most like 'tendin' services!
 Anyway, I must 'a' jes
 Kind o' drapped asleep, I guess;
 'Cause when Jonas must 'a' passed
 Me, a-comin' in, I knowed
 Nothin' of it—yit it seemed
 Sort o' like I kind o' *dreamed*
 'Bout him, too, a-slippin' in,
 And a-watchin' back to see
 Ef I *wuz* asleep, and then
 Passin' in where 'Viry wuz;
 And where I *declare* it *does*
 'Pear to me I heerd him say,
 Wild and glad and whisperin'—
 'Peared-like heerd him say, says-ee,
 "Ah! I got you home ag'in—
 Home ag'in with me!"

James Whitcomb Riley.



"HOME AG'IN WITH ME!"

THE COLEMAN COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE GLASS.



FIGURE 1.

THE world of the Mediterranean Sea, eighteen centuries ago, was rich in works of art and decoration beyond our experience, and beyond our flights of imagination. It is an effort which few of us can make with success to picture the wealth in beautiful art of a great city of the empire. The marbles have been burned to lime, the bronzes have been melted into *gros sous* or their equivalent, the stuccoes have crumbled from the walls, the paintings have gone down with their walls to ruin, the shattered pottery has been used in filling and grading and building, and its remaining fragments are of no value except for an inscription or an impressed name—mere potsherds, with now and then a scrap of antiquarian interest. The shattered glass alone contains in its very substance such beauty, and such completeness even in ruin, that its fragments are treasured up and studied. These broken bits point to a general use of vessels of decorative glass, used as we use porcelain for the finer vessels of table and toilet, and also a great abundance of objects of pure ornament, of wall-linings and floor-coverings, made of the same splendid material. No other substance is like that—beautiful in itself, in its very essence. Fragments of glass have often the



FIGURE 2.

value that fragments of pottery sometimes have—the partial figure, the incomplete pattern on the surface; and they have also what no pottery and no other artificial substance has—the beauty we generally think of as peculiar to natural stones, to agates, and to jaspers. As a collector fills his cabinet with pieces of precious and semi-precious stones, with here and there a piece which has, as it happens, a head or a piece of a head carved upon it, so the enthusiastic vitreologist collects glass, loving its substance and its surface, its color and its texture, its translucency and its opacity, its set patterns and its vague cloudings; here and there a stamped or a wheel-ground pattern adds its own attractiveness, but the glass itself is the thing! Precious and beautiful is glass, even in fragments.



FIGURE 4.

Glass vessels of the Renaissance are certainly more picturesque and varied in form than those of Roman times, but in this peculiar and appropriate charm of colors and patterns in its substance the ancient glass stands first, and that without comparison. The ancient glass is far richer, also, in the patterns and figures engraved and ground upon the surface. In other words, the sixteenth-century man looked upon glass as a plastic material, a delightful thing to manipulate hot, and to see keeping its spirited outline, its graceful shape, when cold; but to the man of the second century glass was a material like onyx, in layers of contrasting color, or a material like moss-agate, with lovely patterns of color in its very substance—patterns to



FIGURE 3.

be revealed to sight by grinding down and polishing the surface. Pliny says, indeed, that clear glass was preferred; but that is merely the longing of the amateur for the unattained; very beautiful, nearly transparent, glass has come down to us from Roman times, but that does not prevent the colored sorts from being much the more carefully treated as decoration. The earlier workman had a graver taste in shapes than his successor of the sixteenth century; he sought simpler outlines and more rounded forms, and, as comforted with his love of the colored material, more substance and thicker walls to his vases. And therefore a collection of fragments of glass of the Roman centuries has a value which no future gathering of scraps of Venetian, French, or Bohemian can approach.



FIGURE 6.

The collection made by Mr. C. C. Coleman, an American artist living in Rome, explains all this. It includes specimens of that material in which scrolls of thin glass, like little pieces of paper rolled up and allowed to open again partly, are imbedded in the solid transparent mass. This is evidently of the very same workmanship as the onyx glass which there will be need to mention below, but with the thin sheets of whitish opaque material in small scraps, and rolled up, instead of lying flat and of the full size of the piece. This particular make has been copied at the modern Murano factories, but at heavy cost, for a saucer of it may cost five hundred lire in Venice. There are specimens of that glass in which are imbedded drops, as it were



FIGURE 5.

this is thickly set with flower-like figures of brilliant color, sometimes arranged in formal patterns, sometimes freely sprinkled through the solid substance. There are the lace-glasses, the many sorts of *vetro di trina*, as the modern makers call it, with thin white threads permeating the transparent paste. There are the solid-color glasses, opaque and hardly vitreous in their appearance, resembling *rosso antico*, or plain red jasper, so closely that one can hardly believe them to be glass. These pieces are sometimes used in free mosaic, inlaid one color in another, but not fused together; and sometimes they are set in metal like the blue glass of the Mykenæan epoch. There is black and dark-brown glass, with a strong vitreous luster like obsidian. There are the tiles and slabs of what might be called a solid and a homogeneous mosaic; mosaics of set pattern, made up of squares and polygons, and also those made of



FIGURE 9.



FIGURE 7.



FIGURE 8.

— round-headed, thin-tailed little entities, by hundreds and thousands. These in bright green, and fixed in a solid mass of a darker green, come struggling into light out of the half-inch-deep abyss, producing what might be called a mottled appearance, but for the vastly richer effect produced by the depth, and the vanishing into it, or emerging from it, of the worm-like little units. There are the various kinds of *millefiori* glass, as it is called at Venice, where the ancient patterns have been copied for three centuries;

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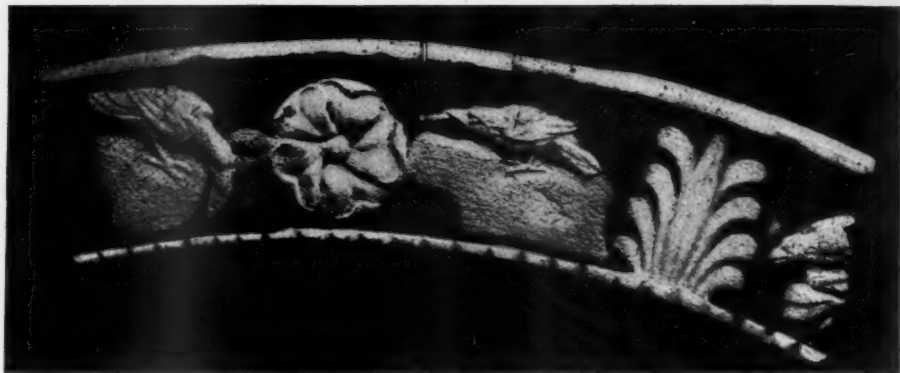


FIGURE 10.

this, in patterns of much larger scale and bolder design, was used for wall-linings as we moderns use ceramic tiles. Very many fragments of this kind of glass are included in the Coleman collection; it is a beautiful, a most effective, wall-decoration, which it behooves the moderns to restore to its place; for nothing can make it mechanical and stiff in appearance; machine-work is not applicable to colored-body glass. Then there are, of course, the more common patterns of spiral and wavy zigzag; such glass as the *amphorini* and the little jugs with spouts are made of, which are not rare in collections; glass that looks as if its many-colored constituents had been pulled out by an iron rake, much as "comb-marbling" is done on paper and the edges of books. This material is not so compact; the colored strips and strings of half-melted glass have not been able to coalesce so firmly. It looks as if it would break apart along the lines of separation of the colors, with comparative ease. And there are the many varieties of glass where the different colored masses are whirled and twisted together more loosely, more freely; much as some of the very recent Louis Tiffany glass vessels are composed.

But there is another kind of artistical glass in which this collection is rich—the glass of sculptured surface, pressed while hot, or ground or engraved when cold. Wall-tiles were made in this way, exquisite bas-reliefs, having indeed the peculiar look of the mold-formed surface rather than that which is carved by the tool, but hardly the worse for that. Still more delicate are the medallions stamped upon vessels, and those made separate for mounting, as jewels. Figure 4 is a Gorgon's head impressed with a die in the hot glass. Figure 5 is a profile of a youthful Bacchus made in the same way, an exquisite work of art. Figure 6 is a head in fine preservation, peculiar in the very modern treatment of expression. Figure 7 is a centaur, a strangely modeled horse-body, growing small where its equine character needs a greater girth, all to meet the human dimensions more readily. Figure 8 is a relief of Christian inspiration, apparently a rather barbarous piece of late Roman work. Such pieces as this are found in the catacombs near Rome, and in the south of Italy; they are nearly always the round bottoms of bowls or dishes which have been broken. Figure 9 is a bit of semi-architectural detail, an



FIGURE 11.



FIGURE 12.



FIGURE 13.



FIGURE 14.



FIGURE 15.

admirably designed sculptured ogee molding. All these are pressed or molded in the hot glass, and they show perfectly what extraordinary effects we might produce in this way for the decoration of buildings, within and without, at low cost.

Carved glass, ground, or "cut," by swiftly revolving wheels, and finished by tools such as are used by the gem-engraver, were a speciality of the artists of Roman times. Everybody has heard of the Portland vase in the British Museum—an amphora about ten inches high made originally of glass in two layers. The outer shell of opaque white glass has all been ground away except where the design of human figures and trees and rocks is left, a perfect cameo on a very large scale. There is an amphora in the Naples Museum as marvelous in workmanship, and probably more beautiful, than the British Museum vase: that piece is about thirteen inches high, also of blue body and white reliefs—a most elaborate composition. "Cameo glass" of very recent times is an imitation of such work, and is more deficient in artistic design than in workmanship. Fragments of a vase of this ware are included in the Coleman collection; a dancing faun with cymbals is preserved almost complete, and patterns of anthemion and ivy-leaf wreaths remain in good condition. In all the finer specimens of this ware the blue ground shows through the thin edges of the white relief, adding a great charm to the modeling, in a way familiar to us in a very modern ware, porcelain with *pâte-sur-pâte* decoration. Of such workmanship are the pieces shown in the illustrations now to be described. Figure 10 is part of the lip, or rim, of a large dish, the pattern left in relief as the white layer has been ground away elsewhere. Figure 11 is a fragment on which two heads and

a lecythus remain of a larger composition. Figure 12 is a tragic mask. All these are roughly worked, no great amount of pains having been spent upon them. It has not been thought necessary to complete the rounding of the parts, the proportion of the different reliefs; all has been left rather flat and uniform—a silhouette rather than a bas-relief. But there are many pieces of the most refined finish: figure 13, a group of two male figures, one of which holds a thyrsus, is a very complete piece of modeling; it has the look of a life-size bas-relief, small as it is. The sphinx with a caduceus, figure 14, is another admirable bit, and it is strange to see how careless the artist has been about cleaning up his background; he has left irregular traces of the white glass there, in the full conviction that they would make no difference—that his modeling was fine enough to bear all such little drawbacks. Figure 15 is a fragment of a bas-relief of real Hellenic beauty, and has



FIGURE 16.

a suggestion in it of the Parthenon frieze. Figure 16 is a head of Roman dignity, and (dare we say?) of Roman lack of amiability. The head is laureled: perhaps a comparison with coins might enable us to guess at the name of the personage represented. And now we come to reliefs in two colors, where the onyx-like glass has not been used merely to give a white relief upon a dark ground, but for the adornment of the sculpture itself. Figure 17 is



FIGURE 17.



FIGURE 18.

a head, of which the heavily dressed hair, in great rolls and ridges, is of very dark blue glass, and the face itself in opaque white. In this piece

a band of leaf-gold covers the fillet of white glass that goes around the head. Figure 18 is a Roman lady with another elaborate coiffure, the hair, in its tightly curled masses, is cut out of the dark glass, while the face and neck with the earring and necklace are carved in the white material. This head is inclosed in an oval panel, slightly depressed below the general surface of the piece, and molded at the edge in a delicate frame.

There are in the Coleman collection perfect and unbroken bowls and vases, and some of these are of great beauty. But the charm of it is in the comparisons it makes possible among some thousands of specimens of almost every kind of ancient glass which is known to us. No collection of perfect vessels which exists, or which is likely to be brought together, could contain so many varieties of glass, and, for obvious reasons, perfect vessels could hardly afford such ample opportunity for study of make and texture, and of all the processes of manufacture.

Russell Sturgis.

LOVE IN MASQUERADE.

I DREAMED that love came knocking
At your door one winter night,
While the specter trees were rocking
In a blast of savage blight.
"Oh, I perish!" poor Love pleaded;
"Ope the door, for love's dear sake."
But although you heard and heeded,
Still no answer would you make!
Not one word of sweet replying
Would your haughty lips have said,
Even if Love had lain there dying,
Even if Love had lain there dead!

Then I dreamed that Love o'er-ruled you;
For in tenderest voice he cried,
"Nay, dear lady, I sadly fooled you,
Since I am not Love, but Pride."
And you straightway oped your portals,
With a merry and welcome nod,
To that wildest of immortals,
To that masquerading god.
Ah, you oped your portals lightly,
Not for Love's, but Pride's, dear sake;
Yet, O lady, if I dreamed rightly,
Love soon taught you your mistake!

Edgar Fawcett.





"THEY WERE A FLEASING CONTRAST." (SEE PAGE 563.)

A BACHELOR MAID.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," "Belhaven Tales," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY IRVING R. WILES.

III.

IT was the witching hour of dinner at the Antediluvian Club. The tables in the dining-room were, for the most part, occupied. Men dining alone, in eclipse behind one or another

of the favorite evening papers, eating or drinking intermittently the while, accounted for the disappearance from the reading-room of all the most desirable journals. Parties of two or three men — comfortable-looking bankers, brokers, lawyers, doctors, with snowy shirt-

fronts and complexions of mantling red — laughed and jested together, making the most of their hours of good cheer, free from professional or financial cares. Here and there, sitting alone, might have been seen a man to whom neither the current tidings of the outer world nor the society of his fellows offered a surcease of the pressure of affairs. Upon his brow lingered the never-relaxing lines of worry. By and by his place will be found vacant, and the other men will read paragraphs announcing his death from apoplexy or heart-failure, or — if the struggle has been particularly long and fierce, and the disappointment crushing — by suicide.

Among these groups no trace was seen of the familiar figure of "Johnny" Waters. Since time out of mind, this veteran had been a feature of the Antediluvian at its prandial function. He was a spare old bachelor, living, no one knew where or how — "over Chelsea way," some quidnunc, bolder than the rest, had ventured to assert.

Neither did any one know when Waters had possessed a new suit of clothes. He was, however, clean, if rusty, and his pocket, like the widow's cruse, was at no time entirely empty; it contained a few pieces of gold, which he had the habit of playing with, but never changed.

His diversions were an occasional game of billiards, pool, or cards, in which his adversaries were discreetly selected from among the feebler folk, who might be depended upon to pay the club-tax for the game, charged always to the player who loses.

An authority in gastronomy, the cooks and servants treated him with respect, the club frequenters bowed down to his dicta; and there was hardly a day when he did not dine well with and at the expense of somebody whose dinner he had ordered by special request. On occasions when an opportunity for this thrifty exchange of benefits did not present itself, Mr. Waters, after long waiting for an invitation, usually denied himself a dinner. Arriving at the club regularly at about five in the afternoon, it was his custom to order toast and a cup of tea — probably his first meal, so whispered the gossips, since the liberal repast over-night, superintended by him, and paid for by "the other fellow." As the dinner-hour drew near, and men, dropping in, went to the desk to inscribe their orders, he would be espied wandering about with a blameless expression of innocence upon his withered old face. What, then, more natural than that some would-be diner, assured of getting thereby the best the club contained, should ask "Johnny" if he were disengaged for dinner?

To-night, upon his absence the jokers chose to hang the time-honored story that he was

either walking in the square below, engaged in buckling up his belt, or else eating macaroni in a cheap Italian restaurant. But the morrow would see him at his post, renewed in hope.

It was at the period of the repast when most men's orders had been served that Mr. Robert Crouch — the opponent at billiards of Mr. Justice Irving — was wont to appear upon the scene.

Short, thick-set, breathing stertorously, with his waistcoat well exposed to view, his protruding eyes taking in the tables as he passed, Crouch had the offensive habit of slowly sauntering the length of the dining-room, scrutinizing every table, and gaging the social value of every man according to the dinner spread before him.

"Don't talk to me about him, sir," he had once observed regarding a local dignitary. "He's a pretender — a mere pretender. Why, when I met him just after he had ordered his dinner yesterday, and casually asked him what he was going to have, he said, 'Well, for one thing, woodcock.' And blame me, sir, if, when I passed up the room, I did n't see him in the corner pegging away at a blanked old prairie-chicken!"

Mr. Crouch, like Mr. Waters, did not object to being bidden to sit at the table of his friends. With all his bluster at the waiters, and all his braggadocio about living on the fat of the land, he was, when dining alone, generally observed to be attacking a slice from a joint, and a couple of baked potatoes.

To-night, having accomplished his customary espionage, and driven several quiet citizens to the length of a wish to strangle him for his impertinence, Mr. Crouch stopped before a table laid for two in the upper end of the room.

"Who's due here, Clarkson?" he asked of that gentleman, just come in to take his own bit of fish and some chops at the adjoining table.

"Don't know, I'm sure," answered Clarkson. "I'm late myself; just stopped a minute to enter a line in the complaint-book about the disgusting way these waiters breathe into one's back hair. If a man happens to be bald, as I am, it makes him sneeze, by Jove!"

"What was the complaint, yesterday?" said Crouch, facetiously.

"Oh, I don't remember. Probably that the floor of that wretched library shakes so confoundedly I can't digest when I go in to read after dinner."

"Who is this table reserved for?" asked Crouch, beckoning the head-waiter, who was not imposed upon by his large, authoritative manner.

"Mr. Gordon, sir," said the functionary, turning away at once.

"Alec Gordon? Who's he going to dine, I wonder? Quite a spread, to judge from the

forks and glasses! Have you heard they are putting Gordon forward for United States Attorney, Clarkson?"

"Fact?" said Clarkson, with animation.

"Yes. They are working it up among them; and by Jove! sir, with the luck that chap has, I should n't in the least wonder if he gets it."

"I'm for him, and here's to his success," said Clarkson, draining his glass of claret. "But even Gordon's luck goes under, sometimes. His engagement with Marion Irving is off, by mutual agreement. I haven't the pleasure of knowing the young lady personally, but she's a splendid creature to look at, and I condole with him over the loss of her."

"She's no loss to a man in his senses," said Crouch, with a sardonic laugh. "Why, she's daft, or nearly so, over 'women's rights'!"

"What extraordinary capers these females are up to, nowadays!" replied the cheerful Clarkson. "If you believe me, I got a notice from a committee of them, requesting me and 'all the adult members' of my 'household' to call somewhere to sign a petition to strike out of our State constitution the word *male* as a qualification for voters. Now, I have n't any household; but if I had, why should n't they ask my babies as well as my adults, if the thing is to put everybody on the same footing? Last year it was street-cleaning. All the pretty women went at you at dinners, and asked if you had influence with various 'bosses' whom they 'longed' to know. Well, they accomplished then what they set out to do, those charming creatures, I must confess; but why can't they rest on those laurels? The year before it was the abolition of ash-barrels. You could n't open your mouth to a girl at a party without having an ash-barrel thrust into it! They've had their dab at city politics; and as to the Higher Education of Women, the University Settlement, and the Kindergarten Association, those we have always with us—and we are allowed to buy tickets, or send checks for boxes for their entertainments, to an almost unlimited extent!"

"And Marion Irving is in the front rank of all this," put in Crouch, who did not relish having to listen to so long a disquisition. "What's more, she's got the Woman Question for a bee-in-her-bonnet, which lots of the others have n't. If I were Irving, I'd lock that girl up, or send her traveling with a keeper, or she'll end by coming to no good."

"Hush!" said Clarkson, warningly; but it was too late. Gordon, accompanied by a blond-bearded, smiling young man who had something foreign in his aspect, was close upon them, and must have heard every word of the close of Crouch's speech.

A surge of anger came over Gordon's face.

Wheeling quickly, he spoke in the offender's ear a few evidently stinging words, whereat Crouch, uncomfortably red, turned away, relieved by the coincident summons of a waiter to his modest meal served in a sequestered corner of the room.

"Ha! Clarkson," resumed Gordon, quietly, "I hope that cad has n't taken away your appetite. Come, after dinner, and let me make you known to my friend Baron Strémof, a Russian, just arrived."

"Charmed, my dear fellow, but what the deuce am I to speak in?" whispered Clarkson.

"English, of which he's a master," returned Gordon, going on to place his friend at table, and to introduce him to a plate of tiny oysters—a visible disappointment, as to size, for the newcomer.

"You had not—pardon me—a very agreeable moment in getting rid of the man who offended you," said Strémof, lightly. "But it was, at any rate, effectual. And these are the famed oysters—Blue Points, you call them. The flavor makes amends for their limited caliber."

"We eschew the large ones, purposely, when served in this way. For once, you will find America not anxious to illustrate her excellence by size."

"Oh, you will not find me agreeing with any slur put upon America," said Strémof, with delightful animation. "It has been the ambition of my life to visit your country. And your Exposition at Chicago has made of last summer an ineffaceable dream of beauty to me. At even this distance of time the White City appears to me amid a luminous haze concealing all the petty vulgarity that must, of necessity, attend upon such a spectacle. I am more than ever lost in wonder at the fresh vigor of its conception, and the enormous abilities displayed in carrying it out. But I believe, already, you astonishing Americans are checking each other for allusion to the crowning glory of your age. A young woman of Chicago told me I must no longer speak of the Columbian Fair—that it is, by now, 'a chestnut.' Fancy! how delicious! I wrote home this little anecdote, and with it I am confident of amusing my friends in Petersburg. Would she consider St. Peter's of Rome, or St. Mark's of Venice, 'a chestnut,' may I ask?"

There was no venom in the lively strictures of Strémof, whose buoyant enjoyment of the world and of himself made him pleasant company.

"If it has accomplished nothing else, the Fair has made us better known and understood by our friends from across the water," Gordon said. "And I think it has led them to understand, at last, that creation in art is possible to us."

"My dear friend," exclaimed the Russian, knocking over a glass of Sauterne in his enthusiasm, "who could fail to appreciate the fact that those splendid palaces of white 'staff'—built for a day, and already vanished into the fairy-land of dreams from which they came—typified the new birth of art from the virgin soil of America? What struck me most, after that, was the serious way in which the crowds, assembled to do it homage, received their impressions of your Fair. I thought those people from remote towns and villages, who had journeyed such immense distances, were especially interesting to watch. They seemed dazzled, oppressed, shy—but, through it all, proud and inspired. Henceforth, I thought, whatever they may read in their papers about the Old World, they will understand and enjoy. Some day they will bring their modernism to visit our antiquity—and, when they see our treasures, will not be ashamed because they have had nothing of that sort of their own. But here, as usual, I let my feelings run away with me. *I radote*, instead of doing justice to your menu."

"You say you have always had a wish to know us better," rejoined his host. "I can only regret you have put it off so long. Carroll's letter tells me you are amusing yourself by contributing studies, social and economical, of American affairs to some of your Russian journals. I wish I could enjoy them."

"I am indeed well protected by my language. But I am not afraid for any of my American friends to read them. They tell me, if anything, my letters are too uniformly *couleur de rose*. Yes, for some years before I came I had been gathering facts about you. Carroll, who is a charming fellow, and much liked in Petersburg, put me up to the books I must read to understand your social side. I wish you could see the bewilderment of an old countess with whom I go to take tea—who is by way of being an amateur in your literature—after I left with her a volume of American stories in dialect. 'But, my dear boy,' she said to me, 'as well expect my old teeth to crack nuts!'"

"And now," said Gordon, smiling, "I suppose you wish to find the originals of the types you have met in our novels."

"You have hit the mark! Here is my complaint—I have not met one of them. Where are they? In the ateliers of the writers, behind screens, supporting a mass of different costumes to be put on when the lay figure is required? Everybody I meet is conventional. I could do as well in London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, or by staying at home in Petersburg. Your clubs are superb, but the men in them are like those I see in such places abroad; your houses are little palaces, crowded with works of art. Your women, perpetually on the wing, sip sweets

from the fashions and customs of every country to bring home. Even in the far cities of the West I found furniture and costumes and modes of living like these here, and all under the eternal glare of electricity. Imagine a continent full of New Yorks! Your men, more original in thought and expression than your women, are fast becoming supercivilized. I am in despair. If I could only meet on the street a lady—Bloomer, *c'est ça, n'est-ce pas?*—in her trousers and pot-hat, I should be happier. But it seems to me that, even in London, the women are more fearless in action, in expression of opinion, than your women. I wish I could know an American unmarried woman of the sort I have dreamed of. I should not write about her in my notes for publication, *bien entendu*, but I should enshrine her in my heart."

"It would take me some time to explain to you the transition stage of society which is responsible for what you charge," said Gordon.

Strémof was silenced by his first introduction to terrapin. But not for long.

"This is wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I now confess to you, my friend, that it was with a species of resigned terror I tasted your national delicacy a moment since. Last year Carroll, who wished to make some acknowledgment of my father's friendship for him, ordered to be sent to our house, express from America, some terrapin in tins. I have since learned they had cooked and sealed it at the last moment before the fast steamer sailed, and had expedited it direct to Russia in the care of a friend, scarcely daring to hope it could arrive in good condition for immediate use. But my father, not understanding this, had his *maître d'hôtel* put the dainty away until the belated occasion of a dinner of ceremony to which poor Carroll was invited. The American dish came on; alas! it was left upon every plate! Poor dear Carroll, who did not in the least recognize it, had covered his portion with a piece of bread when he heard my father announcing to Count X—upon his right that this was the famous terrapin of North America! My dear friend, let me thank you," he added radiantly, extending his hand, which the amused Gordon shook. "You have not only saved Carroll's reputation, but you have given me new bliss!"

Over their coffee, Clarkson joined them, and their merry talk was prolonged till Gordon hurried Strémof off to hear Calvé in "Carmen," and to make acquaintances in the boxes of a number of his friends. It so happened that, for this night, a woman inclined to be gracious to Marion Irving had sent a note inclosing three tickets, and urging Marion to join her in her box, bringing "any friends" she might select.

Marion, who had no taste for the conversa-

tional patter that accompanies the opera of to-day, had been about to decline the offer—when she saw in the eyes of Sara Stauffer an expression interpreted as a craving for the music so little within her possibilities.

"I could take tickets in the parquette, or in a gallery where it will be possible to listen in peace," said Marion; but a girl, happening in at the moment, assured her of the impossibility of buying a seat for Calvé in "Carmen" at that late hour.

"It is just possible Mrs. Romaine won't be in her own box," she meditated; "if the fancy took her to go to see Sandow the strong man, or the trained animals, she would follow it, and leave the box empty. Yes, Sara, we will go."

Madame Stauffer, who had been waiting with a strange palpitation of anxiety at the heart, looked frankly delighted, and cried out with pleasure.

"I am hungering for opera," she went on. "But oh, Marion, you know my wardrobe! What have I fit to wear? There is a poor little white silk made long ago for a concert of the graduating class at Somerville. Perhaps, if I bought a lot of that soft white chiffon, and put it on in full ruffles around the neck—"

"I think so," said Marion, absently; then, remembering herself, "Dear Sara, how vexatious it is that a woman like you should be in the shackles of conventionality in dress. Why can't we soar out of these petty considerations? You are charming in the little black frock, with the black lace, and a red rose in your bodice."

"To accomplish what we seek, we should never let ourselves be remarked for singularity," said the teacher. "Therefore, darling, as we are driving out, if you will take me to some cheapish place to buy the chiffon—"

Marion, obedient to a certain point, directed her coachman to stop at the emporium where her own purchases of that sort were made. A fichu of fine white gauze, floating at a breath into a feathery mass, was found already made by skilled fingers, and was supplemented by new gloves of Sara's number, and the offer of a gift of Marion's best fan.

"How I rejoice in ordering these things to be charged to my own account," meditated the girl. "No more requests to step into the library to explain the items upon forgotten bills. But it surprises me that Sara should seem so glad to get them. I suppose it is only a refinement of the feeling she touched upon—her objection to illustrate women's rights by peculiarity of costume."

THEY were in the Romaines's box at the opera, alone, when Gordon came in to introduce Strémof. As Marion had predicted, the no-

tional owner of the premises had elected to remain at home, or to go elsewhere.

Gordon, who, designedly, had not seen Marion since their rupture,—having gone off on business of his firm for a "little American journey" to Salt Lake City, and having but just returned,—observed her with surprise in the company of this peculiar, but attractive-looking "woman in white," whom he could not remember having seen with her before.

For a moment he had hesitated in the lobby at the door of the box. Then, telling Strémof he was about to present him to a lady, young and unmarried, perhaps the best exponent among his acquaintances of the "unfettered American spirit" which Strémof aspired to meet, he opened the door into the anteroom.

Here, in the surrounding of crimson satin, decorated with mirrors in Florentine gilt frames,—for Mrs. Romaine knew well how to set off her fading looks,—they found the two women, who had retired, during an *entr'acte*, from the glitter of the auditorium.

They were a pleasing contrast, nestling toward each other, as women sit, upon the crimson cushions of a little couch. Sara, dark, lithe, sparkling, all in white; Marion in satin, as usual the color of her hair, with sleeves and scarf of a topaz yellow. Unconsciously, she had placed herself against her long coat of amber satin, with its many capes bordered with otter fur.

Strémof, the impressionist, seeing this artistic "composition" that might have been hung with effect on the line in the Salon of the Champ de Mars, was possessed with wonder that the two should be alone, when all the other women he had visited were subdividing their talk and attention between numerous male callers. He could hardly be expected to divine that it was the possession of the very independence of thought which he affected to be in search of that isolated the beautiful and distinguished Marion Irving from the class to which she belonged.

When Gordon entered the box, Marion blushed, and then, feeling that the higher woman would not have done so, blushed again at having blushed. Sara, perceiving as much, understood, before his name was mentioned, who this great manly fellow was. Immediately falling into conversation with Gordon, she rose, and returned to the front of the box with him, followed by Marion and Strémof.

Sara's boast was not exactly like that of Wilkes, the most ill-favored Englishman of his day, who said that, with a half-hour's start, he would not be afraid of the handsomest man in the kingdom; but she knew how to value this opportunity to make a first impression upon her friend's friend.

Although he and Marion were no longer

lovers, she had early realized the importance of Gordon's opinion to Marion, and to a more formidable power in the Irving household. She recognized that this strong, straightforward, clean-minded gentleman was not to be dealt with by any of the commonplace methods known to women who set themselves to attract men. She felt that he would not be easy to deceive. Her supple spirit, confronting his, yielded to it for a moment, leaving her almost at a loss. Then, rallying, she determined to compel him, before she was done with him, to admire her talents, enjoy her society, respect her. Ah! poor Sara!

After Gordon had talked with Madame Stauffer during a longer time than is generally allowed in a visit of the sort, he changed places with Strémof. The latter, finding Marion attractive, had yet been baffled by her odd reserve. He was rather relieved to plunge into a merry war of wits with her companion. With the foreigner, versed in such arts, Sara could let her rare facility in conversation have full swing. She flew lightly ahead of him, putting Strémof on his mettle to keep up with her, and yet allowed him to perceive that he entertained her thoroughly. Like most strangers visiting America, he could not see the reason that, had he been an ordinary frequenter of New York society, would have made him give a cold shoulder to the little unknown woman who had no backing except Miss Irving's caprice in friendship. And there was one subject upon which they did not spar: Strémof, himself a brilliant musician, saw that in Sara he had met his match.

Thus, while their friends were in the stream of animated talk, Gordon and Marion profited by the first occasion for communication with each other since the breaking of their engagement. By the time he sat down by her she had regained her self-possession, and her glance, turned upon him, was full, free, and cordial.

"You have not told me how you like my friend?" she said, dropping her voice, after a few generalities and a description of his journey.

"I have been patching together my recollections of what you have said about your acquaintances at Somerville to try to place that rather dazzling person."

"In those days she was Sara Mills, a lecturer to our freshmen on English literature. After leaving Somerville, she married a German professor, a Dr. Stauffer, as clever, apparently, as she; but the marriage was not happy, and he died very soon. I can't say that Sara, as I see her now, in the least suggests the little Miss Mills I first met. She is the most protean of creatures, and fascinates every one."

"How did you come to find her again?"

"I saw in a woman's journal which I take that she had been obliged to stop work from

ill-health, and was in Washington; so I wrote to her,"—here Marion colored a little at the recollection of the subject of that first letter,—“remembering her as the most sympathetic person I ever knew.”

"It was a kind impulse to want to give her this glimpse of brightness in her life. I can't imagine a more wretched breakdown than one from teaching."

"Oh, but I don't deserve credit for pure unselfishness," said Marion, always sensitively truthful. "I wanted her for myself. I wanted guidance in certain paths. I have not explained to you that for some time past she has been a public lecturer on the Woman Question, and has appeared on many platforms about the country."

"Good gracious!" said Gordon, with a jump.

"Oh, yes. And I am proud of her courage, and pluck, and talent. I think, as I know her better every day, I could follow anywhere she may lead. And, after all, it is to you I owe the permission to have her come. My father told me that you advised it in the first place."

"I—oh! yes, I did," said the unfortunate young man, remembering his conversation with the judge.

"But you did not know I was going to capture such a *rara avis*, did you? It is a great pride to me to show you such a champion of our cause, one so fine, so intelligent, so truly a woman in all that is best."

"Our cause?" he repeated in a blundering attempt at an undertone that sounded like a groan.

"Don't speak so loud; you will be heard in the parquette," she said in smiling rebuke. "Yes, our cause; for I am quite decided, now. I mean to work for them with all my might and means when Sara shall have decided in what way it will be best."

"Your father?" said Gordon, helplessly.

"That is, of course, our greatest obstacle; though Sara has won him over, in a way most surprising to me, to let her explain to him our aims and objects."

"Explain to *him*—" began Gordon, again, and stopped, feeling that he was not coming through this very brilliantly.

"Really, Alec, I never knew you so dull in taking an idea. Her logic, her reasoning faculties, would command any man's respect. There, the curtain is going up."

"May we stay a while longer?" he said, hating tremendously to leave her alone with his new foe.

"Certainly. We are deserted females, apparently. But when I have Sara to talk with, I never miss any one else."

Gordon, falling again into the chair behind hers, queried no more. The act progressed:

Calvé had come upon the scene; and upon her the attention of the great audience was focalized.

There was the *patio* of the little *fonderia* in which *Don Jose* lounged upon the edge of the table, while saucy *Carmen*, a rose dropping from her dark hair, her glances as full of fire as were her motions of sinuous grace, swaggered before her lover's eyes, or danced and sang for him in a voice as rich as wine.

But of this Gordon saw nothing. Perhaps, under the spell of that lovely voice, the captivating sensuousness of Bizet's music, he was impelled to feel for the girl, so near him that his breath stirred the loose tendrils of hair upon her neck, a new awakening of the tenderness of their old relation; and then a vague alarm for her, the instinctive idea that she needed his protection, had greatly shaken his resolve to think of her only as a sister. Already, in the short time since she had thrown off his loving yoke, she seemed to have not only receded far from him, but to be quieter, more content, nay, happier, than while he had been pouring out on her the best passion of his young manhood.

When the toreador came on, and strutted his brief space before the footlights, and sang his familiar, ringing song, Gordon was glad of the burst of applause that followed it. He started from his reverie, uncertain whether he had uttered an actual sound; but as nobody seemed to notice him, he felt relieved, assured that he had not.

"Oh, my love, my love," he was saying within himself, "you did not kindle such a fire in my breast, you did not feed it all these months when I believed you mine, to have it go out suddenly at your bidding."

As *Escamillo* came back on his recall, the antechamber of the box was invaded by new arrivals; and at the close of the repeat, Mrs. Romaine and two others came to the front. The greetings and explanations that ensued effectually broke up sentiment; and pledging himself to take Strémof to call at the Irvings's on the day but one following, Gordon and his friend took leave.

In the lobby he encountered no less a person than Mr. Justice Irving, hovering—rather uncertainly, it appeared to Gordon—around the door of the Romaines's box.

"I saw you looking after Marion, from the parquet," the judge explained hastily. "You know I never will spoil an evening of good music by sitting where people gabble, and Mrs. Romaine is notorious in that respect. She's just gone in, I see; so that Marion's all right. There's no call for me to show in there, I suppose?"

"None, if it bores you, I should think," said Gordon, introducing Strémof.

"Then I'd as well go back and get the rest

of this act in my seat below," said his honor, after extending a civil greeting to the stranger.

"May I see you on Sunday afternoon alone?" said Gordon. "I am promising myself the pleasure of introducing Baron Strémof to your daughter on that occasion, and, if you are free, I will try for a talk with you."

"Of course, of course," answered the judge.

Then he hastened off, and Strémof had to repeat a remark he made to Gordon before it was heard, so intent was the young man in looking after the vanishing figure of his sometime father-in-law-elect.

"You are in a brown study," said Strémof, gaily. "Let me thank you for the delightful opportunity you have given me in that last visit. Now that we have left them, I see that, with all her sparkle, the *petite* Madame Stauffer is less remarkable than the young lady in her charge. One could readily commit folly for a Madame Stauffer, but any wise man would choose to live for Mademoiselle Irving. Why does not one of your American sculptors—your great St. Gaudens, for instance—see in her the new Pallas of the coming woman's era?"

Gordon, indisposed to talk on this subject, proposed another call. As they threaded the half-circle of the lobby, various men, strolling outside, met them, and Strémof was quick to notice the tone and temper of the salutations bestowed on Gordon.

"You are like a hero returned," he said. "Every one welcomes you, and looks up to you. Pray, how long have you been out of town?"

"A fortnight," Gordon answered, and then wondered if that was indeed the length of time consumed by his journey. So much had happened since his departure, he felt that it must have been longer.

IV.

MRS. ROMAINE, who had never been beautiful, and was no longer young,—brusquely cordial in manner to those she fancied, abominably rude to the people she chose to ignore,—had a certain attraction of individuality that created for her a following of friends independent of her place and wealth.

Well-born, married to a prosperous and influential ruler of finance, she liked to take liberties with established things, which, when pushed too far, were usually atoned for by some entertainment from which society went away persuaded it could not have afforded to *stay* away.

On fairly good terms, as such things go, with her husband, she never failed to do herself the injustice of referring to him in public as an enemy of her peace, against whom her only protection was a series of needle-pointed sayings, repeated successively as "Mrs. Romaine's last." In actual fact, John Romaine—a man whose ambition

it was to accumulate millions, to be panoplied with the world's adulation, to have his schemes and ventures discussed in the newspapers with the admiration for success that tempers, if it cannot subdue, the audacity of the American press—had come to care very little for what his wife did or said. Prosperity had driven them asunder, and their lives under the same roof were lived very much apart. Liberal to indulgence, Romaine enjoyed the dashing exhibition of his riches as dispensed by her hands. At the pace they were going, he had no time to wish her other than she was. He had no time either to regret the loss of his children in infancy, to wonder what he might have conferred upon posterity. The present, the great powerful present, rushing over steel rails with its iron wheels, in the glare of electric light, was his, and he exulted in his ownership, nor asked for more.

Mrs. Romaine, who, Marion thought, fancied the Irvings principally because they were so indifferent to her, now spoke to Marion in her usual sleepy, very-much-bored voice.

"Glad you could come, I'm sure. Is n't that the judge I see down in the parquet—that shocking man who never fails to snub me? We would have been here earlier, but on the way Reggy Poole was possessed with the idea of stopping to hear Lizzy Linwood sing, and we went in a box, just for the lark, you know. But she bawled, and I soon got tired. Who is the woman you've got with you to-night?" she ended, looking over at Sara, and hardly troubling herself to subdue her voice.

Marion explained.

"That alters the case," exclaimed the hostess, with animation. "She is talking to Reggy now, so, in case I forget to mention it again, bring her to lunch with me to-morrow. Her subject, after socialism, is of all others the one that interests me now; if she's as clever as you say, why should n't we have an afternoon lecture for women, and let her 'give it' to the men? Poor creatures! I have a pet idea to promulgate, and perhaps I'll start it, then. I want to open a kindergarden for husbands, who are nothing but children, morally, as we all know. We will set for them object lessons in consistency, and teach them how not to get out of responsibility crab-wise. You shall be a teacher, your friend chief lecturer, and Louie Kemp, there, *might* have sense enough to distribute slates, and amuse the very little husbands who won't want to be taught. (Never mind! She don't hear me.) And what shall we do with Reggy Poole? I can't leave him out, can I, when he's always at my heels? Oh, he's so much like us, we'd put a frock on him, and they'd never know the difference. Now, say you'll come to-morrow, my dear. I'm so afraid it will go out of my head."

To the invitation thus extended Marion had very little idea of paying serious heed. But when, next day, after breakfast, which Sara and she had fallen into the habit of having in her morning-room, the matter was casually mentioned, she found her guest of another opinion.

"That woman is helter-skelter, foolish, strained, perhaps," Madame Stauffer said reflectively; "but she is at present with us, and we must use any weapon we can lay hands upon."

"Do you think so, dear?" Marion asked protestingly. "I had set aside to-day to send for some girls I am sure you would be interested in, to come to lunch with us."

"And who are they, dear child?" asked Sara, sipping with satisfaction her cup of *café au lait*, her feet toasting on the brass fender before a blazing wood-fire.

"They are well-born working-girls. One of them addresses envelopes and sends out cards for women of society; the other makes lampshades, and reticules, and cotillon favors. One has a drunken father who oppresses her; the other a young brother she is trying to put through college. Both have been successful, and deserve to be. They are refined, intelligent, cheerful, suggestive. I am never with them (they are friends, and constantly together) without coming away refreshed. Then there is a journalist, whose life is a perfect romance—I meant to ask her, too, on the chance of getting her; and a stenographer whom I know you would enjoy. These are the recruits I would choose for our army—not faded, whimsical women of fashion like Mrs. Romaine."

"But Mrs. Romaine has great wealth and power, you tell me. We need means for everything, beginning with the endowment of more colleges."

"New York is hardly the place to seek for that," said Marion, with kindling eyes. "Boston, New Orleans, and other places were before us in offering to women advantages in education approximating those enjoyed by men; and New York, the metropolis in point of population and wealth, has only now begun to move in that direction. If Mrs. Romaine and her set would take hold of that idea, and make it the fashion, it might be different. But they won't; they are not broad-minded enough, far-seeing enough; they do not altogether fancy dandling a cause which their men turn into ridicule. I've seen it tried with them; you have n't. Believe me, by going to her you would only waste time, and sacrifice our aims as a toy for her passing amusement."

"But I think, my darling,"—and Marion had a dim sense that there was no use in trying to controvert one of Sara's "buts,"—"you must

be content to leave some things to my judgment, without questioning it. I know that among us, in council, we have often wished for opportunities such as this seems to promise, to spread the doctrine; and I cannot, in conscience, abandon it."

"I only felt that a few words from you would mean so much to these earnest girls I spoke of," said Marion, submissively.

"It is a satisfaction to me to work in more difficult channels, once in a while," answered the reformer, preparing for herself, with great daintiness of touch, an orange. "For so long my efforts have been directed to showing the intelligent proletariat of the country the enormous mental, moral, and material gain that will come to them from woman's universal right to the ballot, it is time I should handle the class that is smothered in the eider-down of luxurious indifference."

"Mrs. Romaine *says* she is a socialist," said Marion, with a smile not repressed by the dignity of the subject.

"Better and better!" exclaimed Sara. "At last I see the dawn of our opportunity. How I wish I could engage Mr. Gordon to let me explain to him our leading arguments, and hear some of his objections. Ah, my dear Marion, there is a man worth breaking lances with!"

"I never broke any with him," answered Marion, half quizzically.

"I suppose not. He was a lover, out and out, I don't doubt; as he is everything he sets out to be."

"It is too recent for me to talk about, even to you," said Marion, confused.

"Very well, I shall respect your feeling. But one thing, Marion,"—and Madame Stauffer leaned over, and looked scrutinizingly into her friend's face,—“after meeting him last night, you are quite sure you do not waver?”

"I shall never be anything to him again, if that is what you mean," said Marion. "Even if I were made of the weak stuff to play fast and loose with a man's love, he is not the one to put up with it. He is still my friend—my best friend. I should hate to pain him by carrying out any scheme the Cause laid down for me that he did not approve of. But I should do it, nevertheless. I could never submit to the control that, as a husband, I felt convinced he would exercise over me. Every now and then, during our year's engagement, I used to come upon phases of his character that revealed this to me. My father says one secret of Alec's success in public life is his inborn power to rule men. His fearlessness of speech startles, but carries the judgment of others with it; his belief in himself is infectious; his integrity is absolute—and his will sweeps over obstacles like a tidal wave."

To this Sara made a response that caused Marion to look at her in considerable surprise.

"A-a-h!" said the little woman, throwing her head back, half closing her eyes, and relaxing her slender body in her easy-chair. "If one dared let oneself go, what joy to be swept away by such a wave!" Then sitting up erect, and dipping her fingers into a finger-bowl, she flicked the water from them into the air. "You look at me as though I were a mad woman, Marion. Perhaps I am, dear child; but the truth is, when one has gone through my experience of battering around the world, there are moments of temptation to shut the eyes, and let somebody else fight one's battles—moments that come like the whispers of Apollon to deter Christiana from following the right road. That's wretched femininity, I suppose—the weaker part we are all trying to live down. No matter. It's gone as it came. Such an indulgence makes me a traitor to my cause. Give me my casque and doublet, Marion, and help me to buckle them in place."

Just then there was heard a tap on the door of the morning-room—a timid tap, a deprecating summons.

"Come in," said Marion.

The door opened, and upon its threshold appeared the judge, in his top-coat, holding his hat in his hand.

"Marion, my dear,—good morning, Madame Stauffer,"—he began, looking from his daughter to her guest, as if he had casually become aware of the existence of that lady—"I thought I would mention that I am engaged this evening at a meeting of our dining-club, from which I cannot very well get off, and it would probably be too late upon my return to hope for Madame Stauffer's assistance with my new catalogue of the French and Italian books in my collection. But if on Monday evening it would not trouble Madame Stauffer to resume her important coöperation—"

"You are too kind, dear Judge Irving," said Sara, "but Marion knows that is the day fixed for my return to Washington."

The words were commonplace, but the sigh that escaped with them was pregnant with pathetic meaning.

"Monday? Impossible!" said the judge, with a return of his imperative manner. "That is,"—he went on, as before,—“I don't know, of course, the engagements made for your valuable time, but I cannot suppose Marion has allowed you to feel that your visit to her has lasted long enough. As for me, I can only say that as long as you are willing to confer your—er—inestimable companionship upon my daughter, I shall—er—consider myself your debtor."

"There, Sara!" said Marion, exultingly. "I

told you papa feels as I do. We won't hear of your leaving us till after Christmas."

"What can I do but say yes, and thank you a thousand times?" cried Sara, dropping her eyes before those of the judge, while holding Marion's hand in her own. "This dear child, Judge Irving, is my sister of the heart; and you have made me so happy in feeling that I can be of some little, little use to you in your arduous brain labors."

The judge's ear was tickled by the phrase. He loved to think of himself as a victim to over-exercise of the mental faculties.

"It is — er — an immense gain to my work to have from you such intelligent apprehension of its scope," he said, in rotund speech.

"And we are going on, also, with my attempt to make you understand the real force and meaning of the mission I am, however unworthily, trying to sustain?"

"Far be it from me," quoth the judge, "to wish to raise a hand toward tearing down the veil of reticence with which every shrinking woman should surround her life before the public. But I concede what you have said as to what they can accomplish in school elections. More, I am hardly yet prepared to grant."

This concession, accorded with Jove-like dignity, fell upon Marion's ears with startling effect.

"Ah! but if you will only have patience with me," said Sara, in her winning voice, "I will not undertake to alter your opinions — ah, no! That would be far too much to aim for, too high an achievement in my life. But I will dare to hope you may end by thinking that justice and honor might do worse things than place in our hands the privilege of the ballot."

"We shall see; we shall see," said his honor, with an attempt at amiability having rather the effect of a grunt. But, as he bade them good morning and went off to court, Marion thought she had rarely seen her father wear such an animated expression of youth and interest in current things. With a sigh, she said to herself, "It is his manner of society, of course, that makes all women tell me what a delightful man he is."

When he had gone, she dared not speak of this to Sara, lest that clever person should see farther behind the veil than Marion intended her to penetrate. Why should his own child expose his weakness? And Sara, equally discreet, said nothing on her side.

MRS. ROMAINE, doing the honors of her stately dining-room with careless grace, rather "laid herself out," thought Marion, to be civil and gracious to Madame Stauffer. The other guests at luncheon were Strémof, who at the moment of introduction the night before had

been bidden by the hostess to come next day and make her better acquaintance; Miss Kemp, a colorless young woman serving to fill the vacant place in most of Mrs. Romaine's incomplete functions of life and society; and a pale, wild-eyed man dressed in threadbare clothes, who was introduced as "Herr Hofman, from Basle, a distinguished socialist," employed to come three times a week to "coach" Mrs. Romaine in the doctrines of his creed.

"Oh! you may smile," said the lady of the house, to Strémof, who had treated himself to a small indulgence of the nature designated, "but until I had Hofman's talks, life was quite empty. I am so enthusiastic about it I mean to become a member of the American Branch of the League, shortly. Until then I must be content to give money —"

"They also must be content, madame," said Strémof.

"And to talk to any one I meet whom I think I can influence. When I drive about to pay bills to my tradespeople, I cast a seed here and there. I have great hopes from an intelligent young plumber who has lately been at work in the house; and" — lowering her voice — "my butler and footmen are hotfoot after the new doctrine."

"And so, when the day comes that is foretold by Henry George," said Strémof, "which some one of the Scotch writers has described as a 'huge wedge driven through the middle of society, and on the underside of it the merchant princes eating the bread of poverty with their lowest dependents,' you are prepared to share all your present privileges?"

"There are some of my privileges I would not only share, but give away with rapture," she said — "the privilege of being bored to extinction by half my acquaintances, for example. But we are not here to talk about my 'mania,' as my husband pleasantly calls it. Madame Stauffer must tell us of *her* mission, that I think should march hand in hand with mine to the dawn of the New Day; and then Herr Hofman may be induced to follow."

"Not at table, if you don't mind," said Sara in a low, distinct voice. In her heart she resented the airy impertinence of Mrs. Romaine's mocking manner, the fact that she had been brought there to make entertainment, and was classed with the long-haired man with a dingy shirt-collar.

"Has temper," decided Mrs. Romaine, internally; then, turning away, she devoted herself to Strémof, leaving the others to take care of themselves.

"For once," thought Marion, "one of her 'menagerie luncheons,' as she styles them, is a distinct failure."

And so it proved. The affair languished,

until even Strémof, who had been making stupendous efforts to support the occasion, ceased to struggle, and went under.

"Goodness, how dull we are!" said the hostess, at last aware of the fact. "Let us go into the library, and smoke, and perhaps that will enliven us." And, rising abruptly, she led the way into a room where no vacancies appeared to mark the recent withdrawal from it of Mr. Romaine's treasures of books, now dispersed.

"My husband is bearing up under it as well as can be expected, thank you," she answered to Marion's inquiry as to how Mr. Romaine bore his loss of the famous library. "If there were a place to dispose of wives added to one's collection at vast expense, I suppose it would be my turn to go next. You know my husband does not illustrate — what Marx says, Herr Hofman — that 'the value of a commodity changes directly as the quantity, and inversely as the productive power, of the labor which realizes itself in that commodity.'"

"Ah, yes," rejoined her adviser, with entire solemnity; "you mean where he also says 'value is an immanent relation to socially necessary time of labor.'"

"This is not gay," remarked Strémof, *sotto voce* to Madame Stauffer. "Why should this lady, into whose cradle the good fairies seem to have poured all the gifts, be so sharp, so little restful? What a contrast to the old times when it was the chaplain or father confessor who made part of the domestic staff of the woman of place and fortune! Now she must have her spiritual director in socialism, *mon Dieu!* Is it so everywhere? Must I be ready on all sides to talk of new doctrines, new ideas, casting behind me the gossip, the pleasant nonsense, that is really the high art of conversation? But, no, I will not ask that of *you*, madame, since last night, when you gave me a glimpse, all too short, of your own brilliant powers. Tell me — and if I am indiscreet, silence me — about that beautiful sphinx who is in your charge — Miss Irving. She interests me. She perplexes me. Since last night, when we parted, I have been trying to solve her; but I do not succeed. Is she happy? Is she sad? What is the secret of that noble expression of infinite patience upon her broad brow? You smile — ah! I am always losing myself in my enthusiasms. But, I swear to you, for hours I have hardly thought of anything but that girl, and have dreamed of meeting her again. At table, to-day, she surprised two or three looks from me that I could see she did not fancy, and so I looked no more."

In a few words Sara told him the outline of Marion's history, of her engagement to Gordon, and its ending "by mutual consent."

"So?" said the young man. "And there is

absolutely no chance that she will take Gordon back?"

"None," said Sara.

They were sitting apart in an alcove by a rack containing an open portfolio of etchings at which neither looked. Strémof was struck with a certain expression passing, like the shadow from a bird's wing, over the speaker's face.

"Besides," she added, "Mr. Gordon is a man on the quick rise to power, to political fame. The world will soon afford him all the balm his spirit needs."

"He will be here presently," said Strémof, looking covertly at his watch. "We have an engagement to spend the afternoon together, to see some clubs and galleries, I believe; and he was not able to give the time to Mrs. Romaine for luncheon."

Simultaneously, a servant preceded into the room the subject of their conversation, on whose appearance Mrs. Romaine fairly clapped her hands.

"Now that you are come, we shall cease being at odds with one another," she exclaimed. "Here we are, a group of people, all clever and original except Loulie Kemp and myself, who want to be made so. What better opportunity for something I have long desired — to hear Gordon's views on the Woman Question? And, to lead the way to it, — for no one believes more in fair play than I do, — will not Madame Stauffer open with just a résumé, so that all can understand our platform about the ballot, which is, after all, the main object of our hopes?"

At an ordinary time, no proposition could well have been more distasteful to Gordon. But he had parted from Marion, overnight, in a sort of blank terror as to the gulf toward which, in his eyes, she was drifting. He knew she would never personally demand from him an expression of his views on the subject given. And he wanted to feel that, whether she recognized it or not, his hand had been stretched out to withhold her.

Sara Stauffer, on her side, was, as has been seen, vexed and out of spirits. But, on Gordon's arrival, her pulses had begun to stir with pleasure of the most agitating and least welcome variety. It was, indeed, a protest against her own infirmity of spirit that spurred her on to enter the arena against the young man who had so affected her. With eyes cast down, with the hesitancy of a child, she began an exposition of certain arguments so well known of late it were useless to rehearse them here. She gave a brief history of the "disfranchised" classes of humanity, beginning with those in England, then passing to the negro, and finally to the women of the States. The question of equal wages for equal labor was next touched upon, Madame Stauffer making the point that, until the power

of the ballot shall be accorded to women, this equality cannot exist, and that the first result of woman's "enfranchisement" will be the opportunity to receive pay commensurate to the value of her work.

She spoke simply, with an admirable choice of words, with trained ease and rhetorical method, with convincing earnestness. The predominant feeling of her little audience, when she had finished, was one of respect for the cause and the worker. Marion's heart swelled with pride in her champion; and stretching out her hand to Sara, the two sat thus, while Gordon rubbed up his wits for an answer.

"It is quite needless to tell you that I am tremendously at a disadvantage in this fray," he said pleasantly. "Madame Stauffer has brought the grace of her oratory to the support of her, evidently, long-considered conviction. She has, of course, the sympathy, and deserves the applause, of her audience.

"I cannot, however, share her views on this subject; and—though I have never attempted a discussion of this kind, or any formal discussion in such presence, and must throw myself upon your considerate indulgence in entering at all upon a disputation before you, now, and so unexpectedly—I venture, in the rough, upon some of the ideas that occurred to me while Madame Stauffer was speaking.

"When the 'women's rights' insisted on by our agitators of the last generation related to questions of married women's property rights; or to the amelioration of the condition of women, to be afforded by laws more liberal in the matter of divorce; or to the authority a woman should have over her children—the right feeling and the good sense of the community were every year more and more with the champions of the sex. But in matters of divorce, any woman in this country can now be readily relieved of the yoke of a conjugal relation which ought to be dissolved for any substantial reason; the law among us is everywhere rather too lax than too stringent in that regard. Women have now been constituted by our legislature joint guardians with their husbands of their children—with equal powers, rights, and duties, in regard to their children, with their husbands; though I think experience will show *that* to be a measure open to the objection I shall presently make to female suffrage—that it tends to prevent a proper headship in the family. In the State of New York, too, the rights of a married woman to her earnings and in her property of every kind, acquired whether before or after marriage, are now securely established. Our statutes make her control of her real estate, for instance, more complete than a married man's dominion in lands held by him; in his lands she still has her right of dower.

And in the other States of the Union those conditions have already been reached, or soon will be.

"The history of the growth and development of that legislation about the property of married women is, by the way, very interesting for this among many other reasons: Our statutes on those subjects have revolutionized the law among English-speaking peoples everywhere. The first of them, in the States which began with the common law of England, was enacted in Mississippi in 1839. It was crude, but was amended and broadened in 1846, while the first of the New York statutes was not adopted until 1848; in fact, the Mississippi Act of 1839 was passed for special application to a particular case—was promoted by a bankrupt suitor of a prudent and well-advised woman, who had great expectations of estates she was unwilling to expose to claims by the creditors of an insolvent husband. To relieve the situation, the aspirant for the lady's hand had the bill put through the legislature, avowedly to introduce, not the rule of the civil law of Louisiana, which is enlightened in such particulars, but the tribal customs of the Chickasaw Indians, who were still numerous in the neighborhood! The squaw, as you may know, is the head of the family; the chief traces his descent, not from his father, but through his mother.

"But when the question of 'women's rights' has come to relate only to a demand that woman be allowed to vote at public elections, and upon questions affecting government and the State, it is a very different kind of thing, and seems to me to be but a symptom of the general drift of the age we live in, through socialism to anarchy."

At this point of Gordon's remarks Herr Hofman threw up his hands, with a resigned gesture, toward Mrs. Romaine, as who should say, "You see! As ever, we are misunderstood"; and Mrs. Romaine smiled back at him, consolingly.

"There never was, and never will be, government by all the people," went on the speaker. "Every form of government is necessarily more or less by representatives of the people. No system of government is or can be conducted by all the people by direct participation. Infants, for example, of either sex, are, like women, citizens—equally with men. But no one has ever proposed that infants be given the ballot to take part in actual administration of public affairs of the commonwealth. The line must be drawn somewhere between those who may exercise in person, and at the polls, the authority of a choice in prescribing the policies and designating the officers of government, and those who may not. The suffrage is not a natural right, like the right to life itself, but a privilege accorded

by society to those members of the body politic who are thought likely so to exercise that privilege as to advance the general welfare in doing it—a privilege conferred, not for the special benefit of the individual to whom it is given, or in the interest of the class merely to which that individual belongs, but for the advantage of the Republic itself. When that franchise was allowed to the recently emancipated negroes of the South, for instance, so hazardous an experiment was justified, not as a present to the black for his own sake merely, but as an expedient, intended to be a means in his hands for usefulness to us all. For the good and peace and prosperity of the whole country, it was considered wise to intrust to those who had been slaves a weapon of protection against the possible oppression of so numerous a class, left otherwise very much at the mercy of a reckless or resentful body of their former owners, who, unless held in check by the ballot, which could choose legislatures and executive officers of government, might indulge in practices destructive to the best interests of the nation,—of the residents in New England as well as of residents in Carolina,—practices inviting to civil strife, violence, and insurrection, as well as to other occasions for a general disturbance of the well-being of society. And we cannot even deal, in this matter, with women as a class by themselves; they have, and can have, no interests, as women and as a class, conflicting with, or different from, the interests of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons, as men and as another class. There are classes among women, as there are classes among men; but surely men and women are together and united in every interest which concerns the welfare of the community as a whole.

"It is therefore not true that by withholding from women the authority to vote in person they are deprived of a right, or denied their proper influence in administration—any more than it can be said that because, not being a senator or a representative in the Congress, I myself am not allowed to vote upon the passage of bills pending at Washington, I am deprived of a right to a voice in government. Though I never vote in person, in the House or in the Senate, I do vote there, every day, by my representative.

"The unit of the social state, to be considered in such a matter as this, is not the individual, but the family; and things that tend to develop and maintain well-ordered and harmonious families should be the first care of the Republic. Women, at every election, vote by their representatives, who, in any properly constituted domestic relation, feel, and respond to, and act under, the due influence of their womenkind in everything the latter are interested in."

"Pardon me, but is n't that more Utopian than Herr Hofman's vision of a new world under socialism?" said Mrs. Romaine, in her provoking little drawl. "But pray go on, Mr. Gordon. I am so glad to know that John Romaine is always thinking of me at the polls."

"I have just reached the special point I desired to make," Gordon resumed, with a smile. "In every government, whether of the State or of the household, there must be one head, or there will always be confusion. There are many individuals who now enjoy and exercise the electoral franchise whose participation in government could be dispensed with, to the advantage of the country. There are cases where the wife is the real head of the household, and where it would be better if the law recognized and dealt with her as such, and allowed her to exercise all the power of such a situation. But laws are rules of conduct provided, not for exceptional cases, but for all; and constituted as human nature is, society, the world over and in all ages since we emerged from savagery, has found that, as a rule, the man must be the head of the family. With understanding between them, the wife has a fit representative in her husband in the matter of voting. And where they differ so strongly as to make it useful to her as an individual, perhaps, to have her destroy his vote by voting against him, it is, in another and more serious aspect, and *as a rule*, a source of danger to the community to allow her the opportunity to do so. It would foment discord in every household where the husband and wife disagree, to confer upon woman the right to vote; all domestic headship and authority would be subverted. And when there is no longer a government in the households—the homes—of the land, there may soon be a subversion of all government; and anarchy will then have come."

When Gordon stopped speaking, he did not venture to look directly at Marion. He felt rather than saw her exchange glances with Sara Staufer, who, with great tact, good-humor, and cleverness set herself to refute his argument.

Whether she did so to her own satisfaction, she was greatly applauded; and the hall-clock, striking four, broke up a sitting prolonged beyond expectation of any of them.

"How admirably she speaks! How well she has herself in hand!" Strémof remarked to Mrs. Romaine, as he was taking leave.

"I belong to a club of women," said the hostess, "who meet from time to time to discuss current topics of thought; and I assure you that, among them, Madame Staufer would be only incidental, not phenomenal."

"Is Mademoiselle Irving among them?" asked the Russian, whose eyes had been wandering more than was good for him to the tall

girl in the black serge costume, sitting in such immovable earnestness through it all.

"She? Oh, no. We are not quite intense enough for her. Because I give dinners, and go to balls,—and spar with my husband, religiously,—Miss Irving thinks I have no place in serious thought. Good-by! So glad you were not bored by our impromptu duel. Sunday afternoons, remember! And you will let me send you a ticket for my box at the opera on Wednesday?"

"Did you tell me you had never met this Madame Stauffer until last evening, when I did?" Strémof asked Gordon, as the two men got into their hansom at the door.

"Never."

"And may I venture to ask whether you did not, until then, know of her relation to Miss Irving?"

"They were friends in Miss Irving's college-days, but they have not met in years."

"Well, my dear friend, if you will permit me, I must felicitate you upon a conquest," said Strémof, gaily. "The little lady asks nothing better than to test, through you, the practical value of a head to her household."

"Absurd!" said Gordon. "Don't make me feel any more of an ass than I already do, after holding forth seriously on that theme in a drawing-room."

"But you did not convince Miss Irving," went on the audacious fellow. "Her face, as I watched it, was cold; her eye shone clear as polished steel."

"This club where we shall next stop—" began Gordon in a manner that admitted of no further trifling; and on he went, to fulfil his duty of cicerone, with a description that was cut short only by the stopping of the cab.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

POE IN THE SOUTH.¹

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDITED BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.



NO piece of biography in the annals of literature has so unenviable a reputation as that memoir which Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, acting as Poe's literary executor, prefixed to the first complete edition of his works. Its authenticity has been attacked from the time of its appearance, and no words of oburgation have been too harsh to characterize the man who penned it; at the same time very little of its substance has ever been invalidated. The papers on which it was based passed into the hands of Griswold's own executor, and have never been seen by any of Poe's later biographers. They have recently come, by inheritance, into the possession of Griswold's son, William M. Griswold of Cambridge, Mass., by whose permission the following account of them, with extracts, is given, in anticipation of their publication in full under his own editorship. It falls to his part to show in detail how they affect the reputation of his father as a biographer; but a word or two, in general, must be said here of their bearing on the original memoir.

The delicacy of Griswold's task was well understood at the time. A writer in "Holden's Magazine," in 1849 (said to be C. F. Briggs,

Poe's co-editor in the "Broadway Journal"), stated it very plainly:

A biography of Mr. Poe is soon to be published, with his collected writings, under the supervision of Rev. Rufus W. Griswold; but it will be a long while, if ever, before the naked character of the sad poet will be exposed to public gaze. There is a generous disposition on the part of those who knew him intimately to bury his failings, or rather personal characteristics, in the shade of forgetfulness; while nothing is dwelt upon but his literary productions.

He was a psychological phenomenon, and more good than harm would result from a clear, unprejudiced analysis of his character. But when will any one be found bold enough to incur the risk of an imputation of evil motives, by making such a revelation as the task demands?

The weightiest statement in respect to the actual work done by Griswold in the memoir is that of Mr. J. C. Derby, in "Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers," as follows:

The most important of all of Mr. Redfield's publications, however, were the works of Edgar Allan Poe. It was also through Mr. Griswold that he was induced to undertake the publication of Poe's works, now one of the most popular authors of the day. Dr. Griswold had offered the works to nearly all the leading publishers, who declined to undertake the publication. He finally persuaded Mr. Redfield to try the experiment of issuing two volumes first, which were published and had a fair sale—then the third, and finally the fourth, volume were added to complete the

¹ The pictures on pages 580 and 582 were drawn by Albert E. Sterner, and are from the forthcoming complete edition of Poe's works to be published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball.

works. The sale reached about fifteen hundred sets every year.

Mr. Redfield thinks great injustice has been done by certain critics to Rev. Dr. Griswold, in reflecting upon him as Poe's biographer. In a recent letter to me [Derby] he says:

"Griswold never received a cent for his labors. Poe named him as his literary executor shortly before he died, although they had quarreled not long before. Griswold's labor was no joke. Few men would have undertaken it with no hope of reward. It is fashionable nowadays to throw mud at him. Knowing, as I did, both of the men, and knowing, also, how assiduously Griswold labored to say everything he could in the biography in Poe's favor, it is very annoying to read these things. The matter of the biography was all read over to me, talked and discussed before printing, and I *know* he did his best to 'set down naught in malice.' He was obliged, as he thought, to state the facts in all cases, and he did state them, favorably as he could to Poe. I *know* he tried to do so. Now he is accused everywhere, by people who know nothing about it, of vilely slandering Poe. I had a better opportunity than any one else to know all about it, and I know he did not."

Griswold has not lacked other defenders, who were well acquainted with both men. In writing a biography of Poe some years ago, the present writer had occasion to investigate the charges made against Griswold. The result was a conviction that the documents he quoted were genuine, and that the impression he gave of Poe's character and career was just, while his errors were due to Poe's own falsehoods. The question of Griswold's discretion in his memoir is governed by the fact that Poe's defects and troubles were notorious at the time, and could not be concealed; the question of Griswold's motives is more difficult, but is now more easily to be judged. It is also fair to Griswold to add that the characterization he gave is that which has uniformly prevailed in tradition in the best informed literary circles in this country.

As will be seen, these papers fully vindicate Griswold's veracity in essentials, and sustain Redfield's view of his temper; it must also be allowed that, so far as he from blackening Poe's memory, he might easily have made a worse use of his opportunity had he been actuated by malice. It would seem that Griswold discharged his duty under his own conception of the difficulties and necessities of his task, with entire fidelity and honesty of purpose. It is a gratification that such tardy justice can be done to a man who has so long been vilified, though mainly by English writers, without sound critical grounds. Poe did not make a mistake in his choice. Griswold was by far the best man in the country to do the editorial work, which was, all things considered, the most important matter; and as regards the memoir, he is to be charged at most with errors

of judgment and lack of tact in stating unpleasant truths.

These papers yield no information in respect to the early years of Poe. A memorandum in his own hand, sent to Griswold, March 29, 1841, as the basis of a biographical sketch of himself, fastens upon Poe direct responsibility for that tissue of positive falsehoods and ungenerous misstatements which he intended to have pass as a true narrative of his youth up to the time of his final breach with Mr. Allan of Richmond, the gentleman who adopted him as a child. This story has already been sufficiently exposed. A letter from William Wirt, May 11, 1829, declining to advise him in respect to a poem, perhaps "Al Aaraaf," affords the earliest example of his habit of appealing to well-known literary men for counsel and recognition. The new material substantially begins with the correspondence between Poe, Kennedy, his first patron, and White, his first employer, which covers the period of his connection with the "Southern Literary Messenger," of which White was then editor. The manuscripts here followed are either originals or copies sent to Griswold to be used in his memoir. The letters tell their own story. At the time when they begin Poe had already in 1833 won his first success by taking the prize offered by the Baltimore "Saturday Visitor" for an original tale, and had thus interested Kennedy, the leading literary man of his vicinity, in his fortunes; but by the next spring, the death of Mr. Allan, who left him nothing, had thrown him permanently upon his own resources for support, and he was very poor, dejected, and in need of friendship.

POE TO KENNEDY.

BALTIMORE, November, 1834.

DEAR SIR: I have a favor to beg of you which I thought it better to ask in writing, because, sincerely, I had not courage to ask it in person. I am indeed too well aware that I have no claim whatever to your attention, and that even the manner of my introduction to your notice was at the best equivocal. Since the day you first saw me, my situation in life has altered materially. At that time I looked forward to the inheritance of a large fortune, and, in the mean time, was in receipt of an annuity for my support. This was allowed me by a gentleman of Virginia (Mr. Jno. Allan) who adopted me at the age of two years (both my parents being dead), and who, until lately, always treated me with the affection of a father. But a second marriage on his part, and I dare say many follies on my own, at length ended in a quarrel between us. He is now dead, and has left me nothing. I am thrown entirely upon my own resources, with no profession and very few friends. Worse than all this, I am at length penniless. Indeed, no circumstances less urgent would have induced me to risk your friend-

ship by troubling you with my distresses. But I could not help thinking that if my situation was stated — as you could state it — to Carey & Lea, they might be led to aid me with a small sum in consideration of my MS. now in their hands. This would relieve my immediate wants, and I could then look forward more confidently to better days. At all events receive the assurance of my gratitude for what you have already done.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[NOTE BY MR. KENNEDY: This refers to the volume of tales sent to Carey & Lea — "Tales of the Arabesque," &c., — being two series submitted for the prize, for which one was chosen, and two others at my suggestion sent to Carey & Lea. — J. P. K.]

The volume was "Tales of the Folio Club," and was not published. The "Tales of the Arabesque," etc., was a later book, issued in 1840.

KENNEDY TO POE.

BALTIMORE, December 22, 1834.

DEAR SIR: I have received your note, and should sooner have apprised you of what I had done, but that Carey's letter only reached me a few days ago as I was stepping into a carriage to go to Annapolis, whence I returned only a day or two since.

I requested Carey immediately upon the receipt of your first letter to do something for you as speedily as he might find an opportunity, and to make some advance on your book. His answer let me know that he would go on to publish, but the expectation of any profit from the undertaking he considered doubtful — not from want of merit in the production, but because small books of detached tales, however well written, seldom yield a sum sufficient to enable the bookseller to purchase a copyright. He recommended, however, that I should allow him to sell some of the tales to the publishers of the annuals. My reply was that I thought you would not object to this if the right to publish the same tale was reserved for the volume. He has accordingly sold one of the tales to Miss Leslie for the "Souvenir," at a dollar a page, I think with the reservation above mentioned — and has remitted me a draft for fifteen dollars which I will hand over to you as soon as you call upon me, which I hope you will do as soon as you can make it convenient. If the other tales can be sold in the same way, you will get more for the work than by an exclusive publication.

Yours truly, JOHN P. KENNEDY.

POE TO KENNEDY.

Sunday, March 15, 1835.

DEAR SIR: In the paper which will be handed you with this note is an advertisement to which I most anxiously submit your attention. It relates to the appointment of a teacher in a Public School, and I have marked it with a cross so that you may readily perceive it. In my present circumstances such a situation would be most desirable, and if your interest could obtain it for me, I

would always remember your kindness with the deepest gratitude. Have I any hope? Your reply to this would greatly oblige. The 18th is fixed on for the decision of the commissioners, and the advertisement has only this moment caught my eye. This will excuse my obtruding the matter on your attention to-day.

Very respectfully, E. A. POE.

The following was partly printed with unimportant variation in the "Life of Kennedy."

POE TO KENNEDY.

Sunday, March 15, 1835.

DEAR SIR: Your kind invitation to dinner to-day has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come — and for reasons of the most humiliating nature — my personal appearance. You may conceive my deep mortification in making this disclosure to you — but it was necessary. If you will be my friend so far as to loan me \$20, I will call on you to-morrow — otherwise it will be impossible, and I must submit to my fate. Sincerely yours,

E. A. POE.

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, May 30, 1835.

MR. T. W. WHITE,

DEAR SIR: I duly rec^d through Mr. Kennedy your favour of the 20th enclosing \$5: and an order for \$4.94. I assure you it was very welcome. Miscarriages of double letters are by no means unfrequent just now, but yours, at least, came safely to hand. Had I reflected a moment, I should have acknowledged the rec^d before. I suppose you have heard about Wm. Gwynn Jones of this place, late editor of the "Gazette." He was detected in purloining letters from the office, to which the clerks were in the habit of admitting him familiarly. He acknowledged the theft of more than \$2000 in this way at different times. He probably took even more than that, and I am quite sure that on the part of the clerks themselves advantage was taken of his arrest to embezzle double that sum. I have been a loser myself to a small amount.

I have not seen Mr. Kennedy for some days, having been too unwell to go abroad. When I saw him last he assured me his book would reach Richmond in time for your next number, and under this assurance, I thought it useless to make such extracts from the book as I wished — thinking you could please yourself in this matter. I cannot imagine what delays its publication, for it has been some time ready for issue. . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.]

I read the article in the "Compiler" relating to the "Confessions of a Poet," but there is no necessity of giving it a reply. The book is silly enough of itself, without the aid of any controversy concerning it. In your private ear, however, I may say a word or two. The writer "I" founds his opinion that I have not read the book simply upon one fact — that I disagree with him concerning it. I have looked over his article two or three times attentively, and can see no other reason ad-

duced by him. If this is a good reason one way, it is equally good another—ergo—he has not read the book because he disagrees with me. Neither of us having read it, then, it is better to say no more about it.

But seriously I have read it from beginning to end, and was very much amused at it. My opinion concerning it is pretty much the opinion of the press at large. I have heard no person offer one serious word in its defense.

My notice of your "Messenger" in the "Republican" was, I am afraid, too brief for your views. But I could command no greater space in its editorial columns. I have often wondered at your preferring to insert such notices in the "Republican." It is a paper by no means in the hands of the first people here. Would not the "American" suit as well? Its columns are equally at your service. . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.]

The high compliment of Judge Tucker is rendered doubly flattering to me by my knowledge of his literary character. Very sincerely yours,
EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, June 12, 1835.

MR. T. W. WHITE,

MY DEAR SIR: I take the opportunity of sending this MS. by private hand. Your letter of June 8th I rec^d yesterday morning, together with the magazines. In reply to your kind enquiries after my health, I am glad to say that I have entirely recovered—although Dr. Buckler, no longer than 3 weeks ago, assured me that nothing but a sea voyage would save me. I will do my best to please you in relation to Marshall's Washington if you will send it on. By what time would you wish the MS. of the Review?

I suppose you have received Mr. Calvert's communication. He will prove a valuable correspondent. I will send you on the "American" & "Republican" as soon as the *critiques* come out. What I can do farther to aid the circulation of your magazine I will gladly do—but I must insist on your not sending me any remuneration for services of this nature. They are a pleasure to me, and no trouble whatever. Very sincerely,
EDGAR A. POE.

I congratulate you upon obtaining the services of Mr. S. He has a high reputation for talent.

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, June 22, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR: I rec^d your letter of the 18th yesterday, and this morning your reprint of the "Messenger" No. 3. While I entirely agree with you and with many of your correspondents in your opinion of this number (it being in fact one of the very best issued), I cannot help entertaining a doubt whether it would be of any advantage to you to have the public attention called to this its second appearance by any detailed notice in the papers. There would be an air of irregularity about it—as the first edition was issued so

long ago—which might even have a prejudicial effect. For indeed the veriest trifles—the mere semblance of anything unusual or *outré*—will frequently have a pernicious influence in cases similar to this; and you must be aware that of all the delicate things in the world the character of a young Periodical is the most easily injured. Besides it is undeniable that the public will not think of judging you by the appearance, or the merit, of your Magazine in November. Its *present* character, whether that be good or bad, is all that will influence them. I would therefore look zealously to the future, letting the past take care of itself. Adopting this view of the case, I thought it best to delay doing anything until I should hear further from you—being fully assured that a little reflection will enable you to see the matter in the same light as myself. One important objection to what you proposed is the insuperable dislike entertained by the Daily Editors to notice any but the most recent publications. And although I dare say that I could, if you insist upon it, overcome the aversion in the present case, still it would be trifling to no purpose with your interest in that quarter. If, however, you disagree with me in these opinions, I will undoubtedly (upon hearing from you) do as you desire. Of course the remarks I now make will equally apply to any other of the back numbers.

Many of the contributors to No. 3 are familiarly known to me—most of them I have seen occasionally. Charles B. Shaw, the author of the "Alleghany Levels" [?] is an old acquaintance, and a most estimable and talented man. I cannot say with truth that I had any knowledge of your son. I read the Lines to his memory in No. 9 and was much struck with an air of tenderness and unaffected simplicity which pervades them. The verses immediately following, and from the same pen, gave evidence of fine poetic feeling in the writer. I will pay especial attention to what you suggested in relation to the punctuation &c. of my future MSS. . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.]

Immediately after putting my last letter to you in the P. O. I called upon Mr. Wood as you desired—but the Magazine was then completed. Very sincerely yours,
EDGAR A. POE.

I have heard it suggested that a lighter-faced type in the headings of your various articles would improve the appearance of the "Messenger." Do you not think so likewise? Who is the author of the "Doom"?

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, July 20, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR: I duly rec^d both your letters (July 14th and 16th), together with the \$20. I am indeed grieved to hear that your health has not been improved by your trip. I agree with you in thinking that too close attention to business has been instrumental in causing your sickness.

I saw the "Martinsburg Gazette" by accident at Mr. Kennedy's—but he is now out of town and will not be back till the fall, and I know not where to procure a copy of the paper. It merely spoke of the "Messenger" in general terms of com-

mentation. Have you seen the "Young Men's Paper"—and the N. Y. "Evening Star"? As might be supposed, I am highly gratified with Mr. Pleasant's notice, and especially with Paulding's. What Mr. Pleasant says in relation to the commencement of "Hans Phaal" is judicious. That part of the Tale is faulty indeed—so much so that I had often thought of remodeling it entirely. I will take care and have the Letter inserted in all the Baltimore papers.

Herewith I send you a "Baltimore Visitor" of October 12th, 1833. It contains a highly complimentary letter from Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Latrobe, and Dr. Miller, of Baltimore, in relation to myself. The "Tales of the Folio Club" have only been partially published as yet. "Lionizing" was one of them. If you could in any manner contrive to have this letter copied into any of the Richmond Papers it would greatly advance a particular object which I have in view. If you could find an excuse for printing it in the "Messenger," it would be still better. You might observe that as many contradictory opinions had been formed in relation to my Tales, and especially to "Lionizing," you took the liberty of copying the Letter of the Baltimore Committee. One fact I would wish particularly noticed. The "Visitor" offered two Premiums—one for the best Tale & one for the best Poem—both of which were awarded to me. The award was, however, altered, and the Premium for Poetry awarded to the second best, in consideration of my having obtained the higher prize. This Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Latrobe told me themselves. I know you will do me this favor if you can—the manner of doing it I leave altogether to yourself.

I have taken much pains to procure you the Ink. Only one person in Baltimore had it—and he not for sale. As a great favor I obtained a pound at the price of \$1.50. It is mixed with Linseed oil prepared after a particular fashion, which renders it expensive. I shall go down to the Steamboat as soon as I finish this letter, and if I get an opportunity of sending it I will do so.

It gives me the greatest pain to hear that my Review will not appear in No. 11. I cannot imagine what circumstances you allude to as preventing you from publishing. The Death of the Chief Justice, so far from rendering the Review useless, is the very thing to attract public notice to the Article. I really wish you would consider this matter more maturely, and if possible insert it in No. 11. Look over "Hans Phaal" and the Literary Notices by me in No. 10, and see if you have not miscalculated the sum due me. There are thirty-four columns in all. "Hans Phaal" cost me nearly a fortnight's hard labour, and was written especially for the "Messenger." I will not, however, sin so egregiously again in sending you a long article. I will confine myself to three or four pages. Very sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO KENNEDY.

RICHMOND, September 11, 1835.

DEAR SIR: . . . [The omitted letter, to which the following is a postscript, was printed in the

"Life of Kennedy."] Mr. White desires me to say that if you could send him any contribution for the "Messenger" it would serve him most effectually. I would consider it a personal favor if you could do so without incommoding yourself. I will write you more fully hereafter. I see "The Gift" [Miss Leslie's Annual for 1836] is out. They have published "The MS. found in a Bottle" (the prize tale you will remember), although I not only told Mr. Carey myself that it had been published, but wrote to him to that effect after my return to Baltimore, and sent him another tale in place of it ("Epimanes"). I cannot understand why they have published it, or why they have not published either "Siope" ["Silence"] or "Epimanes" ["Four Beasts"].

Mr. White is willing to publish my "Tales of the Folio Club"—that is, to *print* them. Would you oblige me by ascertaining from Carey & Lea whether they would, in that case, appear nominally as the publishers, the books, when printed, being sent to them, as in the case of [Kennedy's] "H[or]se S[hoe] Robinson"? Have you seen the [Locke's] "Discoveries in the Moon"? Do you not think it altogether suggested by "Hans Phaal"? It is very singular, but when I first purposed writing a Tale concerning the Moon, the idea of Telescopic discoveries suggested itself to me, but I afterwards abandoned it. I had, however, spoken of it freely, and from little incidents and apparently trivial remarks in those "Discoveries," I am convinced the idea was stolen from myself.

Yours most sincerely,

EDGAR A. POE.

KENNEDY TO POE.

BALTIMORE, September 19, 1835.

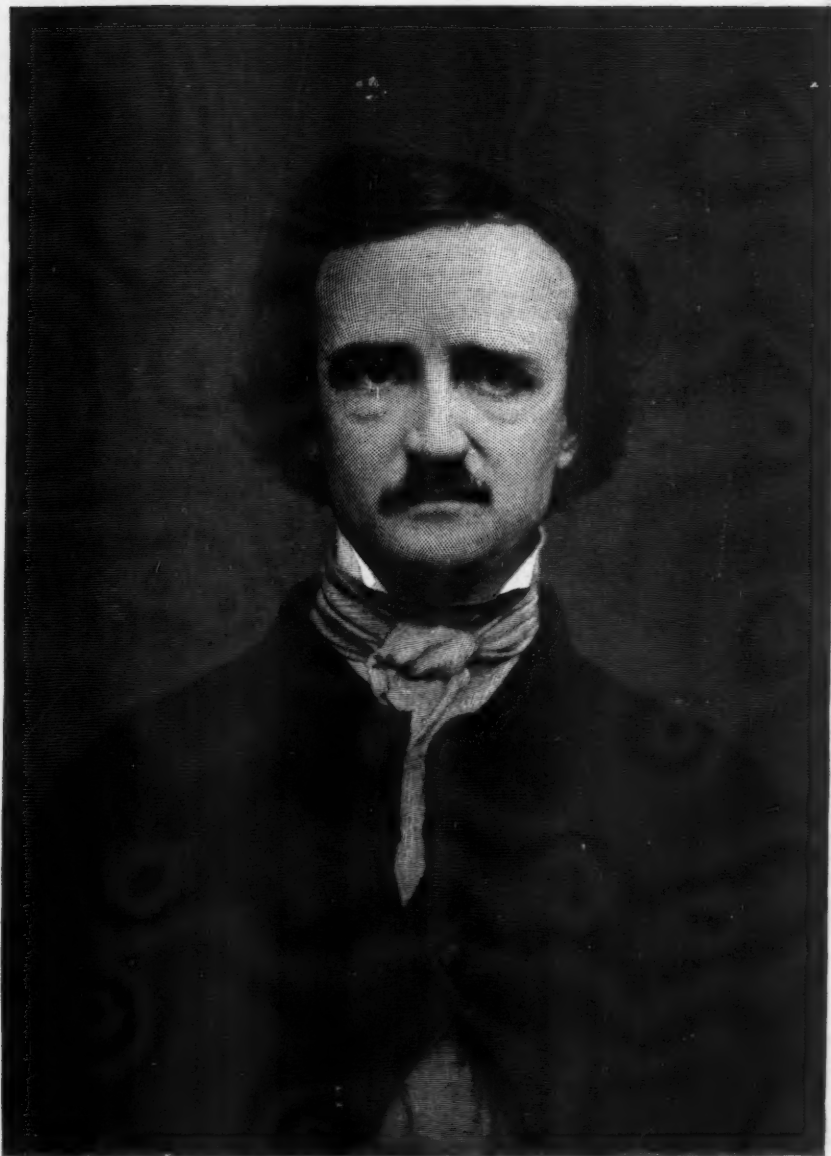
MY DEAR POE: . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.] Can't you write some farces after the manner of the French Vaudevilles? If you can (and I think you can), you may turn them to excellent account by selling them to the managers in New York. I wish you would give your thoughts to this suggestion. More than yourself have remarked the coincidence between "Hans Phaal" & the "Lunar Discoveries," and I perceive that in New York they are republishing "Hans" for the sake of comparison. Say to White that I am over head in business, and can promise never a line to living man. I wish he would send me the "Richmond Whig" containing the reply to the defense of Capt. Reed. Tell him so.

I will write to Carey & Lea to know if they will allow you to publish the "Tales of the Folio Club" in their name. Of course you will understand that if they do not print them they will not be required to be at the risk of the printing expenses. I suppose you mean that White shall take that risk upon himself, and look for his indemnity to the sale. My own opinion is that White could publish them as advantageously as Carey.

Write to me frequently, and believe me very truly yours,

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

Part of the following important letter was paraphrased and printed by Griswold.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

REPRINTED FROM THIS MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1880.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WHITE TO POE.

RICHMOND, September 29, 1835.

DEAR EDGAR: Would that it were in my power to unbosom myself to you in language such as I could on the present occasion wish myself master of. I cannot do it—and therefore must be content to speak to you in my plain way. That you are sincere in all your promises I firmly believe. But, Edgar, when you once again tread these streets, I have my fears that your resolve would fall through, and that you would again sip the juice, even till it stole away your senses. Rely on your own strength, and you are gone! Look to your Maker for help, and you are safe! How much I regretted parting with you is unknown to any one on this earth except myself. I was attached to you—and am still—and willingly would I say return, if I did not dread the hour of separation very shortly again.

If you could make yourself contented to take up your quarters in my family or in any other private family where liquor is not used, I should think there were hopes of you. But if you go to a tavern, or to any other place where it is used at table, you are not safe. I speak from experience.

You have fine talents, Edgar—and you ought to have them respected as well as yourself. Learn to respect yourself, and you will very soon find that you are respected. Separate yourself from the bottle, and bottle-companions, for ever! Tell me if you can and will do so, and let me hear that it is your fixed purpose never to yield to temptation. If you should come to Richmond again, and again should be an assistant in my office, it must be especially understood by us that all engagements on my part would be dissolved, the moment you get drunk. No man is safe that drinks before breakfast. No man can do so and attend to business properly.

I have thought over the matter seriously about the autograph article, and have come to the conclusion that it will be best to omit it in its present dress. I should not be at all surprised, were I to send it out, to hear that Cooper had sued me for a libel. The form containing it has been ready for press three days—and I have been just as many days deciding the question. I am your true friend,
T. W. WHITE.

POE TO KENNEDY.

RICHMOND, January 22, 1836.

DEAR SIR: Although I have never yet acknowledged the receipt of your letter of advice some months ago, it was not without great influence upon me. I have since then fought the enemy manfully, and am now in every respect comfortable and happy. I know you will be pleased to hear this. My health is better than for years past, my mind is fully occupied, my pecuniary difficulties have vanished. I have a fair prospect of future success—in a word all is right. I shall never forget to whom all this happiness is, in a great degree, to be attributed. I know that without your timely aid I should have sunk under my trials. Mr. White is very liberal, and besides my salary

of \$520 pays me liberally for extra work, so that I receive nearly \$800. Next year, that is, at the commencement of the second volume, I am to get \$1000. Besides this, I receive from Publishers nearly all new publications. My friends in Richmond have received me with open arms, and my reputation is extending—especially in the South. Contrast all this with those circumstances of absolute despair in which you found me, and you will see how great reason I have to be grateful to God—and to yourself.

Some matters in relation to the death of Mrs. Caroline Clemm, who resided at Mount Prospect, four miles from Baltimore, render it necessary for me to apply to an attorney, and I have thought it probable you would be kind enough to advise me . . . [so starred in the copy]. I should be glad to have your opinion in regard to my Editorial course in the "Messenger." How do you like my Critical Notices? I have understood (from the Preface to your Third Edition of "Horseshoe") that you are engaged in another work. If so, can you not send me on a copy in advance of the publication. Remember me to your family, and believe me with the highest respect and esteem,

Yours very truly, EDGAR A. POE.

KENNEDY TO POE.

BALTIMORE, February 9, 1836.

MY DEAR POE: . . . [The omitted passage refers to the Mrs. Caroline Clemm affair.] I am greatly rejoiced at your success not only in Richmond but everywhere. My predictions have been more than fulfilled in regard to the public favour for your literary enterprises. Let me beg you to set down this praise at its value. As nothing but an incentive to the utmost care and labour for improvement. You are strong enough now to be criticised. Your fault is your love of the extravagant. Pray beware of it. You find a hundred intense writers for one *natural* one. Some of your *bizareries* have been mistaken for satire—and admired too in that character. *They* deserved it, but *you* did not, for you did not intend them so. I like your grotesque—it is of the very best stamp; and I am sure you will do wonders for yourself in the comic—I mean the *serio-tragicomic*. Do you easily keep pace with the demands of the magazine? Avoid, by all means, the appearance of flagging. I like the critical notices very well. By the by, I wish you would tell White that he never sent me the November number.

Your letter assures me that you have entirely conquered your late despondency. I am rejoiced at this. You have a pleasant and prosperous career before you, if you subdue this brooding and boding inclination of your mind. Be cheerful; rise early, work methodically—I mean at appointed hours. Take regular recreation every day. Frequent the best company only. Be rigidly temperate both in body and mind—and I will ensure you at a moderate premium all the success and comfort you want. Will you do me a piece of business? . . . [The omitted passage refers to the recovery of a portrait.] Yours truly,

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

POE TO KENNEDY.

RICHMOND, February 11, 1836.

DEAR SIR: I received your kind letter of the 9th about an hour ago. . . . [The omitted passage refers to the portrait mentioned.]

You are nearly, but not altogether right in relation to the satire of some of my Tales. Most of them were intended for half-banter, half-satire — although I might not have fully acknowledged this to be their aim even to myself. "Lionizing" and "Loss of Breath" were satires properly speaking — at least so meant — the one of the rage for Lions, and the facility of becoming one, the other of the extravagancies of "Blackwood." I find no difficulty in keeping pace with the demands of the magazine. In the February number, which is now in the binder's hands, are no less than forty pages of Editorial — perhaps this is a little *de trop*. There was no November number issued. Mr. W. has increased my salary since I wrote \$104 for the present year. This is being liberal beyond my expectations. He is exceedingly kind in every respect. You did not reply to my query touching the "new work." But I do not mean to be inquisitive. . . . [The omitted passage refers to Kennedy's seal.] Most sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

WHITE TO POE.

January 17, 1837.

MR. POE: If it be possible, without breaking in on any previous arrangement, I will get more than the 1st portion of "Pym" in — though I much fear that will be impossible. If I had read even ten lines of Magruder's manuscript it would have saved me the expense of putting it in type. It is all words [illegible]. He will have to live a little longer in the world before he can write well enough to please the readers of the magazine. Touching Cary's piece, gratitude to him for pecuniary assistance obliges me to insert it.

You are certainly as well aware as I am, that the last \$20 I advanced to you was in consideration of what you were to write for me by the piece. I also made you a promise on Saturday that I would do something more for you to-day — and I never make even a promise without intending to perform it — and though it is entirely out of my power to send you up anything this morning, yet I will do something more sure, before night or early to-morrow — if I have to borrow it from my friends. Truly yours,

T. W. W.

The next persons of literary reputation to befriend Poe after Kennedy were Beverly Tucker of Virginia, the author of "The Partizan Leader," and John K. Paulding of New York. Their interest was called out by Poe's work in the magazine. The letters of Tucker are long and leisurely, and are here abridged by the omission of the less personal passages in which the ways of publishers and the decay of taste are the prominent topics. Those of Paulding are more fully given, as the matter is of bio-

graphical interest. There are also letters from Mrs. Sigourney and others, belonging to this period, but space does not permit their insertion.

TUCKER TO WHITE.

WILLIAMSBURG, Nov. 29, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . I am much flattered by Mr. Poe's opinion of my lines. . . . He will take this and other suggestions of mine kindly. I am interested in him, and am glad he has found a position in which his pursuit of fame may be neither retarded, nor, what is worse, hurried by necessity. His history, as I have heard it, reminds me of Coleridge's; with the example of Coleridge's virtues and success before him, he can need no other guide. Yet a companion by the way to hint that "more haste makes less speed" may not be amiss. Will he admit me to this office? Without the tithe of his genius, I am old enough to be his father (if I do not mistake his filiation, I remember his beautiful mother when a girl), and I presume I have had advantages the want of which he feels. Now, if by aiding you, I can aid him too to disencumber himself of the clogs that have impeded his progress, I shall kill two birds with one stone. Let me tell you then why in the critique I prepared for Green, I said nothing of his Tale. ["MS. Found in a Bottle."] It was because I thought that had been already praised as much as was good for him. And why? Because I am sure no man ever attained to that distinction to which Mr. P. may fairly aspire by *extravagance*. He is made for better things than to cater for the depraved taste of the literary vulgar, the most disgusting and impertinent of all vulgarians. Besides, I was disappointed in the tale; not because of the praises I had heard (for I make light of such things), but because Mr. P. had taught me to expect from him something more than the mere *physique* of the horrible. I had expected that the author of "Morella" on board the Flying Dutchman would have found a Dutch tongue in his head, would have thawed the silence of his shipmates, and have extracted from them a tale of thrilling interest, of the causes of that awful spell which has driven and still drives their ship careering safely through the innumerable horrors he has described. Cannot he rescue her yet from her perils, and send us another bottle full of intelligence of her escape, and of her former history? Cannot he, by way of episode, get himself sent on board of some fated ship, with letters from the spellbound mariners to their friends at home? Imaginations of this sort flocked to my mind as soon as I found him on her decks, and hence I was disappointed. I do not propose that he should work up these materials. He can do better in following the lead of his own fancy. But let him remember that fancy must be servant, not mistress. It must be made the minister of higher faculties. . . .

Now one word more. If Mr. P. takes well what I have said, he shall have as much more of it whenever occasion calls for it. If not, his silence alone will effectually rebuke my impertinence.

Yours truly,

B. T.



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

TUCKER TO POE.

WILLIAMSBURG, December 5, 1835.

DEAR SIR: Your letter has just been received, and deserves my thanks. So far from needing apology, it has been taken as a favour, and I have been congratulating myself on the success of my attempt to draw you into correspondence. It is more creditable to your candour than to my criticism that you have taken it so kindly. . . .

Respectfully, and with the best wishes,

Your obedient servant,

[Signature torn off.]

TUCKER TO WHITE.

WILLIAMSBURG, January 26, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . Last night I received a letter from Mr. P. by which I learn that you may not feel as much confidence in his capacity for the duties of his station, as is necessary for your mutual comfort. This doubt he attributes in part to what must have been a misconception by you of one of my letters. That I have not admired all Mr. P's productions, as much as some others, and that his writings are not so much to my taste as they would be were I (as would to God I were) as young as he, I do not deny. Thus much I expressed, and this so freely as to show that, had I meant more, I would have said more. You only know me on paper, but I think you can read this point in my character at the distance of sixty miles. I was equally sincere, I assure you, in what I said in his praise. . . . I do not agree with the reading (or rather the writing and printing) public in admiring Mrs. Sigourney & Co., or any of our native poets except Halleck. In this I know I shall stand condemned. But I appeal from contemporaneous and reciprocal puffing to the impartial judgment of posterity. Let that pass. I only mention this to say that Mr. P's review of the writings of a leash of these ladies, in your last number, is a specimen of criticism, which for niceness of discrimination, delicacy of expression, and all that shows familiarity with the art, may well compare with any I have ever seen. . . .

Mr. P. is young, and I thought him rash. I expressed this full as strongly as I thought it. I now repeat it, and apply to him the caution given by the God of Poets and Critics to his son when he permitted him to guide the Chariot that lights the world.

"Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortiter utere loris."

. . . I write this letter at his request. . . .

[Signature torn off.]

PAULDING TO WHITE.

January (?) 1836.]

. . . [The body of the letter relates to his own affairs.]

P. S. Your Publication is decidedly superior to any Periodical in the United States, and Mr. Poe as decidedly the best of all our young writers. I don't know but that I might add all our old ones, with one or two exceptions, among which, I assure you, I don't include myself. . . .

PAULDING TO WHITE.

NEW YORK, March 3, 1836.

DEAR SIR: I duly received the Book containing the Tales by Mr. Poe heretofore published in the "Messenger," and have delayed writing to you on the subject until I could communicate the final decision of the Messrs. Harpers as to their republication. By the way, you are entirely mistaken in your idea of my influence over these gentlemen in the transactions of their business. They have a Reader, by whose judgment they are guided in their publications, and like all other traders are governed by their anticipations of profit or loss, rather than any intrinsic merit of a work or its author. I have no influence in this respect, and indeed ought to have none, for my taste does not exactly conform to that of the Public at present. I placed the work in their hands, giving my opinion of it, which was such as I believe I have heretofore expressed to you more than once, leaving them to their own decision.

The[y] have finally declined republishing it for the following reasons: They say that the stories have so recently appeared before the Public in the "Messenger" that they would be no novelty—but most especially they object that there is a degree of obscurity in their application, which will prevent ordinary readers from comprehending their drift, and consequently from enjoying the fine satire they convey. It requires a degree of familiarity with various kinds of knowledge which they do not possess, to enable them to relish the joke; the dish is too refined for them to banquet on. They desire me, however, to state to Mr. Poe that if he will lower himself a little to the ordinary comprehension of the generality of readers, and prepare a series of original Tales, or a single work, and send them to the Publishers, previous to their appearance in the "Messenger," they will make such arrangements with him as will be liberal and satisfactory.

I regret this decision of the Harpers, though I have not opposed it, because I do not wish to lead them into any measure that might be accompanied by a loss, and felt as I would feel for myself in a similar case. I would not press a work of my own on them, nor do I think Mr. Poe would be gratified at my doing so with one of his.

I hope Mr. Poe will pardon me if the interest I feel in his success should prompt me to take this occasion to suggest to him to apply his fine humor, and his extensive acquirements, to more familiar subjects of satire; to the faults and foibles of our own people, their peculiarities of habits and manners, and above all to the ridiculous affectations and extravagancies of the fashionable English Literature of the day, which we copy with such admirable success and servility. His quiz on Willis, and the Burlesque of "Blackwood," were not only capital, but what is more, were understood by all. For Satire to be relished, it is necessary that it should be leveled at something with which readers are familiar. My own experience has taught me this, in the failure of some efforts of my own formerly.

Be good enough to let me know what disposition I shall make of the work. I am respectfully,
Your friend and Servant, J. K. PAULDING.



THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.

Harper & Brothers formally declined the volume of tales in a letter to Poe, June, 1836, on the same grounds alleged above.

PAULDING TO POE.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1836.

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your wishes it would afford me much pleasure to have proposed the publication of your book to some one respectable Bookseller of this city. But the truth is, there is only one other who publishes anything but School Books, religious works, and the like, and with him I am not on terms that would make it agreeable to me to make any proposition of this nature, either in my own behalf or that of another. I have therefore placed your work in the hands of Messrs. Harpers, to forward with a Box of Books they are sending to Richmond in a few days, and I hope it will come safely to hand.

I think it would be worth your while, if other engagements permit, to undertake a Tale in a couple of volumes, for that is the magical number. There is a great dearth of good writers at present both in England and this country, while the number of readers and purchasers of books is daily increasing, so that the demand is greater than the supply, in mercantile phrase. Not one work in ten published in England will bear republication here. You would be surprised at their [illegible] mediocrity. I am of opinion that a work of yours would at least bring you a handsome remuneration, though it might not repay your labors, or meet its merits. Should you write such a work, your best way will be to forward the MS. directly to the Harpers, who will be, I presume, governed by the judgment of their Reader, who, from long experience, can tell almost to a certainty what will succeed. I am destitute of this valuable instinct, and my opinion counts for nothing with publishers. In other respects you may command my good offices. I am Dr. Sir,

Your friend and Serv't,

J. K. PAULDING.

Poe left the "Messenger" about January 1, 1837, and arrived in New York at some time before June, as appears from a letter addressed to him in that city by Dr. Charles Anthon.

ANTHON TO POE.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1837.

DEAR SIR: I owe you an apology for not having answered your letter of the 27th sooner, but I was occupied at the time with matters that admitted of no delay, and was compelled therefore to lay your communication on the table for a day or two. I hope you will find what is written below satisfactory. Do not wait to pay me a formal visit, but call and introduce yourself. Yours truly,

CHAS. ANTHON.

"What is written below," it is interesting to discover, is that passage of Hebrew learning in

criticism of Dr. Keith's interpretation of some verses in Isaiah and Ezekiel, which Poe was accustomed to reprint as his own from the time of its first appearance in his review of Stephen's "Travels," where he inserted it textually as it here stands in MS. In 1838 he published "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" through Harper & Brothers, who wrote to him in respect to the printed English edition, February 20, 1839, when he was already settled in Philadelphia. No other document of this period remains, except a letter from James E. Heath, the author of "Edgehill," which is a natural pendant to the preceding White correspondence, and illustrates sharply the suspicion with which Poe usually regarded those who had once been his benefactors. The omitted portion contains a criticism of the then recently published "Fall of the House of Usher," which Poe had sent to the writer.

HEATH TO POE.

RICHMOND, September 12, 1839.

DEAR SIR: . . . I have had a conversation with White since the receipt of your letter, and took the liberty to hint to him your convictions of an unfriendly feeling manifested on his part towards you. I am happy to inform you that he disclaims the existence of any unkind feeling; on the contrary, professes that your prosperity and happiness would yield him pleasure. He is not aware of having spoken or written anything with a design to injure you, or anything more in censure or disparagement, than what he has said to you in person, when you resided here. I am inclined to think that you entirely mistake the man, if you suppose that a particle of malignity lurks in his composition. My long acquaintance with him justifies me in saying that I have known few men more disposed to cherish kindly and benevolent feelings towards their fellow-men than himself. He informs me that he will with pleasure admit a notice of the "Gentleman's Magazine" [on which Poe was then employed] in the "Messenger," and if possible in the October number. . . .

It gives me sincere pleasure to understand that your own good sense and the influence of high and noble motives have enabled you to overcome a seductive and dangerous besetment, which too often prostrates the wisest and best by its fatal grasp. The cultivation of such high intellectual powers as you possess cannot fail to earn for you a solid reputation in the literary world. In the department of criticism especially, I know few who can claim to be your superior in this country. Your dissecting knife if vigorously employed would serve to rid us of much of that silly trash and sickly *sentimentality* with which puerile and conceited authors, and gain-seeking booksellers are continually poisoning our intellectual food. I hope in relation to all such you will continue to wield your mace without "fear, favor, or affection." I subscribe myself sincerely your well-wisher.

[Signature cut out.]

DR. MORTON'S DISCOVERY OF ANESTHESIA.



MORTON'S INHALER.

IN the January number of *THE CENTURY* appeared a very interesting article by Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, telling how her distinguished father discovered the anesthetic properties of chloroform in 1847. A year before that, however, the conquest

of pain had been achieved, and in all the leading hospitals, both here and abroad, surgery was already robbed of its terrors by means of the inhalation of sulphuric ether.

Sir James Y. Simpson was, as all the world knows, a most eminent surgeon, but his chief claim to undying fame rests on his discovery that chloroform possessed properties similar to those which it had already been demonstrated belonged to sulphuric ether. But while he has been honored, the American who made the earlier and far greater discovery still sleeps "unthought of in obscurity." No statue of him has anywhere been erected, no bust of him adorns any of the halls of medicine or the hospitals, where it is due to him, to use the eloquent words of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, that "the fierce extremity of suffering has been steeped in the waters of forgetfulness, and the deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever."

Dr. William T. G. Morton was born August 9, 1819, on a farm in the township of Charlton, Massachusetts. His father having lost money in some commercial speculation, at the age of sixteen the boy, who had already determined to study medicine, had to leave school to earn his own living.

In one situation or another young Morton continued to support himself until he was twenty-one. He then came into possession of a little money left him by an aunt, which, added to what he had saved, it seemed to him could be made the means, by judicious husbanding, of enabling him to realize the wish that was still dear to his heart. He resolved to study dentistry, and to support himself by its practice while qualifying himself to become a physician. In due time he obtained his diploma, and, after one or two attempts elsewhere, opened an office in Boston, where his success was rapid.

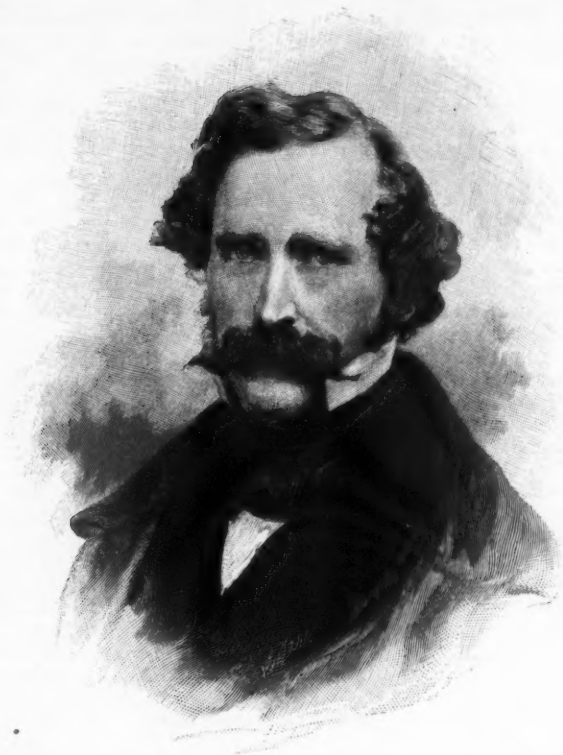
It was customary among dentists at that time,

when fitting false teeth, to set them upon gold plates placed directly above the fangs of the old teeth. Dr. Morton obtained a new kind of solder for attaching artificial teeth to the plate, of the same character as the plate itself, thus preventing any galvanic action between them. But, to demonstrate satisfactorily its superiority, it was necessary to remove the roots of the decayed teeth. This, of course, was a painful process, and there were few persons with courage and stoicism sufficient to submit to the ordeal. It soon became evident to him that if his improved method were ever to become popular, he would have to find some way of preventing, or at least of greatly mitigating, the suffering caused by the extraction of the old roots. Thus, almost at the outset of his career, he was led to speculate and study and make experiments for the purpose of discovering some agency by which he could produce at least partial insensibility to pain.

He conducted these experiments with the energy and persistence that were characteristic of him. He tried all the opiates for alleviating pain that were then commonly used by physicians, even having recourse to mesmerism; but though he succeeded occasionally in rendering the pain less acute than it would have been had no medicines been employed, the net result of all his efforts was exceedingly discouraging.

Though the practice of dentistry had absorbed so much of his time and attention, and had opened up unsuspected fields for original research and experiment, Morton had by no means relinquished his purpose of becoming a physician. In March, 1844, he entered his name as a student of medicine in the office of Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston.

In July, 1844, a Miss Parrott of Gloucester, Massachusetts, called at his office to have a tooth filled. Because of its extreme sensitiveness, and her own keen susceptibility to pain, she could not at first endure the application of an instrument. To deaden the pain, Dr. Morton applied chloric ether to the affected part. Its use for such purpose was then no secret; other dentists had used the same preparation. Miss Parrott paid several visits to Dr. Morton's office, and he used the chloric ether freely, often keeping it sealed up in the hollow tooth. On introducing the instrument into the cavity of the tooth in search of the sensitive portion of the bone, he found that the patient experienced no



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

FROM AN AMEROTYPE.

Dr. J. C. Morton

pain whatever, and, much to his surprise, that the surrounding parts were benumbed.

"The idea instantly occurred to me," he said, in speaking of the matter "that if I could devise some means for bringing the whole system under the influence of ether, it would be a most valuable means of relief in more intense or more diffused pain." He lost no time in seeking to test, by actual experiment, the value of the idea that had flashed upon him. He repaired to his father-in-law's farm at Farmington, Connecticut, and applied chloric ether to insects, birds, and various small quadrupeds. But beyond contributing some additions to the long list of dumb martyrs to science, he accomplished nothing that had more than a negative value. Somewhat discouraged, but still firm in the faith that somewhere there must exist something by which

pain could be prevented, he returned to Boston, and a few weeks later matriculated at the Medical School of Harvard University.

Attendance at the clinical lectures, and at operations in the Massachusetts General Hospital, formed part of the course then pursued by medical students. It was a privilege of which young Morton gladly availed himself. Then was revealed to him how terrible was the sway which pain exercised over sensitive organizations, and how utterly incapable of controlling and subduing it were medical science and surgical skill. Again and again the great idea which he had conceived, that there was some way of shackling this awful monster of torture, stirred within him, and urged him to leave nothing undone to discover by what beneficent agency it could be accomplished.

To chemists some of the peculiar properties

of nitrous oxid gas, or "laughing-gas," as it was then commonly called, because of the peculiar effects produced by its inhalation, had long been known. In 1799 Sir Humphry Davy published an account of his researches and experiments with it, describing the relief it afforded him when suffering from headache and toothache, and making this remarkable suggestion: "As nitrous oxid, in its extensive operation, appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with great advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place."

It happened that on December 11, 1844, Dr. Horace Wells, a former partner of Morton in the dental business, for a brief period attended a private exhibition of the effects produced by laughing-gas given by C. Q. Colton at Hartford. While under the influence of the gas, one man stumbled, and bruised his shins badly, but was unconscious of any pain until the effects of the gas had passed off. Slight as was the incident, it made a profound impression on Dr. Wells.

As he was troubled at this time with an aching tooth, he decided to make a practical test of his theory on himself. He inhaled the gas while another dentist extracted the tooth.

"A new era in tooth-pulling!" he exclaimed. "It did not hurt me as much as the prick of a pin. It is the greatest discovery ever made."

After a few more or less successful experiments, in order to obtain something like an official indorsement of his methods, he repaired to Boston to give an exhibition of painless tooth-pulling in the presence of a number of physicians and medical students. Dr. Morton consented to assist him. Dr. Wells administered the gas, and extracted the tooth, but the patient, instead of remaining in blissful unconsciousness during the operation, screamed with pain. Some of the spectators laughed, and others hissed. The exhibition of "painless tooth-pulling" was a painful failure. For his participation in the affair Dr. Morton came in for no small share of ridicule.

Much discouraged, Dr. Wells returned to Hartford, and told his friends that no dependence was to be placed on the gas; that it did not produce the same effects in all cases. He abandoned his experiments, and soon relinquished the practice of dentistry, and busied himself with other pursuits. He narrowly missed making a great discovery. With a little more persistence, he would certainly have ascertained that his humiliating failure was due to the fact that he did not administer enough gas to produce complete anesthesia in all cases. As it was, it was left for others to discover how to administer it so as to render it available for the performance of minor operations requiring only a short space of time. More than fifteen years

elapsed before the "new era in tooth-pulling," by means of nitrous oxid gas, became a reality.

Though Dr. Wells's exhibition was a failure, it stimulated Dr. Morton to renewed exertions, appraising him as it did that he was not alone in seeking some means of subduing pain, and it suggested to him a new line of experiments in the application of ether. It was almost as volatile as nitrous oxid gas; why might it not, when inhaled, accomplish what the gas had failed to do? Its efficacy in producing local insensibility when applied to a mucous membrane he had already ascertained by experiment. If taken into the lungs, it would at once be applied to a surface of mucous membrane greater than existed in all the rest of the body put together. Moreover, it would reach the place most favorable for the dispersion of its benumbing properties through the system.

These were the ideas that flashed through his mind. But there were grave considerations which made him pause before rashly putting them to the test. He did not know, nor at that time did anybody else know, how far the inhalation of ether might be pursued with safety. Yet its inhalation for medical purposes was not infrequent. In a pamphlet published in 1795 mention is made of the beneficial effects produced by this means in the treatment of diseases. Dr. John C. Warren of Boston employed it in 1805 for relieving the last stages of pulmonary inflammation. But though, apparently, many physicians and chemists had been on the verge of discovering that the inhalation of sulphuric ether would produce insensibility to pain, they all failed to push their researches far enough. They seem to have concluded that its inhalation to the extent of producing unconsciousness would be attended by very serious, if not fatal, consequences, and they admonished practitioners to exercise extreme caution in administering it.

With characteristic intrepidity, Dr. Morton's first experiments were made upon himself. It occurred to him that ether, if combined with such narcotics as he had been in the habit of using in his practice, would probably produce insensibility to pain more speedily and assuredly than if used alone. He placed a mixture of ether and morphine in a retort, around which he wrapped a hot towel, and, with many misgivings, he inhaled the mixture. In a similar way he also inhaled a preparation of ether and opium. He was punished for his temerity by some splitting headaches, but when, emboldened by the discovery that no severer pains or penalties were imposed upon him, he gradually prolonged the periods of inhalation, he was rewarded by the perception of a distinct feeling of numbness pervading his body and limbs.

In the spring of 1846 he again posted off to the



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

MRS. ELIZABETH W. MORTON, 1845, AGED 18.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

country, this time to his own place at Wellesley, to experiment on some denizens of the farmyard. He etherized a hen, and cut off its comb, the hen meanwhile making no protest, or indicating in any way that it had any personal interest in the proceedings. Still more satisfactory was an experiment tried on a favorite water-spaniel.

When Dr. Morton returned to Boston, he was so confident that he would succeed, that he determined to turn over the management of his office and practice to other hands, that he might devote himself exclusively to the prosecution of his researches and experiments. The sacrifice that this involved affords a measure of his faith. He had built up an enormous practice, his receipts having risen to \$20,000 a year, while his expenditures were \$10,000, and still he had found time to keep up his study of medicine, and to attend lectures.

There remained the crucial test, to ascertain, by administering ether to some human being,

whether it would really produce insensibility to pain, as it had apparently done in the case of the spaniel. He promised two of his assistants, William P. Leavitt and Thomas B. Spear, five dollars apiece if they could find a man who would take the ether, and submit to having a tooth drawn while under its influence. They made search, but failed to find one.

He succeeded at last in inducing the two assistants themselves to inhale the ether from a handkerchief. But with each of them in turn the sensation of drowsiness at first induced rapidly passed away, and they grew violently excited. Much puzzled was Dr. Morton to account for results so unexpected, until he had a sample of the ether analyzed, and discovered that, unlike that with which he had previously experimented, the ether, which he had obtained at a wholesale drug-house, contained twenty-five per cent. of free alcohol.

After obtaining some chemically pure sul-

phuric ether, on September 30, 1846, Dr. Morton returned to his office determined to test its efficacy on himself. He shut himself up alone in a room to make the experiment. It was an act revealing courage of a high order, and a sublime faith. The annals of science and medicine contained no record of the effects of ether when inhaled to the extent of producing complete unconsciousness. Hints there were not a few that to inhale it was to invite grave injuries and possibly death itself.

It was an heroic act, but with modest simplicity Dr. Morton describes it in his memoir to the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Paris.

Taking my tube and flask [he wrote], I shut myself up in my room, seated myself in the operating-chair, and commenced inhaling. I found the ether so strong that it partially suffocated me, but produced no decided effect. I then saturated my handkerchief, and inhaled it from that. I looked at my watch, and soon lost consciousness. As I recovered, I felt a numbness in my limbs, and a sensation like nightmare, and would have given the world for somebody to come and arouse me. I thought for a moment I should die in that state, and that the world would only pity or ridicule my folly. At length I felt a slight tingling of the blood in the end of my third finger, and made an effort to press it with my thumb, but without success. At a second effort I touched it, but there seemed to be no sensation. I gradually raised my arm, and pinched my thigh, but I could see that the sensation was imperfect. I attempted to rise from my chair, but fell back. I immediately looked at my watch, and found that I had been insensible between seven and eight minutes.

For him rest was now impossible until that one step more was taken which would prove that what the world had so long waited for had been discovered—something that could subdue pain. In his own words, recorded by the late Mrs. Harriette Woods Baker:

I had become much excited, and had determined that I would not leave the office until I had seen something more of the power of this new agent [he wrote]. Twilight came on, but in my present state I felt it to be impossible to go home to my family. As the evening wore away my anxiety increased. The hour had long passed when it was usual for patients to call. I had just resolved to inhale the ether again, and have a tooth extracted under its influence, when a feeble ring was heard at the door. Making a motion to one of my assistants, who started to answer the bell, I hastened myself to the door, where I found a man with his face bound up, who seemed to be suffering extremely.

"Doctor," said he, "I have a dreadful tooth, but it is so sore I cannot summon courage to have it pulled. Can't you mesmerize me?"

I need not say that my heart bounded at this question, and that I found it difficult to control

my feelings, but putting a great constraint on myself, I expressed my sympathy for the man and invited him to walk into the office. There were no instruments in sight to terrify him, and the ether was close at hand, every arrangement having been previously made in the hope that a similar case might occur. I examined the tooth, and in the most encouraging manner told the poor sufferer that I had something better than mesmerism by means of which I could take out his tooth without giving him pain. He gladly consented, and, saturating my handkerchief with ether, I gave it to him to inhale. He became unconscious almost immediately. It was dark. Dr. Hayden held the lamp. My assistants were trembling with excitement, apprehending the usual prolonged scream from the patient, while I extracted a firmly rooted bicuspid tooth. I was so much agitated that I came near throwing the instrument out of the window. But now came a terrible reaction. The wrenching of the tooth had failed to rouse him in the slightest degree. Instead of the quick start of relief with which a patient usually leaves the operating-chair the moment the instruments are withdrawn, he remained still and motionless as if already in the embrace of death.

The terrible thought flashed through my mind that he might be dead, that in my zeal to test my new theory I might have gone too far and sacrificed a human life. With the rapidity of lightning my mind ran through the whole process of my investigations up to the present hour. I trembled under the sense of my responsibility to my Maker and to my fellow-men. The question, Can I restore him to consciousness? startled me into action. I seized a glass of water, and dashed it in the man's face. The result proved most happy. He recovered in a minute, and knew nothing of what had occurred. Seeing us all stand around him he appeared bewildered. I instantly, in as calm a tone as I could command, asked:

"Are you ready to have your tooth extracted?"

"Yes," he answered in a hesitating tone.

"It is all over," I said, pointing to a decayed tooth on the floor.

"No!" he shouted, leaping from the chair.

For the next two weeks Dr. Morton hardly allowed himself time to sleep. He devoted much attention to endeavoring to ascertain the best methods of administering the ether. By the varying results obtained in the experiments which followed one another in rapid succession at his office, it was made apparent to him that in this respect much remained to be learned.

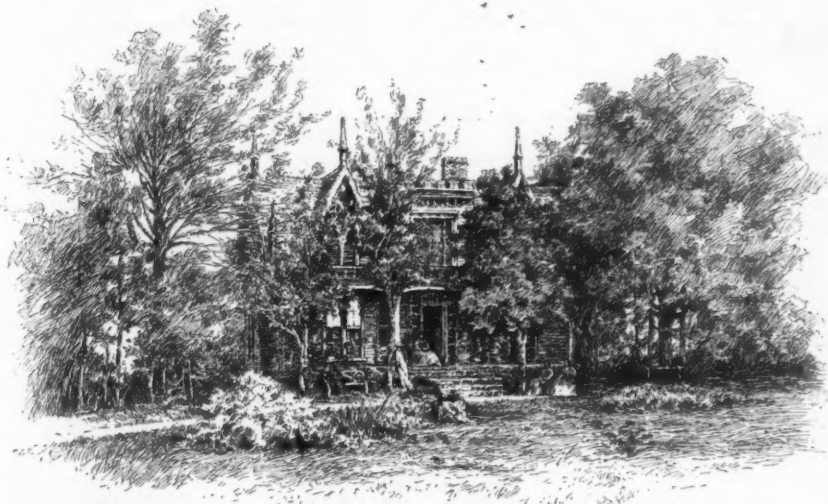
Then arose the question, How was he to make his wonderful discovery known to the world? Had he gone abroad and proclaimed from the house-tops that he had found out how to conquer pain, he would have been laughed at as a demented enthusiast, or denounced as an impudent and dangerous quack, of whom the good city of Boston should rid herself as speedily as possible. After consultation with friends he decided that to gain recognition for his dis-

covery, he must give a demonstration of its efficacy under conditions that would preclude any suspicion of deception, and in the presence of witnesses who would command the confidence of the medical profession of the world.

No more fitting place was there in all Boston for such a work than the Massachusetts General Hospital. Dr. Morton obtained permission from Dr. John C. Warren, the senior

made that it would render the person treated with it temporarily incapable of feeling pain had attracted a large number of medical men to the theater. It was inevitable that nearly all of those present should be skeptical as to the result. As the minutes slipped by without any sign of Dr. Morton, the incredulous gave vent to their suspicions concerning him and his discovery.

"As Dr. Morton has not yet arrived," said



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ETHERTON COTTAGE AT WELLESLEY, MASS., HOME OF DR. MORTON, WHERE THE EARLY EXPERIMENTS AND DISCOVERY OF ANESTHESIA WERE MADE.

surgeon, to make a trial of his pain-annihilator at the hospital. On Wednesday, October 14, 1846, he received a note from Dr. Warren, requesting him to be present at the hospital at ten o'clock the next Friday morning, to administer his preparation to a patient who was then to be operated on. On that morning he arose at four o'clock, hurried off to the house of an instrument-maker, and, awaking him, induced him to undertake forthwith the construction of an inhaler, the design for which had been prepared only on the previous evening. As the hour appointed for the test drew near, and it was still uncompleted, Dr. Morton snatched it from the maker's hands, and hurried off to the hospital.

Meanwhile, within, all necessary preparations for the operation had been made. The patient selected for the trial was Gilbert Abbott, who was suffering from a congenital but superficial vascular tumor just below the jaw on the left side of the neck. The announcement that the operation was to furnish a test of some preparation for which the astounding claim had been

Dr. Warren, after waiting fifteen minutes, "I presume that he is otherwise engaged."

The response was a derisive laugh, clearly implying the belief that Dr. Morton was staying away simply because he was afraid to submit his discovery to a critical test.

Dr. Warren grasped the knife. At that critical moment Dr. Morton entered. No outburst of applause, no smiles of encouragement, greeted him. Doubt and suspicion were depicted on the faces of those who looked down upon him from the tiers of seats that encircled the room. No actor about to assume a new rôle ever received a more chilling reception.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Dr. Warren, abruptly, "your patient is ready."

Thus aroused from the bewilderment into which the novelty of his position had thrown him, he spoke a few words of encouragement to the young man about to be operated on, adjusted the inhaler, and began to administer the ether. As the subtle vapor gradually took possession of the citadel of consciousness, the patient dropped off into a deep slumber.

My dear Sir,

Few persons have
or had better reason than myself
to assert the claim of Dr. Morton
to the introduction of artificial
anesthesia into surgical practice.

This priceless gift to humanity
went forth from the operating theater
of the Massachusetts General Hospital
and the man to whom the world
owes it is Dr. William Thomas Green Morton.

Yours very truly
O. W. Holmes

FACSIMILE OF PARTS OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.¹

Dr. Warren seized the bunch of veins, and made the first incision with his knife.

Instead of awakening with a cry of pain, the

patient continued to slumber peacefully, apparently as profoundly unconscious as before.

Then the spectators underwent a transfor-

¹ This letter was written in reply to an inquiry addressed by the writer of the present article to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a member of the medical staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital at the time of the discovery. Following is the full text:

"BOSTON, April 2, 1893.

"MY DEAR SIR: Few persons have or had better reason than myself to assert the claim of Dr. Morton to the introduction of artificial anesthesia into surgical practice. The discovery was formally introduced to the scientific world in a paper read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences by Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, one of the first, if not the first, of American surgeons.

On the evening before the reading of the paper containing the announcement of the discovery, Dr. Bigelow called at my office to read the paper to me. He prefaced it with a few words which could never be forgotten.

He told me that a great discovery had been made, and its genuineness demonstrated at the Massachusetts General Hospital, of which he was one of the surgeons. This was the production of insensibility to pain during surgical operations by the inhalation of a certain vapor (the same afterward shown to be that of sulphuric ether).

In a very short time, he said, this discovery would be all over Europe. He had taken a great interest in the alleged discovery, had been present at the first capital operation performed under its influence, and was from the first the adviser and supporter of Dr. W. T. G. Morton, who had induced the surgeons of the hospital to make trial of the means by which he proposed to work this new miracle.

The discovery went all over the world like a conflagration. The only question was whether Morton got advice from Dr. Charles T. Jackson, the chemist, which entitled that gentleman to a share, greater or less, in the merit of the discovery. Later it was questioned whether he did not owe his first hint to Dr. Horace Wells of Hartford, which need not be disputed.

Both these gentlemen deserve honorable mention in connection with the discovery, but I have never a moment hesitated in awarding the essential credit of the great achievement to Dr. Morton.

This priceless gift to humanity went forth from the operating theater of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and the man to whom the world owes it is Dr. William Thomas Green Morton. Yours very truly,

"O. W. HOLMES."

mation. All signs of incredulity and indifference vanished. Not a whisper was uttered. As the operation progressed, men began to realize that they were witnessing something the like of which had never been seen before.

When the operation was over, and while the patient still lay like a log on the table, Dr. Warren, addressing the spectators, said, with solemn emphasis, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug."

But notwithstanding that Dr. Morton had thus demonstrated that a patient could be rendered completely insensible to suffering while undergoing an operation, yet for three weeks the employment of the ether at the hospital was discontinued, and surgery and agony still went hand in hand. In fact, instead of being hailed as a public benefactor, Dr. Morton found himself, for a short period immediately following the public announcement of his discovery, the target for indignant scorn and contempt. He was pilloried in the public prints by medical men and laymen as a charlatan.

Dr. Morton made application at the hospital on November 6, for permission to test the efficacy of his discovery on a patient who the next day was to undergo an amputation of the leg. Then he was told that the surgeons at the hospital deemed it their duty to decline to use the preparation until informed what it was. Dr. Morton professed his entire willingness to inform the surgeons, confidentially, what the preparation was. But for some reason this did not satisfy the exacting code of medical ethics. Through the pleas of Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, Dr. Morton was finally allowed to administer ether when Alice Mohan, a delicate girl of twenty, who had been in the hospital more than a year suffering from a disease of the knee joint, underwent an amputation of the leg, as the only alternative offered for preserving her life. Instead of filling the chamber with her agonizing shrieks, she slept the sleep of oblivion through it all; and when she revived, refused to believe that the leg had actually been removed.

After that Dr. Morton frequently administered the ether at the hospital, and always with complete success. In 1848 the trustees showed their appreciation of his services, and his free gift of the discovery to the hospital, by presenting him with a silver box containing one thou-

sand dollars, the inscription concluding with these words, "He has become poor in a cause which made the world his debtor."

Dr. Morton shared none of the joys which his discovery brought to thousands of his fellow-creatures, but reaped only a harvest of misery and misfortune, blighted hopes, ruined health, and bankruptcy. He was granted a patent for his discovery. When the use of it was freely offered the army and navy, both departments declined to have anything to do with it, but nevertheless at their convenience employed it in their hospital service. For nearly two-score years he sought redress in vain. But there is no space here to tell that sad story, nor to enter into discussion of the claims of Dr. Jackson and Dr. Wells, both of whom maintained that they were entitled to the honor and credit of making the discovery.

The ether controversy was a bitter one; but the obscuring smoke of the battle has long since rolled away, and one fact stands out as clear as the noonday sun—namely, that it is to Dr. Morton that the world is indebted for its knowledge of the complete anesthetic properties of sulphuric ether. It was he who did the work; he who made the experiments; he who dared to assume the risk of public failure and disaster and possible loss of life.¹

Dr. Morton died suddenly of apoplexy on July 15, 1868. His widow is still living. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Whitman, and she was a daughter of Edward Whitman of Farmington, Connecticut. Her most vivid recollections of her husband's great discovery are associated with that memorable October 16, 1846, when for the first time he administered ether at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

"In those few hours," she said to the writer, "I learned to realize what is meant by the agony of suspense. I had heard it often predicted that he would kill somebody by his experiments. My mind recoiled from such a thought with horror, and yet was forced to dwell upon it. I knew not what minute a messenger might arrive with the information that my husband had been arrested for manslaughter. When he returned, there was that in his face which told me, before he opened his lips, that he had triumphed."

E. L. Snell.

¹ Dr. Morton received a valuable indorsement of his rights as a discoverer from Dr. Simpson. The professor had just published a pamphlet upon chloroform, the application of which he had discovered, and which he proposed as a substitute for ether in certain cases. Upon a fly-leaf of a copy of this pamphlet which he sent to Dr. Morton was written the following note:

MY DEAR SIR: I have much pleasure in offering, for your kind acceptance, the accompanying pamphlet. Since it was published we have had various other operations performed here, equally successful. I have a note from

Dr. Liston, telling me also of its perfect success in London. Its rapidity and depth are amazing.

In the *Monthly Journal of Medical Science* for September, I have a long article on etherization, vindicating your claims over those of Jackson.

Of course the great thought is that of producing insensibility—and for that the world is, I think, indebted to you.

I read a paper lately to our society, showing that it was recommended by Pliny, etc., in old times.

With very great esteem for you, allow me to subscribe myself,

Yours, very faithfully,

J. Y. SIMPSON.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 19, 1847.



T. Cole sc. Mar. 1894

PORTRAIT OF MASSY'S SECOND WIFE, IN THE UFFIZI.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

QUINTEN MASSYS (1460?–1530).



IN glancing at the history of Flemish art, a distinction must be borne in mind between its two dominant schools—that of Bruges, of which the brothers Van Eyck (1366–1440) were the first great representatives, and which was further adorned by the famous names of Van der Weyden and Memling; and that of Antwerp, which Quinten Massys founded at about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and of which Rubens and Van Dyck are the final glory. There is this difference between them: the school of Bruges, which was the earlier of the two, was original and indigenous to the soil, born on the spot, and continued to assert its independence to the last; while the one which succeeded it became, after the time of Massys, subject to the spirit of the Italian Renaissance, and adopted the Italian fashion, which ill accorded with the homely realism of its native environment. Thus Flemish art from the time of Massys to that of Rubens is a combination of two manners, a mongrel style which strikes the beholder who is conversant with Italian art as rather odd and incongruous.

But Quinten Massys is a genuine Fleming, as independent and personal as Rubens himself, though recalling the old school of the Van Eycks; he is indeed generally regarded as the connecting-link between these two extremes in that he unites the best traditions of the former with a softer and broader treatment, and a grandeur (though by no means voluptuousness) which seems prophetic of the latter. This is especially evident in his celebrated work of "The Entombment," an altarpiece for the chapel of the Joiners' Company in the Cathedral of Antwerp. Sir Joshua Reynolds says of this work, "There are heads in this picture not exceeded by Raphael, and indeed not unlike his [early] manner of painting portraits, hard and minutely finished." The work is now in the Public Gallery at Antwerp. Besides works of this order, Massys also painted works of a secular nature, such as those where merchants or money-changers are seen weighing their gold or counting their gains. A fine example of this kind is "The Banker and his

Wife" in the Louvre. Here may be found the same delicacy of pencil, the same avoidance of heavy shadows, as in his other works, and therein a test of the genuineness of similar productions often ascribed to him. A few portraits by his hand exist, which are full of individuality; such are those of himself and his wife to be seen in the room of portraits at the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, and of which I have chosen that of his wife as an illustration. The two portraits are upon one panel; that of his wife is wonderfully well preserved, as, being the inner panel, and boxed in the frame, it is shown only upon application to the custodian. It is delightfully fresh, and charming to look at. Truly a picture of "the lassie that 's so neat and clean," and pure and sweet withal.

Quinten Massys, whose name appears in the various forms of Matsys, Metsys, and Messys, was born at Antwerp about 1460. He is said to have been the son of a locksmith, and to have worked at his father's trade—he is popularly known as "the blacksmith of Antwerp." Doubt has, however, been cast upon this, as likewise upon the romantic story telling how he wooed and won his bride. The father of his lady-love had declared that she should marry a painter, and Massys accordingly left the anvil, and devoted himself to the study of painting. Such was the power of his love that he rapidly became a master in his new art, and so wedded the object of his passion. There appears, however, some foundation in fact for crediting this pretty romance, since in the Latin inscription in the Cathedral of Antwerp in honor of Massys occurs the line,

Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem,
and the master himself wrote on his own portrait the words, "Pictorem me fecit Amor." In 1497 Massys joined the Painters' Guild, soon rose to fame, and attained station, wealth, and landed property in his native town. He was the friend of the famous engraver Lucas van Leyden, and was visited by another even more renowned, Albert Dürer. He married twice, and died at Antwerp in 1530, leaving a large family. Two of his sons were painters. The portrait in the Uffizi is that of his second wife.

T. Cole.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

A FORTNIGHT AT BAR HARBOR.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Paul Patoff," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

V.



LOUIS LAWRENCE had not been at Bar Harbor a week before he became fully aware—if indeed there had previously been any doubt on the subject in his mind—that he was very much in love with Fanny Trehearne. It became clear to him that, although he had believed himself to be in love once or twice before then, he had been mistaken, and that he had never known until the present time exactly what love meant. He was not even sure that he was pleased with the passion, or, at least, with the form in which it attacked him. Sensitive as he was, it "took him hard," as the saying is, and he felt that it had the better of him at every turn, and disposed of him in spite of himself at every hour of the day.

When he was alone he wondered why he had been asked to the house, and whether Mr. and Mrs. Trehearne, who were abroad, knew anything about it. He was a modest man, and was inclined to underestimate himself, so that it could never have occurred to him that Fanny Trehearne might have been strongly attracted by him during their acquaintance in town, and might have insisted that he should be asked to come and pass a fortnight. Moreover, Fanny lost no opportunity of impressing upon him that he was a great favorite with the three Miss Miners, and she managed to convey the impression that he had been asked chiefly to please them, though she never said so.

Meanwhile, however, it was evident that the three sisters were absorbed in Mr. Brinsley, and that when the latter was present they took very little notice of Lawrence. He laughed at the thought that the three old maids should all be equally in love with the showy Canadian, and he told himself that the thing was ridiculous; that they were merely enthusiastic women,— "gushing" women, he called them in his thoughts,— who were flattered by the diplo-

matic and unflinching civilities of a man who was evidently in pursuit of Fanny Trehearne.

For by this time he was convinced that Brinsley had made up his mind to marry Fanny if he could; and he hated him all the more for it, even to formulating wicked prayers for the suitor's immediate destruction. The worst of it was that the man might succeed. A girl who will and can ride anything, who beats everybody at tennis, and who is as good as most men in a sail-boat, may naturally be supposed to admire a man who does those things, and many others, in a style bordering upon perfection. This same man, too, though not exactly clever in an intellectual way, possessed at least the gifts of fluency and tact, combined with great coolness under all circumstances, so far as Lawrence had observed him. It was hardly fair to assert that he was dishonest because he flattered the three Miss Miners, and occupied himself largely in trying to anticipate their smallest wishes. He did it so well as to make even Fanny Trehearne believe that he liked them for their own sakes, and that his intentions were disinterested and not directed wholly to herself. Of course she knew that Brinsley wished to marry her; but she was used to that. Two, at least, of several men who had already informed her that their happiness depended upon winning her were even now at Bar Harbor, presumably repeating that or a similar statement to more or less willing ears. As for Lawrence, he could not fairly blame Brinsley for his behavior; he confessed in secret that he flattered the three Miss Miners himself, with small regard for unprejudiced truth. Besides, they were very kind to him. But he found it hard to speak fairly of Brinsley when alone with Fanny Trehearne.

"I don't like the man," he said, on inadequate provocation, for the twentieth time.

"I know you don't," answered Fanny, calmly, "but that's no reason for letting go of the tiller. Mind the boom! she's going about—no—it's of no use to put the helm up now. We've no way on—let her go! No—I don't mean that—oh, do give it to me!"

And thereupon Fanny, who was sitting forward of him, on the weather side, stretched her long arm across him, pushing him back into his corner, and put the helm hard down with her left hand, while she hauled in the sheet as much as she could with her right, bending her head low to avoid the boom as it came swinging over.

Lawrence could not help looking down at her, and he forgot all about the boom, being far too little familiar with boating to avoid it instinctively, when he felt the boat going about. It came slowly, for there was little wind, and the cat-boat, having no way on to speak of, was in no hurry to right herself and go over on the other tack; but just as the shadow of the sail warned him that something was coming, he looked up, and at the same instant received the blow full on his forehead, just above his eyes. He wore a soft, knitted woolen cap, which did not even afford the protection of a visor.

Fanny turned her head at once, for the blow had been audible, and she saw what had happened. Lawrence had raised his hand to his forehead instinctively.

"Are you hurt?" asked Fanny, quickly, keeping her eyes upon him, and still holding the helm hard over so as to give the boat way.

Lawrence did not answer at once. He was half stunned, and still covered his forehead with his hand. The young girl looked at him intently, and there was an expression in her eyes which he, at least, had never seen there—a sudden, scared light which had nothing to do with fear.

"Are you hurt?" she asked again, gently.

His delicate face grew suddenly pale, as the blood, which at first had rushed up under the shock of the blow, subsided as suddenly. Fanny turned her eyes from him, and looked ahead and under the sail to leeward. She let out a little more sheet, so that the boat could run very free; for the craft, like most cat-boats, had a weather helm when the sheet was well aft, and Fanny wanted her hands. Moreover, Lawrence was now on the lee side with her, and the boat would have heeled too far over with the wind abeam. As soon as the sail drew properly, Fanny sat up beside Lawrence, steering across him with the left hand. With her right she could reach the water, and she scooped up what she could in her hollow palm, wetting her sleeve to the shoulder as she did so, for the boat was gaining speed. She dashed the drops in his face.

"Are you hurt?" she asked a third time, drawing away his hand, and laying her own wet one upon his forehead.

"Oh, no," he answered faintly; "I'm not hurt at all."

She could tell by his voice that he was not telling the truth, and a moment later, as he

leaned against the side of the boat, his head fell back, and his lips parted in a dead faint.

There was no scorn in the young girl's face for a man who could faint so easily, as it seemed; but the scared look came into her eyes again, and without hesitation, still steering with her left hand, she passed her right arm around his neck, and supported him. The breeze was almost in her face now, for she was looking astern, and she knew by the way it fanned her, whether she was keeping the boat fairly before it.

Lawrence did not revive immediately, and it was fortunate that there was so little wind, or Fanny might have got into trouble. She looked at him a moment longer, and hesitated, for the position was a difficult one, as will be admitted. But she was equal to it, and knew what to do. Letting his head fall back as it would, she withdrew her arm, let go the helm, and hauled in the sheet as the boat's head came up. As the boom came over toward Lawrence's head, she caught it and lifted it over him, hauled in the slack and made the sheet fast, springing forward instantly to let go the halyards. The gaff came rattling down, and she gathered in the bellying sail hastily, and took a turn round everything with the end of the throat-halyard, which chanced to be long enough—the gaskets were out of her reach in the bottom of the boat.

There was little or no sea on, as the tide was near the turning, and the cat-boat was rocking softly to the little waves when Fanny came aft again. Lawrence's head was hanging back, his lips were parted, and his eyes were half open, showing the whites in a rather ghastly way. With strong arms the young girl half lifted him, and let him gently down upon the cushions in the stern-sheets. Then she leaned over the side, and wetted her handkerchief, and laid it upon his bruised forehead. The cold water and the change of position brought him to himself.

He opened his eyes, and looked up into her face as she bent over him. Then, all at once, he seemed to realize what had happened, and, with an exclamation, he tried to sit up. But she would not let him.

"Lie still a minute longer!" she said authoritatively. "You'll be all right in a little while."

"But it is n't anything, I assure you," he protested, looking about him in a dazed way. "Please let me sit up. I won't make a fool of myself again—it's only my heart, you know. It stops sometimes—it was n't the knock."

"Your heart?" repeated Fanny, with greater anxiety than Lawrence might have expected. "You have n't got heart disease, have you?"

"Oh, no; not so bad as that. It's all right now. It will begin to beat very hard presently—there—I can feel it—and then it will go

on regularly again. It is n't anything. I fancy I smoke too much — or it's coffee — or something. Please don't look as though you thought it were anything serious, Miss Trehearne. I assure you, it's nothing. Lots of people have it."

"It is serious. Anything that has to do with the heart is serious."

Lawrence smiled faintly.

"Is that a joke?" he asked. "If it is, please let me sit up."

"No; that is n't a reason," answered Fanny, laughing a little, though her eyes were still grave. "You must lie still a little longer. You might faint again, you know. It must be dangerous to have one's heart behaving so strangely."

"Oh, I don't believe so."

"You don't believe so? You mean that it's possible, but that you hope it won't stop. Is that it?"

"Oh — well — perhaps. But I don't think there's any real danger. Besides, if it did, it's easy, you know."

"What's easy?"

"It's an easy death — over at once, in a flash. No lingering, and last words, and all that." He laughed.

Fanny Trehearne's sun-burned cheeks grew pale under their tan, and her cool gray eyes turned slowly away from his face, and rested on the blue water.

"Please don't talk about such things!" she said in a tone that seemed hard to Lawrence.

"Are you afraid of death?" he asked, still smiling.

"I?" She turned upon him indignantly. "No; I don't believe that I'm much afraid of anything — for myself."

"You turned pale," observed the young man, raising himself on his elbow as he lay on the cushions, and looking at her. Her color came more quickly than it had gone.

"Did I?" she asked indifferently enough. "It's probably the sun. It's hot, lying here and drifting."

"No; it was n't the sun," said Lawrence, with conviction. "You were thinking that somebody you are fond of might die suddenly. We were talking about death."

"What difference does it make whom I was thinking of?" She spoke impatiently now, still watching the water.

"It makes all the difference there is, that's all," answered Lawrence. "Won't you tell me?"

"No; certainly not! Why should I? Look here — if you are well enough to talk, you're well enough to help me to get the sail up again."

"Of course I am — but —" Lawrence showed no inclination to move.

"But what? You're too lazy, I suppose." Fanny laughed. "Let me see your forehead — take your cap off," she added with a change of tone.

Lawrence thrust the cap back, which did not help matters much, as his hair grew low, and partly hid the bruise. The skin was not broken, but it was almost purple, and a large swelling had already appeared.

"It's too bad!" exclaimed Fanny, looking at it as he bent down his head, and softly touching it with her ungloved hand. "Tell me — do you feel very weak and dizzy still? I was only laughing when I spoke of your helping me with the sail."

"Oh, no," answered Lawrence, cheerfully. "It aches a little, of course, but it will soon go off."

"And your heart?" asked Fanny, anxiously. "Is it all right now? You don't think you'll faint again, do you?"

"Not a bit."

"I'm not sure. You are very pale."

"I'm always pale, you know. It's my nature. It does n't mean anything. Some people are naturally pale."

"But you're not. You're dark, or brown, and not red, but you're not usually pale. I wish I had some whisky, or something, to give you."

She looked round the boat rather helplessly as though expecting to discover a remedy for his weakness.

"Please don't make so much of it," said Lawrence in a tone which showed that he was almost annoyed by her persistence. "I assure you that I won't have such bad taste as to die on your hands before we get to land."

Fanny rose to her feet, and turned away from him with an impatient exclamation.

"Just keep the helm amidships while I get the sail up," she said, without looking at him, and stepping upon the seat which ran along the side, she was on the little deck in a moment, with both halyards in her hands.

Lawrence sprang forward to help her, forgetting what she had just told him to do.

"Do as I told you!" she exclaimed quickly and impatiently. "Do you know what the tiller is? Well, keep it right in the middle till I tell you to do something else."

"Don't be fierce about it," laughed Lawrence, obeying her.

But when she was not looking he pressed one hand to his forehead with all his might, as though to drive out the pain, which increased with every minute.

Meanwhile, Fanny laid her weight to the halyards, and the sail went flapping up, throat and peak. The girl was very strong, and had been taught to handle a cat-boat when she

a mere child, so that there was nothing extraordinary in her accomplishing unaided a little feat which would have puzzled many a smart young gentleman who fancies himself half a sailor.

VI.

It chanced that on that evening Roger Brinsley was to dine with the Miss Miners. He was often asked, and he accepted as often as he could. As a matter of fact, he was not so much sought after elsewhere as he was willing to let the four ladies believe, for there were people in Bar Harbor who shared Lawrence's distrust of him, while admitting that, so far as they could tell, it was quite unfounded. There was nothing against him. The men said that he played a good deal at the club, and remarked that he was a good type of the professional gambler, but no one ever said that he won too much. On the contrary, it was believed that he had lost altogether rather heavily during the six weeks since he had first appeared. He paid cheerfully, however, and was thought to be rich. Nevertheless, the men whose opinion was worth having did not like him. They wondered why the Miss Miners had him so often at the house, and whether there were not some danger that Fanny Trehearne might take a fancy to him.

It was very late when Fanny and Lawrence got home, for the cat-boat had been carried far up Frenchman's Bay during the time after the little accident, and it had been necessary to beat to windward for two hours against the rising tide in order to fetch the channel between Bar Island and Sheep Porcupine. The consequence was that the pair had scarcely time to dress for dinner after they reached the house.

Lawrence felt ill and tired, and was conscious that the swelling on his forehead was not beautiful to see. He was still dazed, and by no means himself, when he looked into the glass and knotted his tie. But though he might well have given an excuse, and stayed in his room instead of going down to dinner, he refused to consider the possibility of such a thing even for a moment. He felt something just then which more than compensated him for his bruises, and his wretched sensation of weakness.

The conversation, after the boat had got under way again, had languished, and had been so constantly interrupted by the often repeated operation of going about that Lawrence had not succeeded in bringing it back to the point at which Fanny had broken it off when she had gone forward to hoist the sail. But he had more than half guessed what might have followed, and the reasonable belief that he might

be right had changed the face of his world. He believed that Fanny had turned pale at the idea that his life was in danger.

One smiles at the simplicity of the thought, in black and white, by itself, just itself, and nothing more. Yet it was a great matter to Louis Lawrence, and as he looked at his bruised face in the glass, he felt that he was too happy to shut himself up in his room for the evening, out of sight of the cool gray eyes he loved.

He had assuredly not meant to frighten Fanny when he had spoken, and he had been very far from inventing an imaginary ailment with which to excite her sympathy. The whole thing had come up unexpectedly as the result of the accident. Hence its value.

As often happens, the two people in the house who had been most hurried in dressing were the first down, and as Lawrence entered the library he heard Fanny's footstep behind him. He bowed as they came forward together to the empty fireplace. She looked at him critically before she spoke.

"You're badly knocked about. How do you feel?" There was a man-like directness in her way of asking questions, which was softened by the beauty of her voice.

"I feel—as I never felt before," answered Lawrence, conscious that his eyes grew dark as they met hers. "You told me something to-day—though you did not say it."

Fanny did not avoid his gaze.

"Did I?" she asked very gravely.

"Yes. Plainly."

"I'm very sorry," she answered, with a little sigh, and turning from him at last.

"Are you taking it back?" Louis's voice trembled as he asked the question.

"Hush!"

Just then the voices of the three Miss Miners were heard in the hall, and at the same instant the distant tinkle of the front-door bell announced the arrival of Roger Brinsley.

The conversation turned upon Lawrence's accident, from the first, as was natural, considering his appearance. He dwelt laughingly on his utter helplessness in a boat, while Fanny was inclined to consider the whole affair as rather serious. For some reason or other Brinsley was displeased at it, and ventured to say a disagreeable thing. He had lost at cards in the afternoon, and was in bad humor. He spoke to Fanny with affected apprehension.

"You really ought to take somebody with you who knows enough to lend a hand at a pinch, Miss Trehearne," he said. "Suppose that you got into a squall, and had to take a reef; you'd be in a bad way, you know."

"If I could n't manage a cat-boat alone, I'd walk," answered Fanny, with contempt.

"Yes; no doubt. But if a squall really came

up, what would you do? Mr. Lawrence confesses that he could n't help you."

"Are you chaffing, Mr. Brinsley?" asked Fanny, severely. "Or do you think I really should n't know what to do?"

"I doubt whether you would."

"Oh—I'd let go the halyards, and lash the helm amidships, and take my reef with the sail down—'hoist 'em up, and off again,' after that, as the fishermen say."

"I think you could stand an examination," said Brinsley.

"I dare say. Could you? If you were going about off a lee shore in a storm, and missed stays, could you clubhaul your ship, Mr. Brinsley?"

The three Miss Miners stared at the two in surprise and wonder, not understanding a word of what they were saying. It was apparent to Lawrence, however, that Fanny was bent on putting Brinsley in the position of confessing his ignorance at last; but where the young girl had learned even the language of seamanship, which she used with such apparent precision, was more than Lawrence could guess. Brinsley did not answer at once, and Fanny pressed him.

"Do you even know what clubhauling means?" she asked mercilessly.

"Well—no—really, I think the term must be obsolete."

"Not at sea," retorted Fanny.

This was crushing, and Brinsley, who was really a very good hand at ordinary sailing, grew angry.

"Of course you've had some experience in cat-boats," Fanny continued. "That is n't serious sailing, you know. It's about equivalent, in horsemanship, to riding a donkey—a degree less dignified than walking, and a little less trouble."

"I won't say anything about myself, Miss Trehearne," said Brinsley, "but you might treat the cat-boat a little less roughly. I did n't know you'd ever sailed anything else."

Here the Miss Miners interposed, one after another, protesting that it was not fair to use up the opportunities of conversation in such nautical jargon.

"I only wished to prove to Mr. Brinsley that I'm to be trusted at sea," Fanny answered.

"My dear child," said Miss Cordelia, "Mr. Brinsley knows that, and he must be a good judge, having been in the navy."

"Oh, I did n't know you'd been in the navy, Mr. Brinsley," said the pitiless young girl, fixing her eyes on his with an expression which he, perhaps, understood, though no one else noticed it. "The English navy, of course?"

"The English navy," repeated Mr. Brinsley, sharply.

"Oh, well, that accounts for your not knowing how to clubhaul a ship. Your own people are always saying that your service is going to the dogs."

Even Lawrence was surprised, and Brinsley looked angrily across the table at his tormentor, but found nothing to say on the spur of the moment.

"However," Fanny continued, with some condescension, "I'm rather glad to know you're a navy man. I'll get you to come out with me some day and verify some of the bearings on our local chart. I believe there are one or two mistakes. We'll take the sextant and my chronometer with us, and the tables, and take the sun—each of us, you know, and work it out separately, and see how near we get. That will be great fun. You must all come and see Mr. Brinsley and me take the sun," she added, looking round at the others. "Let's go to-morrow. We'll take our luncheon with us, and picnic on board. Can you come to-morrow, Mr. Brinsley? We must start at eleven, so as to get far enough out to have a horizon by noon. I hope you're not engaged. Are you?"

"I'm sorry to say I am," answered the unfortunate man. "I'm going to ride with some people just at that hour."

"How unlucky!" exclaimed Fanny, who had expected the refusal. "I'll take Mr. Lawrence, anyhow, and give him a lesson in navigation."

"I've had one to-day," said Lawrence, affecting to laugh, for it was his instinct to try to turn off any conversation from a disagreeable subject.

"You'll be all the better for another to-morrow," answered Fanny.

As she spoke to the artist, her tone changed so perceptibly that even the Miss Miners noticed it. Brinsley took the first opportunity of talking to Miss Cordelia, of whose admiration he was sure, and the rest of the dinner passed off in peace, Brinsley avoiding a renewal of hostilities with something almost like fear, for he felt that the extraordinary young girl who knew so much about navigation was watching for another opportunity of humiliating him, and would not be merciful in using it.

The change in her manner to him had been very sudden, as though she had on that particular day made up her mind about something concerning him. Hitherto she had treated him almost cordially, certainly with every appearance of liking him. He had even of late begun to fancy that her color heightened when he entered the room—a phenomenon which, if real, was attributable rather to another cause,

and connected with Lawrence's presence in the house.

After dinner the whole party went out upon the veranda, a favorite maneuver of Miss Cordelia's, whereby the society of Mr. Brinsley was not wasted upon smoke and men's talk in the dining-room. This evening, however, instead of sitting down at once in her usual place, Cordelia slipped her arm through Fanny's, and led her off to the other side, and down the steps into the garden.

"The moonlight is so lovely," said Miss Cordelia, "and I want to talk to you. Let us walk a little—do you mind?"

The two went along the path in silence, in and out among the trees. The moon was full. From the sea came up the sound of the tide, washing the smooth rocks at high water. The breeze had died away at sunset, and the deep sky was cloudless. Here and there the greater stars twinkled softly, but the little ones were all lost in the moonlight, like diamonds in a pure fountain. Everything was asleep except the watchful, wakeful sea. The two women stood still, and looked across the lawn. At last Miss Miner spoke.

"Why were you so unkind to Mr. Brinsley to-night?" she asked in a low voice.

Fanny glanced at her before she answered. The eldest Miss Miner's face had once been almost beautiful. In the moonlight, the delicate, clearly chiseled features were lovely still, but a little ghostly, and the young girl saw that the fixed smile had disappeared for once, leaving a look of pain in its place.

"I did n't mean to be unkind," Fanny began. "That is," she added quickly, correcting herself, "I'm not quite sure of what I meant. I think I did mean to hurt him. He's so strong, and he's always showing that he despises Mr. Lawrence because he is n't an athlete. As though a man must be a prize-fighter to be nice!"

"Well—but—Mr. Lawrence does n't mind. You see how he takes it all. Why should you fight battles for him?"

"Perhaps I should n't. But—why should you take up the cudgels for Mr. Brinsley? He's quite able to take care of himself, if he will only tell the truth."

"If!" exclaimed Miss Cordelia, in ready resentment. "He's the most truthful man alive."

"Oh! And he told you he had been in the English navy."

"What has that to do with it? Of course he has, if he says so."

"He's unwise to say so, because he has n't," answered Fanny, in her usual direct way.

"How in the world can you say that a man like Mr. Brinsley—an honorable man, I'm

sure—is telling a deliberate falsehood? I'm surprised at you, Fanny—indeed I am! It is not like you."

"Did you ever know me to tell you anything that was n't exactly true?" asked the young girl, looking down into her elderly cousin's sweet, sad face, for she was much the taller.

"No—of course not—but—"

"Well, Cousin Cordelia, I tell you that your Mr. Brinsley has never been in the English navy. I don't say that I think so. I say that I know it. Will you believe me or him?"

"Oh, Fanny!" Miss Cordelia raised her eyes with a frightened glance.

"Not that it matters," added Fanny, looking away across the moonlit lawn again. "Who cares? Only it's one of those lies that go against a man," she continued after a short pause. "A man may pretend that he has shot ten million grizzly bears in his back yard, or hooked a salmon that weighed a hundred-weight—people will laugh, and say that he's a story-teller. It's all right, you know, and nobody minds. But when a man says he's been in the army or the navy, and has n't, people call him a liar, and cut him. I don't know why it's so, I'm sure, but it is—and we all know it."

"Yes," answered Cordelia, almost tremulously; "but you have n't proved that Mr. Brinsley is n't telling the truth—"

"Oh, yes, I have! There never was a deep-sea sailor yet who had never heard of clubhauling a ship to save her. I know about those things. I always make navy officers talk to me about them whenever I get a chance. Besides, I can prove it to you. Ask the first captain of a fishing-schooner you meet down at the landing what it means. But don't tell me I don't know; it's too absurd."

Miss Cordelia looked down. Her hand still rested on Fanny's arm, and it trembled now so that the young girl felt it.

"What does it mean, then?" asked Cordelia, faintly.

"Oh, it's a long operation to tell about. It's when you've got a lee shore in a gale, and you want to go about and can't, because you miss stays every time, and you let go an anchor, and the ship swings to it, and just as she begins to get way on, you slip your chain, and she pays off on the other tack. Of course you lose your anchor."

"Oh—you lose the anchor? To save the ship? I see."

"Exactly."

"You lose the anchor to save the ship," repeated Cordelia, softly, as though she were trying to remember the words for future use. "Shall we go back?" she suggested rather abruptly.

"I wish you'd answer me one question first," said Fanny.

"Yes. What is it?"

"Why are you so awfully anxious to stand up for Mr. Brinsley? You're not in love with him, are you?"

Cordelia started very perceptibly, and turned her face away. Then, all at once, she laughed a little hysterically.

"In love? At my age?"

And she laughed again, and laughed, strange to say, till she cried, clinging all the time to the young girl's strong arm. Fanny did not ask any more questions as they walked slowly back to the house.

VII.

"COME with me into the village, and help me to do errands," said Fanny on the following morning, just as Lawrence was feeling for his pipe in his pocket after breakfast. "You can smoke till we get there. It would n't hurt you to smoke less, anyway."

They went down through the garden, fresh and dewy still from the short, cool night, toward the sea. The path to the village lies along a low sea-wall, just high enough to keep the tide from the lawns. But the tide was beginning to run out at that hour, and was singing and rocking itself away from the shore, leaving the big loose stones and the chocolate-colored rocks all wet and shining in the morning sun. The breeze was springing up in the offing, and would reach the land before long, kissing each island as it passed softly by, and gently breaking with dark blue the smoothly undulating water.

The sun was almost behind the pair as they walked along the sands, and shone full upon the harbor as it came into view, lighting up the deep green of the islands between which passes the channel, and bringing up the warm brown of the soil through thick, weaving spruces. The graceful yachts caught the sunshine, too, their hulls gleaming darkly, or dazzlingly white, their slender masts penciled in light against the trees, and standing out like threaded needles when they showed against the pale, clear sky. In the bright northern air the artist would have complained that there was no atmosphere, no "depth" nor "distance," but only the distinct farness of the objects a long way off—nothing at all like "atmospheric perspective."

"Is n't it a glorious day?" exclaimed Fanny, looking seaward at a white-sailed fishing-schooner, which scarcely moved in the morning air.

"It's a little bit too swept and garnished," answered Lawrence—"that is, for a picture, you know. It's better to feel than to look at, if you understand what I mean. It feels so

northern, that when you look at it, it seems bare and unfinished without a little snow."

"But you like it, don't you?" asked the young girl, in prompt protest.

"Of course I do. What a question! I thought I'd been showing how much I liked it, ever since I got here."

"I'm not sure that you show what you like and don't like," said Fanny, in a tone of reflection. "Perhaps it's better not to."

"You don't, at all events. At least—are n't you rather an inscrutable person? Of course I don't know," he added rather foolishly, pulling his woolen cap over his eyes, and glancing at her sideways.

"Inscrutable! What a big word! 'The inscrutable ways of Providence'—that's what they always say, don't they? Still, if you mean that I don't 'tell,' you're quite right. I don't, when I can keep my countenance. Do you? It's always far better not to tell. Besides, if you commit yourself to an opinion, you're committing yourself to jail."

"What a way of putting it! But it's really true. I should so much like to ask you a question about one of your opinions."

"Why don't you?" asked Fanny, turning her eyes to his.

"Oh—lots of reasons; I'm afraid, in the first place; and then I'm not sure you have one, and then—"

"Say it all—I hate people who hesitate!"

"Well—no. There's a great deal more to say than I want to say. Let's talk about the landscape."

"No. I want to know what the question is which you wished you might ask," she insisted.

"It's about Mr. Brinsley," said Lawrence, plunging.

"Well, what about him?" Fanny's tone changed perceptibly, and her expression grew cold and forbidding.

"Nothing particular,—unless it's impertinent,—so I won't ask it."

"You won't?" asked Fanny, slackening her pace, and looking hard at him. "Not if I ask you to?"

"No," answered Lawrence. "I'd oblige you by asking a different question, but not that one. You would n't know the difference."

"That's ingenuous, at all events." She looked away again and laughed.

"I never fight when I can help it, and you looked dangerous just now. You always are, in one way or another."

"What do you mean?"

"Only when you don't happen to be frightening me out of my wits, you are charming me into a perfect idiot."

"Something between an express train and the Lorelei," laughed Fanny.

But the quick, girlish blood had sprung to her sunny cheeks and lingered a moment, as though it loved the light. They were now in the village—in the broad street where the shops are. At that hour there were many people moving about on foot, and in every sort of vehicle short of broughams and landaus. There was the smart couple in a high buckboard, just out for a morning drive; there was the elderly farmer with his buggy or his hooded cart, his wife seated beside him, with her queer, sad winter-blighted face, and her decent, but dusty black frock; there was the young farmer "sport," driving his favorite trotting horse in a sulky. And of pedestrians there was no end. A smart party, bent on a day's excursion by sea, came down the broad walk, brilliant in perfectly new blue and white serge, with bits of splendid orange and red here and there, fresh faces, light hearts, great appetites, and the most trifling of cares—the care for trifles themselves. Fanny nodded and smiled, and was smiled at, while Lawrence attempted to lift his soft woolen cap from his head with some sort of grace—a thing impossible, as men who wear soft woolen caps well know. But the air seemed lighter and brighter for so much youth laughing in it.

Fanny dived into one shop after another, Lawrence following her rather awkwardly, as a man always does under the circumstances, until he is old enough to find out that there is a time for watching as well as a time for talking, and that more may be learned of a woman's character from the way she treats shopkeepers than is generally supposed. Fanny showed surprising alternations of firmness and condescension, for she had the gift of managing people and of getting what she wanted, which is a rare gift, and one not to be despised. She asked very kindly after the fishmonger's baby, but she did not hesitate to tell the grocer the hardest of truths about the butter.

"I always do my own marketing," she said to Lawrence, in answer to his look of surprise. "It amuses me, and I get much better things. My poor dear cousins don't understand marketing a bit—though they ought to. That's the reason why they never get on, somehow. I believe marketing is the best school in the world for learning what's worth having and what is n't. Don't you?"

"I never had a chance to learn," laughed Lawrence. "I wish you'd teach me how to get on, as you call it."

"Oh, it's very easy. You only need know exactly what you want, and then try to get it as hard as you can. Most people don't know, and don't try."

"For that matter, I know perfectly well what I want."

"Then why don't you try to get it?" asked

Fanny, pausing at the door of another shop as though interested in his answer.

"I'm not sure that it's in the market," answered the young man, his eyes in hers.

"Have you inquired?" Fanny's mouth twitched with the coming smile.

"No—not exactly. I'm trying to find out by inspection."

"If you don't think it's likely to be too dear, you'd better ask—whatever it is."

"Money could n't buy it. Besides, I've got none," added Lawrence.

"You might get it on credit," said Fanny. "But I think it's very doubtful."

Thereupon she entered the shop, and Lawrence followed her, meditating deeply upon his chances, and asking himself whether he should run the great risk at once, or wait and watch Brinsley. To tell the truth, he thought his own chances very small; for he underestimated all his advantages by looking at them in the light of his present poverty, not seeing that in so doing he might be underestimating Fanny Trehearne as well. A somewhat excessive caution, which sometimes goes with timidity, though not at all of the sort which produces cowardice, is often the result of an education which has not brought a man closely into competition with other men. No one in common sense, save the Miss Miners and Lawrence himself, could have imagined that Brinsley had a chance against him. For anything that people knew, Brinsley might turn out to be an adventurer of the worst kind, whereas Lawrence was of good birth, a man of whom many knew who he was, and whence he came, and that he had as good a right to ask for Fanny's hand as any man. He was poor just now, but no one believed that his rich uncle, a childless widower of fifty-five, would marry again, and Lawrence was sure to have money in the end, though he might wait thirty years for it.

As for Brinsley, Fanny Trehearne either could not or would not pretend that she liked him, even in the most moderate degree of distant liking, after she had satisfied herself that he was not a truthful person in those matters in which truth decides the right of a man to be considered honorable. Being, on the whole, more careful than most people about the accuracy of what she said, she was less inclined to make allowances for others than a great many of her contemporaries. Besides, Brinsley had not only told a lie, which was mean in itself, but he had allowed himself to be found out, which Fanny considered contemptible.

Up to this time she had seemed to think him very pleasant company, and not a bad addition to the society of the place.

"He's so good-looking!" she had often said to the approving Miss Miners. "And he

has good manners, and knows how to come into a room, and how to sit down and get up — and do lots of things," she added vaguely.

In this opinion her three old-maid cousins fully concurred, and they were quite ready to say as much in his favor as Fanny could have heard without laughing. They were therefore greatly distressed when she changed her mind.

"He 's handsome," Fanny now admitted, "but he 's a little too showy. I 've seen men like him at races, but they were not the men who were introduced to me. I don't think they knew anybody I knew — that sort of man, don't you know? And his English accent is n't quite English, and I don't like his little flat whiskers, and his hands irritate me. Besides, he said he had been in the navy, and now he admits that he never was. That 's enough."

"My dear Fanny," Cordelia answered, on such occasions, "there was a misunderstanding about that, you know. He was in the navy, since he was an officer of marines, but of course he was n't expected to know —"

"The marines!" exclaimed Fanny, contemptuously. "It 's only a way of getting out of it, I 'm sure."

Thereupon the three Miss Miners told her that she was very unjust and prejudiced, as they retired together to praise Mr. Brinsley, out of hearing of their young cousin's tart comment. Miss Cordelia had made it all right by giving the man an opportunity of justifying himself after he had privately explained to her that the marines were an integral part of the navy, but that they were not called upon to know anything about navigation — a fact which must account for his ignorance.

He had very firm friends, to say the least of it, in the three spinsters, who might have been said to worship the ground on which he walked, and who thought it a sin and a shame that Fanny should treat him as she did. As for young Lawrence, he looked on, with his observant artist's eyes, and never mentioned Brinsley, except to Fanny herself. For he was not at all lacking in tact, however deficient he might be in mainly accomplishments.

"Do you know?" Fanny began, one day when they were walking in the woods, "I don't half mind your being such a bad hand at things. It 's funny. I thought I should at first, but I don't."

"I 'm awfully glad," answered Lawrence, not finding anything else to say to express his gratitude.

"Oh, you may well be," laughed Fanny. "I don't forgive everybody for being a duffer. And that 's what you are, you know. You don't mind my saying so?"

"Oh, no; not at all." The tone in which he spoke did not express much conviction, however.

"I believe you do," said Fanny, thoughtfully.

They were following a narrow path which led upward along the bank of a brook under overarching trees. Here and there the bank had fallen away, and the woodmen had laid down "slabs" of the rippings first taken off by the saw-mill in squaring timber. It was damp underfoot, for it had lately rained, and the wet, chocolate-colored dead leaves of the previous year filled the chinks between the bits of wood, and sometimes lay all over them, a slippery mass. It was still and hot and damp all through the thick growth on the midsummer's afternoon. The whispered mystery of countless living things filled the quiet air with a vibration more felt than heard, which overcame the silence, but did not break the stillness.

The path was very narrow, and Fanny had to walk before her companion. Their voices seemed to echo back to them from very near, as they talked, for among the trees the rich undergrowth grew man-high. On their right, below them, the brook laughed softly to itself, as a faun might laugh, drowsily, half asleep in a hollow of the deep woods.

And then, through the warm-breathing secret places, where all that was living was growing fiercely in the sudden summer, stole the heart-thrilling fragrance of all that lived, than which nothing more surely stirs young blood in the glory of the year.

For some minutes the pair walked on in silence. The young man watched the strong, lithe figure of the girl as she moved swiftly and sure-footed before him. Suddenly she stopped, without turning round, and seemed to be listening. A low ray of sunlight ran quivering through the trees and played with a crisp ringlet of her hair, too full of life and strength to be smoothed to dull order with the rest.

"What is it?" asked Lawrence in a low voice, watching her.

"I thought I heard some one in the woods," she answered quickly, and then listened again.

Not a sound broke the dreamlike stillness.

"I 'm sure I heard something," said Fanny. Then she laughed a little. "Besides," she added, "it 's very likely. It 's awfully hot. Here 's a good place to sit down."

It was not a particularly good place, being damp and sloping, and Lawrence planted his heels firmly among the wet, dead leaves to keep himself from slipping down into the path as he sat beside her.

"There 's always something going on in the woods," she said softly and dreamily. "The trees talk to each other all day long, and the squirrels sit and crack nuts while they listen to the conversation. I like the woods. Somehow

one never feels alone when one gets where things grow — does one?"

"I don't mind being alone when I can't be — I mean —" Lawrence did not finish his sentence, but bent down, and picked up a twig from the ground. "Is n't it funny!" he exclaimed, twisting it in his hands. "All the bark's loose and turns round."

"Of course; it's an old twig, and it's wet. When don't you mind being alone? You were saying something — 'when you could n't be with' — something or somebody."

"Oh — you know. What's the use of my saying it?" Lawrence kept his eyes on the twig.

"I don't know, and if I want you to say anything, that's the use," answered Fanny, whose prose style, so to say, was direct if it was anything.

"Yes — but you see — I did n't mean anything in particular." He broke the twig in two, and tossed it over the path into the brook below.

Fanny changed her position a little, leaning forward, and clasping her gloved hands round her knees.

"You're very nice, you know," she said meditatively. "I like you."

"Because I don't answer your questions?" asked Lawrence, looking at her face, which was half turned from him.

"Yes; that's one of the reasons."

"It's a very funny one. I don't see much reason in it, I confess."

"Don't you? Don't you know that a woman sometimes likes a man for what he does not say?"

"I never thought of it in that way. I dare say you're right. You ought to know much better than I do. Especially if you really like me, as you say you do."

"Oh — I'm honest. I never said I'd been in the navy!" Fanny laughed. "Besides, if I did n't like you, why should I say so? Just to say something civil? The way Mr. Brinsley does?"

"Brinsley's a horror! Don't talk about him — especially here."

"I don't mean to. I hate him. But if we were going to talk about him, this would be a good place — one's sure that he's not just round the corner of the veranda making one of my three cousins miserable."

"How do you mean?"

"Well — they all love him. Can't you see it? I don't mean figuratively. Not a bit. They are in love with him, poor dears!"

"Nonsense! not really?" Lawrence laughed incredulously.

"Yes — really. It's a rather dismal sort of love — they've kept their hearts in pickle for

such an age, you know — old pickles are n't good, either. I've no patience with old maids who fall in love and make fools of themselves."

"Perhaps they can't help it," suggested the young man. "Nobody can help falling in love, you know."

"No," answered Fanny, rather doubtfully.

"Perhaps not. I don't know. It depends."

"People don't generally try to keep themselves from falling in love," remarked Lawrence, with the air of a philosopher. "It's more apt to be the other way. They are generally trying to make some one else fall in love with them. That's the hard thing."

"Is it?" Fanny smiled. "Perhaps it is," she added, after a pause. "I'd like to tell you something —"

She hesitated and stopped. Lawrence looked at her, but did not speak, expecting her to go on. The silence continued for some time. Once or twice Fanny turned, and met his eyes, and her lips moved as though she were just going to say something. She seemed to be in doubt.

"I don't believe in friendship, and I don't believe in promises — and I don't believe much in anything," she said at last, in magnificent generalization; "but I'd like to tell you, all the same. Do you mind?"

"I won't repeat it if you do," said Lawrence, simply.

"No — I don't believe you will. You see I have n't any friends, so I never tell things — at least, not much. I don't believe much in telling, anyway. Do you?"

"Not if you mean to keep a secret."

"Oh — well — this is n't exactly a secret — only I don't want any one to know it. Yes, I know. You laugh because I'm going to tell you. But you're different, somehow —"

"Am I?"

"Oh, yes; you don't count!"

Lawrence's face fell a little at this last remark, and there was silence again for a few moments.

"I'm not sure that I'll tell you, after all," said Fanny, at last.

The quiet lids were half closed over the gray eyes, and she seemed to be thinking out something. Lawrence was unconsciously wondering why he did not think the white lashes ugly, especially when she had just told him that he did not "count."

"Are you sure you won't tell?" asked the young girl, after another long pause.

"If you don't want me to, of course I won't," answered Lawrence, mechanically.

"It's a sort of confession," said Fanny.

"That's the reason why I don't like to tell you. It's cowardly to be afraid of confessing that one's been an idiot, so I am going to do it at once and get it over."

"It's a startling confession," laughed Lawrence, softly. "I don't believe it. Is that all?"
 "If you laugh at me, I won't tell you anything more. Then you'll be sorry."

"Shall I?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'm serious now," said Lawrence.

"Don't you want to smoke?" asked Fanny, suddenly. "I wish you would. I should be less — less nervous, you know."

"What a curious idea! But I'll smoke if you like."

He proceeded to fill and light a big brier-root pipe.

"I like the smell of a pipe," said Fanny, watching the operation. "I'm so tired of the everlasting cigarette."

"I'm ready," Lawrence said, puffing slowly into the still, hot air.

"Are you sure you won't laugh at me? Well, I'll tell you. I liked Mr. Brinsley awfully — at first."

Lawrence looked at her quickly, and took his pipe from his mouth.

"Not really?" he exclaimed, only half-interrogatively, but with a change of color. "But then — well — I don't suppose you mean anything particular by that," he added, to comfort himself. "You don't mean that you —" he stopped.

Fanny nodded slowly, and the blush that rose in her face reddened her sunny complexion.

"Yes; that's what I mean. I cared for him, you know — that sort of thing."

"It has n't taken you long to get over it, at all events," answered Lawrence, gravely, and wondering inwardly why she made the extraordinary confession, seeing that it hurt him and could do her no good.

"No — it has n't taken long, has it? That's what frightens me. If I were n't frightened I should n't talk to you about it."

"I don't understand — why are you frightened? Especially since you've got over it. I don't see —"

"I thought you might," said Fanny, enigmatically.

A long silence followed, this time. Lawrence

crossed his hands on his knees as Fanny was doing, holding his pipe, which was going out. They both sat staring at the opposite bank of the brook.

The vital loveliness of the still woods was all around them, whispering in their young ears, breathing into their young nostrils the breath of nature's life, caressing them with bountiful warmth. They sat side by side, very near, staring at the opposite bank, and for a long time no words passed their lips. At last the young girl spoke in a low and almost monotonous tone.

"He has an influence over people who come near him," she said. "Besides, that kind of man appeals to me. It's natural, is n't it? I'm so fond of all sorts of things out-of-doors that I can't help admiring a man who can do everything so well. And he's a splendid creature. You've never seen him ride. You don't know — it's wonderful! I wish you could see him on that thoroughbred Teddy Van De Water has brought up this summer. Teddy's a good rider, but he can't do anything with the mare. You ought to see Brinsley — Mr. Brinsley — you'd understand better."

"But I understand perfectly, as it is," said Lawrence, rather gloomily.

"Do you? I wonder whether you really do. Do you think there's any — any excuse for me?"

The words were spoken in a faltering shamefaced way very unlike Fanny's usual manner.

"As though you needed any excuse for taking a fancy to any one who pleases you!" answered Lawrence, rather coldly. "Are n't you perfectly free to like anybody who turns up?"

During the pause that followed he slowly relighted his pipe, which had quite gone out by this time.

"I was afraid you would n't understand," said Fanny, in a disappointed tone.

"But I do —"

"No; not what I mean. I hate explaining things, but I shall have to."

Louis Lawrence wondered vaguely what there could be to explain, and, if there were anything, why she should be so anxious to explain to him in particular.

F. Marion Crawford.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

THE DAY'S SHROUD.

FROM sunrise to the set of sun
 The Winds went to and fro,
 Singing the while they deftly spun
 A garment white like snow.

And, lo! at dusk unto the west
 They bore the robe of cloud,
 And for the grave the dead Day dressed
 Within this snowy shroud.

Then, slowly vanishing from sight,
 I heard them softly sing;
 And saw above the grave at night
 The stars all blossoming.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE RIGHT AND EXPEDIENCY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and his country.— *Cowley*.



OWLEY'S definition of liberty is the definition of a thoughtful, wise, and benevolent monarchist. We should hardly be content nowadays with a liberty which in the last resort is dependent upon another's will, or on a decision in which we have no part. American women are part of the American people. But they certainly are not governed "by laws they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government." For myself, I prefer, in discussing this question, rather to speak of self-government than of liberty. Liberty is worse than useless except it be as an opportunity for self-government. The Creator of the universe has placed mankind in this world that it may attain to that height of moral being which comes from resistance to temptation and from self-control or self-government. The sublimest thing in the universe, except its Creator, is a human will governing itself by a law higher than its own desire. The sublimest manifestation of that self-control is the self-government of a free State in which each of its citizens has his or her equal share.

I am not one of those who are impatient with the slow movement of the cause of woman suffrage. Its advocates seek to change a relation which has existed from the foundation of the earth. It is but a century since the experiment of a government in which all grown men could be admitted to an equal share was well under way, and even in that every sixth man was a slave. Many persons now living remember the time when it was not considered safe or decent that a married woman should control her own property, or that any woman should speak in public, or attend a public banquet, or practise medicine, or engage in many other honest and praiseworthy occupations. The changes of the last fifty years have demolished one by one most of the prejudices and most of the arguments which woman suffrage has now to encounter.

So, instead of discouragement, I am filled with astonishment and joy at its great hope. In two States in the West women vote for all officers, and are eligible to all offices. There is no doubt that several others will soon follow their example. In others they vote in muni-

cipal elections. In England the leaders of the Conservative party announce their readiness to give women the franchise for members of Parliament, and in municipalities, on the same terms as men. So the cautious, hesitating States of the East are not unlikely to find themselves beset behind and before.

I lament that Lucy Stone should not have lived to see the full triumph of the cause to which she devoted herself. We hear often of gentlemen of the old school. Lucy Stone was a lady of the old school. Her gracious smile would have been a most precious ornament in any household, however exalted or however humble. Her appearance by the sick-bed would have been a healing power like that of the best physician. Men and women would have intrusted their children to her, and the children would have gone to her without a misgiving. If she had been a queen, her personal qualities would have prolonged the life of a monarchy. She was an embodied argument for woman suffrage. The universal testimony to her loftiness, sweetness, uprightness, and wisdom is but a new challenge to those who are to undertake to tell us, if they can, why Lucy Stone should not have been permitted to vote.

Nor am I one of those who think that the right to vote is denied to women by men because of a tyrant's desire to keep to themselves the rule of the State. There are some exceptions; but I think it is chiefly an honest desire for the good of the State, and an honest desire for the welfare of women, that we have to deal with. We convert men to our cause almost as fast as we convert women. What we have to deal with is a misunderstanding of the true nature of men and women, and a misunderstanding of the true nature of government. It is the same misunderstanding and prejudice that the advocates of freedom have encountered from the beginning of time.

The chief single argument of the opponents of woman suffrage is that women do not want it. They say that whenever a majority of women in any State desire the right to vote, they ought to have it, and will have it. Just consider what this argument implies. The greatest single political question which can arise under a free government certainly is the question whether one half of its people shall be excluded from

a share in the government of the State. No person who sees destruction or peril to the State in admitting women to the suffrage, and certainly no person who sees degradation of women in its exercise, will deny this. Yet our opponents concede that the greatest political question which can come up should properly be left to their decision. It would seem that it would be difficult to make an admission more destructive to their contention than this. But I do not think this glib utterance bears serious examination. What single step toward the emancipation of women has been taken in obedience to their desire? I think it is quite doubtful whether the women of Turkey would be allowed to go abroad with unveiled faces if the question were left now to their decision, and the other sex disapproved. The admission of married women to control their own property, which has come to pass within a generation, is due to the law-making sex, and I think there was quite as much hesitation and opposition to it on the part of women as on the part of men. Miss Alice Stone Blackwell said in my hearing the other day that the various successive changes that have taken place in regard to the person and property and educational and professional liberties of women during the last fifty years were made before a majority of the women asked for them, and even in spite of the disapproval of a majority of women. She added that when a merchant in a town in Maine for the first time employed a woman in his store, the men in the place boycotted the store, and the women upheld the men; that when Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell studied medicine, the women refused to speak to her, and that their contemptuous and irritating attitude was more painful than any masculine objection; that in India the masses of Hindu women are so much opposed to the idea of education that when a progressive Hindu proposed to educate his daughter, the other women of that family threatened to commit suicide.

But nobody that I know of proposes to compel reluctant women to vote. The proposition we have to deal with is to allow such women to vote as may desire to, and upon the same terms and conditions as are prescribed for men. You may have any provision to secure intelligence, to secure education, to secure a property qualification, require residence in a State, or the payment of taxes as a contribution to its maintenance. All these things the governing power in the State must settle. What we say is, as we say about negro suffrage or Indian suffrage, that where these conditions exist the question of sex, as the question of race, is totally immaterial. I agree with Miss Blackwell in thinking that most of the women who now object to the responsibility of government would

have objected to the responsibility of property, and would have thought the change of custom which has thrown open to them so many vocations dangerous to their womanhood.

All the evils of misgovernment affect women, and, in many cases, affect women far more than they affect men, while women are ordinarily free from the temptation which would lead to their continuance. Women are a little more than one half of the population, but they endure far more than one half of the suffering and evil caused by bad legislation or bad administration. The mother commonly knows best if the child is growing up in a bad school, and is most distressed by the knowledge. If the husband comes home besotted from a den of vice, his faculties benumbed to an unconsciousness of his own degradation, the purer and gentler the wife the more intense is her suffering. If the home suffers, she suffers most whose place is always at home. If the husband is out of employ, or his wages are cut down to a point which will barely keep his household from starvation, the worst of it is for her. If she has an interest in these matters, if her wish or her welfare is to be considered, pray, should not her vote be counted?

There cannot be found, either in our constitutions, or in the discussions of this subject by great philosophers, any definition of the right to vote which does not include women.

When it is said in the Declaration of Independence that "we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," no man will claim, I suppose, however restricted or however extended a meaning may be given to the language, that the general proposition is not as applicable and as true in the case of women as in the case of men. The mechanism of our constitutions, State and National, is imperfect, and has needed repair and change from time to time. It has not been in all cases consistent with the general principle upon which its framers propose, in their bills of rights or preambles, to construct it. But there never has been any serious fault found with their statements of fundamental principles. So far, at any rate, nobody has been hardy enough to propose to strike out these statements of fundamental principles from any constitution, State or National. The Constitution of Massachusetts repeats in substance the opening sentences of the Declaration of Independence, which are taken from the Bill of Rights of Virginia. It goes on to declare that the various powers of instituting, constructing, and administering government belong to the people, and that the several magistrates and officers

of government are their substitutes and agents; and that no men, or association of men, have any title to particular and exclusive privileges distinct from those of the community other than what arise from the consideration of services rendered to the people, and that the idea of a man born a magistrate, law-giver, or judge is absurd and unnatural. It further declares that the people alone have an incontestable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to institute government, and to reform, alter, or totally change the same when their protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness require it; that all the inhabitants of the Commonwealth having such qualifications as they shall establish by their frame of government have an equal right to elect officers, and to be elected for public employment; that no tax ought to be laid without the consent of the people or their representatives; that no subject ought to be arrested, imprisoned, or deprived of his property, or of his life or liberty, but by the judgment of his peers.

The Massachusetts Constitution of 1780 seems to me as perfect a system of government for its purposes as was ever devised by man for mankind. I am almost tempted to say there was never a good amendment to it. At any rate, there never was nor will be a good amendment made to it except to carry into practical effect the logic of its fundamental principles. But if there were to be anywhere a conflict between the principle and the mechanism, there, as everywhere, the principle must abide, and the mechanism must be changed. This constitution, like every constitution of that day, was framed by men for men. But the inexorable logic of its principles demands of us a constitution framed, adopted, administered by the whole, men and women alike, for the whole people. If it had been attempted to deny to a woman any right declared in the constitution, except the right to vote and the right to be tried by a jury of her peers, the answer would have been that the constitutional terms, "the people," "every subject," "every citizen," of course and beyond question include women as well as men. What I have said in regard to the constitution of my own State applies equally to the constitution of every free State. It applies equally to all constitutions where the government is partly free, and partly the government of a privileged class. With monarchies, with a rare exception in those to which the Salic law is applicable, a woman may succeed to the highest function in government, even that of the throne itself. So if you look to the statement of fundamental and universal principles contained in any existing constitution, you find that those principles involve an affirmation of equal title to woman to share in the govern-

ment, and her rightful title to that share is established unless you can bring her within the excepted or disqualified class which arises out of personal unfitness for the function, of which the other examples are idiots, lunatics, criminals, children, and foreigners.

Take next the definitions of the right of suffrage given by writers on such questions.

I have never seen anywhere any well considered statement of the conditions upon which the right to vote ought to depend except these:

- (1) A stake in the country;
- (2) Attachment to the country;
- (3) Capacity to judge of the character of candidates;
- (4) Capacity to judge of the public interest;
- (5) Contribution to the cost of the government;
- (6) Capacity to serve it in public offices;
- (7) Capacity to bear arms in its defense;
- (8) An intelligent interest in public affairs;
- (9) Sufficient education.

I am but repeating a familiar argument. I am repeating what I have said many times, and what others have many times said better. Does any land-owner, any director of business enterprises, any man who bears a great family name, or has inherited a great title to public gratitude for the services of a famous ancestor, possess a stake in the country like that a mother has in her children?

Whatever the boy may get of instruction, or stimulus, or example, from his father, he best learns the lesson of patriotism, as he best learns the lesson of religion, at his mother's knee. The love of country is the highest and purest emotion of which human nature is capable. Whatever dreamers or moralists may affirm, whenever the love of humanity at large overcomes this passion in the human bosom, it is diluted, weakened, and spoiled, and the man becomes worthless to his own country and to mankind. There has been but one example to the contrary in all history, and that example is divine, not human. This loftiest and purest of human passions surely is as lofty and pure in the breast of woman as in the breast of man.

Does any man claim that in whatever other respect he may excel woman, that in the capacity of affection she is not his superior? Man values the objects of his affection for the comfort and dignity and benefit that comes to him from them. Woman values herself only for the comfort which she can be to the objects of her affection.

The intuitive and instinctive judgment of personal character especially distinguishes women. One of the acutest, most philosophical,

and most conservative observers of modern times, in a great political speech, declared what everybody agreed to, and which will be always accepted as the literal truth, except when uttered from a woman-suffrage platform. Rufus Choate, in his great speech to the Whigs at Salem, in 1848, says:

I do not suppose I enter on any delicate or debatable region of social philosophy, sure I am that I concede away nothing which I ought to assert for our sex, when I say that the collective womanhood of a people like our own seizes with matchless facility and certainty on the moral and personal peculiarities, and character, of marked and conspicuous men, and that we may very wisely address ourselves to her to learn if a competitor for the highest honors has revealed that truly noble nature that entitles him to a place in the hearts of a Nation. We talk and think of measures; of creeds in politics; of availability; of strength to carry the vote of Pennsylvania, or the vote of Mississippi. Through all this, her eye seeks the moral, prudential, social, and mental character of the man himself—and she finds it!

Whatever contribution to the public maintenance of the State is to be required of men who vote should of course be required of women, whether in the way of paying taxes on property or polls, imposts, excise, or the maintenance of whatever other burden.

I do not think that the capacity to bear arms, which is sometimes suggested as essential to the right to vote, has anything to do with it. It is said that it is not just that any class of persons should have a voice in deciding whether the nation shall go to war that is not itself exposed to the perils of war. But we apply no such principle to the large number of persons who are above the military age, the persons who are physically unfitted to bear arms, or the persons whom we exempt because of their profession, as clergymen, or because of their being assigned to other public duties, as legislators. Certainly the woman who cannot go to war does not so much deserve to be disfranchised as the man who can go and won't go. Besides, in modern times women have to bear a large share both of the risk and the burden of carrying on war. That new occupation,—I am sometimes tempted to say the most valuable and useful of all professions which in our time has been added to the list of highest human employments,—that of the trained nurse, belongs to women. Since Florence Nightingale visited the Crimea, and since Clara Barton's services in the war for the Union, the strength and efficiency of armies has been due almost as much to the corps of nurses as to the commissariat itself. Besides, that man must hold human nature cheap who thinks the suffering of war does

not fall as heavily upon the mother, the wife, the sister, or the daughter of the soldier as upon the soldier himself. The husband will be quite as likely to be willing to go to war in an unjust cause as his wife to send him. The wife and mother, who have always in our own history shown themselves willing to give the life of husband or son for the life of the country, have made the sacrifice with a keener pang and heavier burden of sorrow than fell upon the youth or the man whom they gave.

Whatever educational test, also, we impose upon the voter, should be imposed equally upon both sexes. So, in considering whether women could comply with the conditions upon which the right to vote should depend in a well-ordered State, it is immaterial what opinion we may form as to the fitness of an educational test.

Next, the capacity to serve the State in public offices. I am quite willing to agree that no class of persons who are permitted to vote should be excluded, as a class, from holding office. But it must be remembered that eligibility to office, or exclusion from office by the constitution of the State, is quite a different thing from the right of the individual belonging to that class to be elected. There is a vast number of persons whose occupation in life does not fit them to be judges of our highest courts, or even to be inferior magistrates. They are never, or almost never, appointed to such places. But they are not disqualified by the constitution. I do not think any bartender has ever been appointed to the cabinet; but the law does not exclude the bartenders from appointment to these places. Eligibility to office is one thing. It is treated in our constitutions, with some few exceptions, as a matter of common right. Being elected, or appointed, to office is a question of individual and personal quality, and depends upon the judgment of the appointing power, whether the people or the executive, as to the capacity and character of the person under consideration. But I shall, I think, show in a moment that the public functions for which intelligent women are fitted are quite as numerous and quite as important as those for which men are fitted, and I think this will be admitted, upon consideration, by our opponents.

The discussion upon this point, as of the two other conditions upon which the right to vote ought to depend, namely, the capacity to judge of what is for the public benefit, and an intelligent interest in public affairs, requires us perhaps to look somewhat more deeply into the subject. The reluctance on the part of wise and honest men and women to admit women to the privilege, and to impose upon them the duty, of a share in the government comes from

a conception of the nature of the government, and a conception of the nature of women, not perhaps very clear, and not commonly avowed, even to themselves, by the persons who are controlled by it. But doubtless many intelligent people feel that the nature of woman and the government of States have something in them which are repugnant to each other; that women will debase government and that government will debase women. You hear the phrases, "Shall our mothers and wives and daughters leave their place in the household and plunge into politics?" "Shall they be contaminated by the vile company of the ward room?" "Shall they scuffle and quarrel at polling-places?" "Shall they learn the devices by which elections are manipulated and the will of the majority is defrauded?" "Shall woman turn her thought from plans for making home happy to the abstruser problems of finance or currency, for which she has little aptitude?" "Shall she forsake the cradle or the sick chamber for the jury-room or the House of Representatives?" Such people cannot conceive that a modest and pure woman shall do or help to do these things without changing her nature, or of these things being done under the direction of feminine intellect without being badly done.

Now I am disposed to concede to these reasoners, or to the people who make these suggestions, whether they depend wholly on reason or not, pretty much all that they ask. I am willing to concede that there are large domains of legislation and administration, of intelligent direction of the conduct of the State, for which the great mass of women are, and are likely to be, so little fitted that, even if there are some conspicuous exceptions, it would be better to exclude them as a whole from this domain than to admit them as a whole.

But is not this true of all our most intelligent citizens? How few in proportion to the whole number ever reason intelligently on questions of finance, or currency, or protection, or ever know the facts in regard to questions of foreign policy? Men take their opinions about these things from their political leaders, or follow their political party. One man is interested in finance, one in education, one in protection, one in the Chinese question, one in the question of State rights or honest elections, and each takes his opinion on most subjects upon trust or authority. There is still a large proportion of our voters in large sections of the country who cannot read or write. A much larger number who claim these accomplishments never use the power to read or write as a means of receiving or conveying information. Many workmen, and a good many men of wealth and leisure, read some news-

paper of a Sunday, from which they get very little, in the way either of counsel or of fact, that is trustworthy on many very great political questions; and that is all. They attend a political meeting two or three times a year, and vote with their party. They love their country, and would give their lives, if they were needed, to preserve the Union, or to preserve the honor of the flag. Somehow and someway an intelligent and wise government, which deals pretty well with most public questions, is the result, whatever party is in power. Even those persons whose spirit is a public spirit, and who give much labor and thought to the common weal, deal with some one matter alone, and leave other things to other men.

Now I maintain that the management of schools—whether it depend on legislation or administration; the management of colleges; the organization and management of prisons for women, of hospitals, of poor houses, of asylums for the deaf and dumb and the blind, of places for the care of feeble and idiotic children; the management and improvement of the hospital service in time of war; the collection and management of libraries, museums, galleries of art; the providing for lectures on many literary and scientific subjects in lyceums and other like institutions; the regulation—so far as it can be done by law—of the medical profession, and of the composition and sale of drugs; the management of our factory system, and the employment of children; and a great many other kindred matters which I might mention, taken together, ought to make up, and do make up, a large part of the function of the State. To these we may add what has not been in this country for some generations a part of the duty of the State, but still is a political function of the same kind, the government of parishes and churches. Now for all these things women are as competent and as well qualified as men. I do not see why a woman like Clara Leonard or Clara Barton, who knows all about the management of hospitals and the care of the sick and wounded, is not performing a public function as truly and as well as a West Point graduate like General Hancock, who can lead an army, but who thinks the tariff is a local question. If women keep themselves to these things, and keep off the ground which the opponents of woman's suffrage seem to dread to have them occupy, they still are helping largely in the work of the State. I do not see how it is to degrade them to have their votes counted, or why their votes, when they are counted, are any more likely to work an injury to the State than the vote of a man who knows nothing except the management of a ship or the management of an engine.

If ninety-five per cent. of the school-teach-

ers of Massachusetts are women, why should not their votes be counted in the choice of the governor who appoints the Board of Education? If women have charge of the stitching-rooms in our shoe-factories, why should not their votes be counted when the laws which determine for what hours and for what part of the year children may be employed in those factories, or even when the laws on which some of us think the rate of wages in these factories depend are to be framed?

The vote of the father has not yet quite accomplished the rescue of the children of our manufacturing States from overwork in crowded and heated factories. It might be well to have the voice of the mother also.

About thirty years ago, when I was beginning to think seriously on this question of woman suffrage, Mrs. John Ware of Lancaster, Massachusetts, one of the wisest and most accomplished persons in this country of either sex, addressed to the legislature of Massachusetts a remonstrance, which she headed, against the suffrage of women. A few weeks after, she came into my office to enlist me in a movement for the establishment in Massachusetts of a separate prison for women. She knew all about it; she had studied the subject at home and abroad. She gave an interesting account of the experience of Ireland and Germany and Belgium. She said there were many girls of sixteen or eighteen years of age, who were committed for some first offense, who could be saved and become good mothers and wives if they could be put in the charge of a humane and kind woman, and kept from prison association with vile and abandoned criminals. She said if they were associated with hardened criminals, and brutal turnkeys were put over them, their cruel and vulgar speech and behavior made the poor children sullen and morose, and crushed all hope in their bosoms. The plan was afterward carried out, largely through the influence of Mrs. Ware and Clara Barton. Mrs. Ware wanted to know whom I could think of among the people of influence in Massachusetts to whom she had better address herself to get the public interested in the matter. I said to her, "Why, Mrs. Ware, what do the brutal turnkeys think of this thing? Are they in favor of it?" She said, "Well, I suppose not; but what has their voice to do with it?" I said: "Their opinion, not yours, of course, ought to prevail. This is a matter of government. When you are advocating this thing you are a woman in politics. I think you are quite right, and the doing of these things not only elevates politics, but it is politics in the true sense. The only difference between you and me is that when you have understood the subject, and have made the people of Massachu-

setts understand it, and they come to decide the question, I think you should help decide the question yourself, and not leave it to the brutal turnkeys."

Clara Leonard is another of the women who are the pride and ornament of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. She is a great authority on the management of our hospitals. The governor of Massachusetts, some years ago, thinking to advance his political ambitions and to commend himself to the enemies of his State in the South, made a foul charge against the management of the almshouse at Tewksbury. Clara Leonard wrote a letter,—just a few lines,—saying that she had looked into the complaint, and there was nothing in it. The governor's charge fell, and nobody troubled himself any longer about the matter. Mrs. Leonard, a few years afterward, addressed to the Senate of the United States a remonstrance against granting suffrage to women.

The mistake of these good ladies was not in their desire that woman should not be debased, or her nature changed, and that she should not be called to the coarse and vulgar and vicious employments of base politics, but in not seeing that the thing they themselves were doing all their lives was public and not private, was a part, and a great part, of the management of the State, and that nobody wanted to change them one iota. All we want is that Clara Leonard shall give her vote on the questions she understands and has studied, and that Clara Barton shall give her vote on the questions she understands and has studied. We will run the risk that when they vote on the questions they have not studied, they will, each of them, vote as wisely as the majority of their masculine fellow-citizens vote on the questions they do not understand or have not studied. When Clara Leonard was one of the Massachusetts Board of Lunacy and Charity, when Clara Barton was the superintendent of the prison for women at Sherburne, when Mrs. Hale acted as one of the trustees of the great hospital for the insane at Worcester, these women were holding office, were engaged in politics. Will you, pray, tell us, if they were fitted to do that, why their votes on these matters should not be counted? If Alice Freeman Palmer and Kate Gannett Wells are upon the Board of Education, they are helping govern the State, they are engaged in politics, they are contributing as large, important, direct, and practical a share in government as any of their masculine companions in these offices. I know something of the men who are associated with them, and these women, each of them, would carry to all political questions which their votes would affect quite as wise, safe, and intelligent an understanding for their

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solution as any of their masculine associates in these public functions.

I have never been able to see that women who can give high counsel are not capable of lofty action. Why should not the heroism of the Spartan mother, which inspired the individual son, contribute directly its share to that splendid heroism which we call Sparta? Why, if we agree that woman may teach, inspire, control, conduct, all the most important institutions of the State, if the State is to be kept largely in the pathway of honor and glory by the stimulus which she furnishes, why is it that when the question whether the State shall act wisely, or shall go on in the pathway of honor and glory, shall be taken, her voice shall not have its direct influence, and her vote be counted in determining the result? How often in the crisis of great historic occasions the warning or the encouraging voice of the woman has been heard, sometimes to be obeyed and sometimes to be disregarded! When Pilate ascended the judgment seat, his wife warned him to have "nothing to do with that just man." When Lord Croke gave his judgment for Hampden in the case of the ship-money, it is said he had first written an opinion for the crown, and changed it in obedience to the remonstrance of his wife. Lord Nugent says:

This noble lady cast the shield of her feminine virtue before the honor of her husband, to guard it from the assaults equally of interest and fear; and with that moral bravery which is so often found the purest and brightest in her sex, she exhorted him to do his duty at any risk to himself, to her, or to their children, and she prevailed.

When D'Aguesseau was summoned to Versailles by Louis XIV., who demanded of him an unjust judgment against his conscience, he was about departing from his house trembling and prepared to submit. His wife laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said to him, "When you appear before the king, forget your wife, forget your children, forget everything but your duty and your God." It was this counsel that saved that matchless judicial reputation among the treasures of mankind.

To my mind the one most touching story in human history is that which Burnet tells of the parting of Lady Rachel Russell from her husband when he was about to die.

Lady Russell returned alone in the evening. At eleven o'clock she left him; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. As soon as she was gone he said to me, "Now the bitterness of death is past," for he loved her and esteemed her beyond expression, for she well deserved it in all respects.

He ran out into a long discourse concerning her, — how great a blessing she had been to him, — and said what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life.

These examples have been given to mankind by monarchies. Cannot a republic match them? When it does match them, when the forces of faith and wisdom and patriotism and self-sacrifice are measured against their antagonists to determine whether the conduct of the republic shall be wise and brave and honest, shall not the influence and votes of such women be counted?

The counsel of Lady Croke, or Lady Russell, or Mme. d'Aguesseau, the monarch himself might well heed. Each would have graced the throne. If one of them had been upon the throne, what shame and calamity would have been spared England or France! Would not the same counsel be worth listening to by the people? Should not the woman who was fit to wield alone the scepter of a powerful kingdom be held fit at least to share the self-government of a republic?

There are a great many things women are not expected to do. There are a great many things that no doctor of divinity or college professor, or very old man or very young man, is expected to do. If the process of voting or attending political meetings will degrade women, it will degrade clergymen. If it will soil the purity of delicate and refined ladies, it will soil the purity of delicate and refined gentlemen. Meanness, coarseness, selfishness, violence, and fraud are not of the essence of government. If the fastidious refined scholar or man of wealth will not leave his palace in Fifth Avenue to go to the polling-places in the city of New York, the government of that city will perhaps be abandoned to the base and criminal classes. But give his wife and daughter the right to go, and he will go with them, and he will see to it that the process of voting is conducted under conditions and with surroundings which will make it decent and clean, and fit for the participation of every refined person of either sex.

Shall women leave the cradle, or the parlor, or the kitchen, to plunge into politics? No. Shall our farmers leave the farm, or our scholars the study, or our workmen the factory, or our sailors the ship, to plunge into politics? No.

Women can contribute their share to, and exercise their right in, the government of the State with no more sacrifice of the other duties of life than is made by their husbands or brothers. There are some public duties which require the devotion of a large part of the working-

hours of life, and in some cases the entire life of the citizen to whom they are assigned. As many of these duties can be performed by women as by men, and the public duties which can be performed by women as well as by men are as important to the well-being of the State. There are many duties for which most women are unfitted. There are some few for which all women are unfitted. There are many public duties for which most men are unfitted, and there are some which—as I hope it may come in the course of time to be seen—are unfit for any human being, man or woman, to perform, and which in the better time that we look for will cease to be considered duties at all.

The same arguments with which we have to deal have been used against every extension of suffrage. Good and wise men dreaded to admit the large mass of ignorant and poor, men easily excited by passion, to the great and sacred work of ruling the State. But history and experience have shown us that on the whole that State is best ruled where the largest number of citizens have a share in its government. The evils of universal suffrage, whatever they are, can easily be shown to be less than the evils of oligarchy, or of a government by any privileged classes.

There are plenty of disturbing causes to swerve the governing power in the State from the simple course of wisdom and rectitude. But I believe that the larger the number of persons who share in the government the more likely the simple natural law is to prevail and the disturbing forces to disappear. Personal ambition may control the government given to one man. Give the government to twenty men, and you have twenty interests to control the disturbing cause. Each of the twenty will be likely to have some prejudice and some interests which conflict with those of the others. The larger the number, the less likely the disturbing causes to operate and the more likely to control one another. Add 100 per cent. to the voting population of this country, and you decrease the proportionate power of the disturbing forces operating to overcome the simple law and the interests of the nation which should direct and control its government. You make it harder to buy up votes in numbers enough to corrupt the community. The passion on one side is neutralized by the passion on the other. The rogues have less influence, because rogues do not agree. One has one motive of selfishness, another has a different one. The appeals to class prejudice, attempts to excite contempt and derision or ignorance or jealousy and envy toward wealth and education, abound, unhappily, to-day. But I believe they are less than they were in the time of Washington and Jefferson. The questions asked to-day on our politi-

cal platforms, as to the matter which is up for discussion, are: Is it right? Is it just? Is it humane? Is it for the highest welfare of the State? No speaker touches a public audience better than he who appeals to the best, purest, and highest motives in our nature.

Some of our friends who admit that the argument is on the side of the champions of woman suffrage point to a few indiscreet or ungainly persons who appear on the platform at woman-suffrage meetings, and ask if we are willing to enlist ourselves under such leaders, or work in company with such companions. Doubtless this appeal frightens some sensitive women and some fastidious men. But it is an old story. Many a man remained a Tory in Revolutionary time because he did not like to have his sleeve rubbed against the sleeve of Sam Adams, or to be taunted with the leadership of Tom Paine. Many a good man in the North kept out of the antislavery movement who believed thoroughly in its principles, because he could not bear to clasp hands with Henry Wilson, or to be confounded with the followers of Garrison, or to appear among the grotesque figures that were visible on the Free-Soil platform. But we are getting past this in the movement for woman suffrage. If anybody's taste is shocked by an occasional exhibition of a queer character at a woman-suffrage meeting, or if his ear is pained by the shrill or strident voice of some feminine orator, we will invite him to a comparison—even if it were a question of mere taste—of the conspicuous opponents of woman suffrage with its conspicuous advocates. When they have matched, or over-matched, Lucy Stone or Lucretia Mott in everything that constitutes a sweet and gracious womanhood, we will ask them to find among the opponents of woman suffrage four masculine figures whom they will like to select as leaders or companions rather than Abraham Lincoln, Salmon P. Chase, John G. Whittier, and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I think there will be no end to the good that will come by Woman's Suffrage on the elected, on elections, on government, and on woman herself.—CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

For over forty years I have not hesitated to declare my conviction that justice and fair dealing, and the democratic principles of our government, demand equal rights and privileges of citizenship, irrespective of sex. I have not been able to see any good reason for denying the ballot to woman.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

If the wants, the passions, the vices, are allowed a full vote through the hands of a half-brutal, intemperate population, I think it but fair that the

virtues, the aspirations, should be allowed a full vote, as an offset, through the purest part of the people.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

George F. Hoar.

THE WRONGS AND PERILS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.



HE pending proposal to extend the suffrage to women imposes upon men the duty of deciding whether to retain power where it was lodged by the founders of existing governments, or to make women eligible to vote and hold office upon the same terms as men.

DISFRANCHISED CLASSES.

WITH inconsiderable exceptions, the common sense of the human race, as expressed in civil government, has confined its prerogatives to men. When necessary to preserve an unbroken line in hereditary monarchies, women have been invested with sovereignty. In some communities, where property qualifications exist, they possess a limited right to vote, and to hold minor executive offices.

To portray an idiot, a criminal in prison garb, an Indian in barbaric finery, a lunatic staring in frenzy, and a woman whose features indicate intelligence and refinement, and to entitle the representation, "American Woman and her Political Peers," may beguile the unwary, but others will ask, Does the picture include all disfranchised classes? and, Is their exclusion from the suffrage for similar reasons?

It does not include all. To complete the picture, might be added a portrait of Alexander Hamilton, who, at the appearance of trouble between Great Britain and the Colonies, when he was still a school-boy barely eighteen years of age, wrote a series of papers in defense of the rights of the Colonies which were at first taken for the production of John Jay; and who, when only twenty,—and consequently not allowed to vote,—was aide-de-camp to Washington.

There would also be needed a portrait of one of the distinguished foreigners who, after a study of the Constitution of this country, have adopted it as their own, and yet, after arriving, are disfranchised for a term of years.

Foreigners are disfranchised for a period of time assumed to be long enough for men of average ability to comprehend the institutions and interests, and to identify themselves therewith sufficiently to "have a stake in the country"; criminals are not allowed to vote because, being foes to society and to the government, they have forfeited all claim to personal and

political liberty; insane persons and idiots are debarred, being incompetent to understand; Indians, on account of their tribal claims to an independent sovereignty, and other causes peculiar to themselves; Chinamen, because forbidden naturalization. Young men under twenty-one years of age are not permitted to vote because it is assumed that the average male has not the knowledge and stability of character wisely to exercise the franchise until he has had twenty-one years of life in the land of his birth.

Woman is not refused admission to the suffrage on any of these grounds. The picture is not true to life, and the ideas which it is designed to suggest confuse rather than elucidate the question whether women should be eligible to vote, and hold office, upon the same terms as men.

Whether the suffrage shall be conferred upon any class of men or women cannot be decided exclusively upon the question of natural rights. These do, indeed, require the protection of all in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, so long as the same are exercised in a manner compatible with the rights of others. The arrival of a second man upon a desert island would necessitate a whole series of compromises which, if not accepted, would result in the abject submission of the weaker, his flight, or war to the death.

In this country it is agreed that the majority of voters shall rule. What fundamental principle gives to two millions the absolute right to rule over two millions less one? As at the age of seventeen some are better qualified for the suffrage than many at forty, what absolute natural right decrees that none shall exercise the franchise until twenty-one years old? These, and many other provisions, are compromises to which the people submit for the sake of the results. Should a citizen change his residence from one State to another, he must remain there a specified time before he can vote; nor could he, one day after legally changing his residence, return and cast a ballot where he had lived all his life. If born in Canada, though brought over the line when an infant, he could never become President. Also, every citizen must vote at such times and places as the law prescribes. Nor can one unavoidably detained from his legal residence, even in the service of

the country, as in the army and navy, or in the Federal Congress, demand a subsequent opportunity, or be permitted to deposit a sealed ballot in advance of the time, forward the same, or vote by proxy.

FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY.

An advocate of woman suffrage declares that its opponents "must show that it is incompatible either with the best conception of the State, or with the nature of womanhood." While the burden of proof should rest upon those who would change the universal practice, I hold, and will present the grounds for the belief, that to impose direct responsibility in this particular upon women is incompatible with the nature of womanhood, and with the best conception of the State.

There is a feminine, as well as a masculine, soul; a spiritual sex, as well as a corporeal.

Frederic Harrison, in contrasting men and women, justly says, "Not one man in ten can compare with the average woman in tact, subtlety of observation, in refinement of mental habit, in rapidity, agility, and sympathetic touch; in sudden movement, in perseverance, in passive endurance, in dealing with the minutest surroundings of comfort, grace, and convenience." He predicates of man, as distinguished from woman, "a greater capacity for prolonged attention, intense abstraction, wide range, extraordinary complication, immense endurance, intensity, variety, and majesty of will."

From the same difference arise the virtues and vices, respectively, of the sexes, modified by different degrees of physical strength.

If there be no such feminine nature as distinguished from the masculine; if the abstraction of the mental and spiritual elements peculiar to woman, and their being replaced by those characteristic of man, would make no radical and harmful difference in the constitution of society, there is no reason for exempting women from the responsibilities of government.

On closely considering the State, it appears that the fundamental fact is not most frequently the subject of discussion. The political economist occasionally refers to it, the statesman and legislator deal with a few of its phases, it is seen more frequently in the courts, and asserts itself in various details in a thousand forms, but it is seldom comprehended as a whole. That fact is that the individuals who form the State are constantly changing, are proceeding, in fact, across the earth, finally disappearing, rather than permanently domiciled upon it. Nevertheless, the State endures because there are constantly fresh arrivals through the fami-

lies into which society is divided. The State directly takes no cognizance of these immature beings, who, though human, are without strength or understanding. Their parents are their rulers, responsible for their support, and exercising the prerogatives of government, issuing mandates, requiring submission; permitted to chastise, imprison, and to direct their actions in numberless ways. It depends upon the parents to train them in such a manner as to qualify them for the duties of citizenship, according to the statutes and laws of the land. Only when parents are incapable or unwilling to discharge their responsibilities does the State take cognizance of the situation. In proportion as this State within a State is maintained in its integrity is the nation strong, happy, and prosperous. It is the fountain of private, and the source of public, morality.

Whatever may be said of a few minds of a peculiar structure, lifelong partnerships for better or worse could not be maintained by two natures of the same kind, debating all questions in the same plane, with no natural predominating tendency. The coherence and permanence of the family depend upon the difference in the mental and emotional constitution of men and women. The family is a union of two manifestations of a common human nature, masculine and feminine of soul as well as body; molding, governing, and guiding the children, each after its own manner, and diffusing through society the blended influence of wife, mother, daughter, sister, and husband, father, son, and brother.

The bearing of these principles upon the relations of wives and mothers to the suffrage is that to govern in the State would unfit woman for her position in the family.

It is mere sophism to say that the simple dropping of a piece of paper into a ballot-box could not produce such a result. Unless women are to be treated like children, and furnished with the ballot by men, it is not the mere dropping of a piece of paper, for it implies the whole mode of thinking, feeling, and acting, of which a vote is the concentrated expression. "The vote is the expression of government; voting is governing." To vote intelligently is to think and act in the imperative mood; and to be qualified as voters, girls must be trained to think, feel, and act in the spirit of boys.

To avoid the force of this, it would be necessary to show that women will not be affected in this way, or that, should they be, no harm will result. John Stuart Mill admits that it will produce this effect, and asserts that women are held "in subjection" in the family, and should be emancipated. Wendell Phillips said, "No one can foresee the effect; therefore the only way

is to plunge in." Others affirm that "under all possible circumstances feminine instincts will preserve woman." "Plunging in" without a high probability that the effect will be good is never wise, except when destruction impends over the existing situation.

To assume that either men or women will remain unchanged in their intellectual, moral, and emotional susceptibilities, whatever their situation, is contrary to the facts of evolution, environment, and culture. In countless individual cases, and even in nations, woman has shown a capacity to rise or fall, a susceptibility to moral and intellectual modifications not surpassed, if equaled, by men.

Not only would the governing spirit become a part of her character, greatly obstructing the discharge of the duties of home, but it would make her position there an insupportable restraint. Man is naturally self-reliant; woman may, in an emergency, develop self-reliance and complete independence; but is naturally disposed either to coalesce in the determining tendency of her husband, or to control it by persuasion. Imbued with the governing spirit, she will become as restive in her position as would he if similarly placed. This is avowed by many advocates of woman suffrage, and held up as a result to be desired. The more consistent go fearlessly to the end, and define marriage as a civil contract to be terminated at the will of either party, and society as a collection of independent units instead of an assemblage of families.

That there are exceptions to the ideal family, here assumed as the nucleus of society, is true. Some women rule their husbands; a larger number through the misfortune, weakness, or wickedness of the husband are obliged to support the family, and there are many single women and widows. These exceptions to the general law often have much to bear; but not so much as to justify the overthrow of the whole structure with a view to rebuild upon exceptions. Every female child must be presumed eligible to wifehood and motherhood; therefore the whole sex should be left to the exercise of that kind of influence for which their nature and relation to the family qualify them, and which is required in the interest of society.

An argument drawn from exceptions may be very plausibly affirmed. Suppose a movement to enact a law requiring the training of all children in public institutions. In its support it might be maintained that there are numerous orphans, that many children have lost one parent, and that many parents are cruel, intemperate, incompetent, or unfaithful; that relatively few feel, and conscientiously and intelligently discharge, their responsibilities. These propositions are indisputable: how then shall the

scheme to require all children to be educated by the State be shown to be untenable? Only by affirming that the general law of nature is that parents must be responsible for their offspring. To remove the children of those willing and able to train them, because of these exceptions, would be cruel and unjust; and such a wholesale destruction of home life is not necessary, because the general rule is that parents, with all their imperfections, do train their children in a manner better adapted to promote the public weal than is any institutional training. Individual exceptions must be cared for by private philanthropy, or by special statutes which are compatible with the effectual working of the general law.

The same method of reasoning vindicates the conclusion that the general law necessary for the preservation of the family should not be overthrown in order that unmarried women and widows might be introduced into political life.

Nor would a specific statute admitting single women to the suffrage, and excluding married women therefrom, be expedient or right; for then another evil of stupendous proportions would result, namely: the putting of a premium upon the unmarried or childless condition, since such women would have much more time and strength for the political arena than wives and mothers, and could gain many more personal, pecuniary, and political advantages.

NOTABLE REVERSALS OF OPINION.

It was a deep and serious consideration of these things which led some of the greatest of men to reverse their opinions after having been strongly in favor of woman suffrage, or inclined to espouse it.

Horace Bushnell, when assured that the principles of progress which he had adopted required him to support woman suffrage, reopened the question. After protracted thought he was forced to the conclusion that it would be "a reform against nature."

John Bright, the patriot, the tried and valued friend of every movement for the general benefit of woman, accustomed to equality of women in Friends' meetings, was one of those who on May 20, 1867, voted in favor of Mr. Mill's amendment to strike out of a reform bill the word *man*, and insert the word *person*. Nine years afterward, namely, in March, 1876, he spoke against the enfranchisement of women. When charged with having changed his opinions, he said that he gave Mr. Mill the benefit of the doubt, and sympathized with him in a courageous stand, and in a letter published in "The Woman Question in Europe," by Theodore Stanton, he wrote:

I cannot give you all the reasons for the view I take, but I act from the belief that to introduce women into the strife of political life would be a great evil to them, and that to our own sex no possible good could arise. When women are not safe under the charge or care of fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, it is the fault of our non-civilization, and not of our laws. As civilization founded on Christian principles advances, women will gain all that is right for them to have, though they are not seen contending in the strife of political parties.

To this he adds personal testimony:

In my experience I have observed evil results to many women who have entered hotly into political conflict and discussion. I would save them from it. I am, respectfully yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

Goldwin Smith is also one of those who voted with Mr. Mill. He was led to change his opinion by considerations similar to those adduced by Mr. Bright, and adds that another important reason was that he found "that those women whom he had always regarded as the best representatives of their sex among his acquaintances were by no means in favor of the change."

Herbert Spencer, in "Justice," renounces his former position, and maintains that there are fundamental reasons for keeping the spheres of the sexes distinct. He had formerly argued the matter "from the point of view of a general principle of individual rights," but he finds that this cannot be sustained, as he "discovers mental and emotional differences between the sexes, which disqualify women for the burdens of government and the exercise of its functions."

Mr. Gladstone, who had sometimes spoken as though he thought the change might have more to be said in its favor than against it, was appealed to two years ago in the most desperate crisis of his life by those women in England who demand the suffrage offering their support if he would avow himself in favor of the principle. He sat down to investigate it in the light of the bill then proposed in parliament, "Extending Parliamentary Suffrage to Women," but confined to unmarried women, and after pointing out the impropriety of that proposal says:

I speak of the change as being a fundamental change in the whole social function of woman, because I am bound in considering this bill to take into view not only what it enacts, but what it involves. . . . It proposes to place the individual

woman on the same footing in regard to Parliamentary elections as the individual man. She is to vote, she is to propose or nominate, she is to be designated by the law as competent to use and to direct, with advantage not only to the community but to herself, all those public agencies which belong to our system of parliamentary representation. She—not the individual woman marked by special tastes, possessed of special gifts, but the woman as such—is by these changes to be plenary launched into the whirlpool of public life, such as it is in the nineteenth century, and such as it is to be in the twentieth century. . . . A permanent and vast difference of type has been impressed upon woman and man respectively by the Maker of both. Their differences of social office rest mainly upon causes not flexible and elastic like most mental qualities, but physical and in their nature unchangeable. I, for one, am not prepared to say which of the two classes has the higher, and which the other, province, but I recognize the subtle and profound character of the difference between them. . . . I am not without fear lest, beginning with the state, we should eventually have been found to have intruded into what is yet more fundamental and sacred, the precinct of the family, and should dislocate or injuriously modify the relations of domestic life. . . . As this is not a party question, or a class question, so neither is it a sex question. I have no fear lest the woman should encroach upon the power of the man; the fear I have is lest we should invite her unwittingly to trespass upon the delicacy, the purity, the refinement, the elevation of her own nature, which are the present sources of its power.

I admit that in the universities, in the professions, in the secondary circles of public action, we have already gone so far as to give a shadow of plausibility to the present proposals to go farther; but it is a shadow only, for we have done nothing that plunges the woman as such into the turmoil of masculine life.

Upon Bishop John H. Vincent, the founder of Chautauqua, the consideration of this subject has naturally been forced, and to it he has given years of reflection, closely following the influence of modern general and higher education upon society, and in particular upon the home. In former years he was an advocate of woman suffrage; but though enthusiastically devoted to the spread of knowledge, and having distributed diplomas to thousands of women who have pursued the extended course of reading of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, he has been compelled to reverse his attitude. In response to a request for a concise statement of the grounds which led to the change of his views, I received the letter which appears as a foot-note.¹

find some worthy women defending it, but the majority of our best women, especially our most intelligent, domestic, and godly mothers, neither ask for nor desire it. The instinct of motherhood is against it. The basal conviction of our best manhood is against it. The movement is at root a protest against the representa-

¹When about thirty years of age I accepted for a time the doctrine of woman suffrage, and publicly defended it. Years of wide and careful observation have convinced me that the demand for woman suffrage in America is without foundation in equity, and, if successful, must prove harmful to American society. I

AFFIRMATIVE ARGUMENTS WEIGHED.

THE previous considerations, if well founded, will be sufficient to deter every thoughtful citizen who believes the family to be the foundation and safeguard of all that is valuable in civilization from attempting an experiment so dangerous; yet an examination of the popular phrases relied upon to prepare the way for the plunge seems necessary.

It is alleged that "it is obviously fair and right that those who obey the laws should have a voice in making them; that all who pay the taxes should have a voice in levying them; and that men cannot represent women until women shall have legally consented to it, and this they have never done."

But if it is better to exempt them from the responsibilities of government, that the influence which they are naturally qualified to exert, and which is essential to the well-being of society, may not be diminished, it would not be "fair and right" to give women the same kind of voice in making laws that men have. Woman's influence in forming the characters and principles of the law-makers insures care for her.

"No taxation without representation" as an abstract principle is just, but it does not follow that the representation must be identical. The authors of the Declaration of Independence, the framers of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, did not perceive any incongruity between declaring that "all men are born free and equal," that there should be "no taxation without representation," that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and at the same time relieving women from the responsibility and burdens of government. Taxation is not levied upon the property of men and women respectively upon different principles, but upon property as such by whomsoever held.

The property rights of woman are better protected now than they could be if she were actively engaged in politics. Not long since,

tive relations and functions by virtue of which each sex depends upon and is exalted by the other. This theory and policy, tending to the subversion of the natural and divine order, must make man less a man, and woman less a woman. A distinguished woman advocate of this suffrage movement says, "We need the ballot to protect us against men." When one sex is compelled thus to protect itself against the other the foundations of society are already crumbling. Woman now makes man what he is. She controls him as babe, boy, manly son, brother, lover, husband, father. Her influence is enormous. If she use it wisely, she needs no additional power. If she abuse her opportunity, she deserves no additional responsibility. Her womanly weight, now without measure, will be limited to the value of a single ballot, and her control over from two to five additional votes forfeited.

a lady of rare intelligence, arguing in favor of the suffrage, stated that it was proposed to pave a street in which she lived, contrary to the judgment and wishes of the property-holders, most of whom were widows and single women. She attributed the scheme to "recklessness on the part of men, most of whom paid no taxes. Had she and her friends been able to vote, such a thing would not have been attempted." When asked concerning the outcome, the response was that she and a few other interested women "went to the leaders of both parties, and easily persuaded them to defeat the proposition." She did not appear to perceive that if she had been a voter her influence would have been confined to members of her own party.

Should it be said that this principle, if admitted, would justify slavery, it may be fairly replied that the motive of slavery was self-aggrandizement by individuals, its method the violent restraint of personal liberty. But the motive which relieves woman from government is the belief that the exercise of the suffrage by her will work an injury to herself and to the family, and thereby to the State.

The proposition that men cannot represent women until they have legally consented to it is specious, but not sound. Who has ever been asked whether he consents to the government that exists here? That government was established before the present inhabitants were born. Under it the supreme power inheres in adult male citizens. The consent of the governed is and must be taken for granted, except as changes are made by constitutional methods, until a revolution arises. Then all questions sink out of sight save this, "Shall the government stand?" and that question must be decided by the arbitrament of war.

It is affirmed that "capacity indicates sphere; woman has a capacity to vote intelligently, therefore she should be empowered to do so," and that "the dignity and authority of the ballot would increase her influence as it does that of man." There are various acts for which

The curse of America to-day is in the dominated partizan vote—the vote of ignorance and superstition. Shall we help matters by doubling this dangerous mass? Free from the direct complications and passions of the political arena, the best women may exert a conservative and moral influence over men as voters. Force her down into the same bad atmosphere, and both man and woman must inevitably suffer incalculable loss. We know what woman can be in the "commune," in "riots," and on the "rostrum."

Woman can, through the votes of men, have every right to which she is entitled. All she has man has gladly given her. It is his glory to represent her. To rob him of this right is to weaken both. He and she are just now in danger through his mistaken courtesy.

JOHN H. VINCENT.

TOPEKA, Kansas, April 18, 1894.

woman has the ability that she should not be asked or compelled by the law to perform. If it be said, Why not leave the question to her judgment and instincts? it is because the qualifications of voters must be prescribed by law. If the population of the globe consisted exclusively of men or women, to confer the ballot upon any who had been without it would increase their dignity and authority. But since it is composed of both, and woman's influence is not derived from authority, or her true dignity symbolized by the ballot, the clenched fist, or the drawn sword, it would add nothing to her power.

The claim is made that "woman suffrage has worked beneficially wherever tried." It was tried in New Jersey. On July 2, 1776, the provincial assembly conferred the suffrage upon women; in 1797 seventy-five women voted, and in the Presidential election of 1800 a large number availed themselves of the privilege. At first the law was construed to admit single women only, but afterward it was made to include females eighteen years old, married or single, without distinction of race. In the spring of 1807 a special election was held in Essex County to decide on the location of the courthouse and jail. Newark and vicinity struggled to retain the county buildings, Elizabethtown to remove them. The contest waxed warm, and, according to a paper on "The Origin, Practice, and Prohibition of Female Suffrage in New Jersey," read by the Hon. William A. Whitehead, Corresponding Secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society,

It was soon found, though only women of full age, possessing the required property qualification, were permitted by judges of election to vote, that every married woman in the country was not only of "full age," but also "worth fifty pounds proclamation money clear estate," and as such entitled to vote if they chose. And not only once, but as often as, by change of dress or complicity of the inspectors, they might be able to repeat the process. . . .

In Acquackanonk township, thought to contain about three hundred voters, over eighteen hundred votes were polled, all but seven in the interest of Newark.

One woman voted three times. Her name was Mary Johnson, and she cast her first vote under that name. Afterward, as a somewhat stouter-looking woman, she voted as Mary Still, and later in the day as a corpulent person whose name was Mary Yet. The legislature set aside the election as fraudulent, and the whole State was so disgusted that an act was passed restricting the suffrage to white male citizens twenty-one years of age.

It was tried in Utah. Introduced by the Mormons, who designed by it to maintain their

ascendancy over the Gentiles, the women supported not only polygamy wherever they had an opportunity, but anything else suggested by the Mormon hierarchy. On March 22, 1882, the Federal Congress passed an act deciding that no polygamist, or any woman cohabiting with such, could take part in any election. This left the wives of monogamists, and unmarried women, in possession of their vote; but the Edmunds-Tucker bill, designed to destroy polygamy, by a Federal law, February 9, 1887, withdrew the suffrage from all women in Utah.

"It has been tried in the great State of Wyoming, where it has worked so beneficially that the legislature has unanimously adopted a resolution of commendation."

The entire population of the State of Wyoming, according to the census of 1890, is only 60,705, of which 39,343 are males and 21,362 females. The largest city is Cheyenne, with a population of 11,690, and the next, Laramie, which has 6388. Besides these there was only one town with a population of more than 3000, and only one with more than two and less than three, and only four with more than 1000 and less than two. Of the population of the State, 16,291 are between five and twenty years of age, and there are only 27,044 males of voting age in the State; and this sparse population is scattered over an area twice that of the State of New York. According to Judge Cary of Wyoming the women consist of less than twenty per cent. of the voting population. "Usually about half of them go to the polls."

The complacency with which the legislature unanimously praises itself and its constituents has often been paralleled, but in the absence of details can hardly be regarded as the best testimony of which the case admits. None of the questions comprehended in the government of dense populations and vast cities is brought to the test. Citizens so generally isolated are practically a law to themselves. Pauperism would not be likely to exist under such conditions; vice in many sections could be practised without attracting attention; crowds at elections, in the absence of people enough to make a crowd, would be difficult to assemble. Unless the State has been grossly slandered, various troubles have occurred within a few years approximating the gravity of civil war. There is no unusual restraint upon the sale of liquor, and little attention is paid to enforcing such laws as women might be supposed to be specially interested to maintain. Without intending to reflect in a wholesale way upon the officers elected in that State, such inquiries as I have made, with some observation, show that, as a whole, they do not merit any unusual eulogium. But the population is too small, and

the conditions are too peculiar, to make the experiment of any value; nor is the legislative testimony of importance when it is considered that any class, male or female, the commendation of whose influence might be under consideration, contains a sufficient number who would execute vengeance at the polls upon those who would venture to take a negative position.

"Women are better than men, and therefore would make better laws, and would reform politics."

To show that women are better than men it is customary to present statistics of the number of the sexes respectively in prisons and in churches. Undoubtedly more than two thirds of the imprisoned criminals of the country are men, and probably more than two thirds of the communicants of the churches are women. But that this indicates that women are naturally better than men it is easier to assert than to prove. The majority of women are shielded and protected, while most men lead adventurous lives, away from home. Men have excessive physical energy, which frequently involves them in fierce conflicts. When they commit crimes they are more likely, under the present régime, to be convicted; for juries dislike to convict women, especially of crimes punished by long terms of imprisonment or death. Men's crimes are generally of violence, the result of excess, or distortion of those natural characteristics which in normal degree and legitimate use give them the power of defense and aggression. Women's abstention from crimes of violence is due to those characteristics which fit them for the persuasive influence which in their normal condition they exert.¹

The same differences affect their attendance at church. The majority of church-going women spend their lives during the week at home, so that to attend religious meetings is a pleasant variety. Most men spend their lives away from home in laborious exercises, for which they find little relief in attending church, except when sustained by high religious motives. That under ordinary circumstances the instincts of women would be in favor of good laws, there is no doubt; but how far their temperaments would affect the character of special enactments, and how far their personal prejudices and prepossessions would affect their political action, are practical questions of moment.

"Women will always vote against war, and thus put an end to it in the world. They will not send their husbands, brothers, fathers, and friends to the slaughter."

Does history support this statement? Where-

ever there has been a war, women have been as much interested as men. They have even encouraged their husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers to enlist, and would have despised them if they had not. In the last war in this country, the women on both sides were more intense and irreconcilable than the men.

It is alleged that "the demand for the suffrage is the inevitable consequence of the higher education."

This follows only when the normal dissimilarity in the constitution of the sexes—"a difference but not a scale of inferiority or superiority"—is ignored or underestimated. The proper characterization of such culture is the lower education.

IV.

INSURMOUNTABLE OBJECTIONS.

THE practical objections to woman suffrage can be most clearly stated in detail.

Universal suffrage exists in the United States, with the exception of the classes hereinbefore specified. It is an unreasonable expectation that this policy will be changed. If women are to be admitted to the suffrage, all of sound mind, of legal age, not disfranchised by the effect of crime or other special causes applying equally to men, will be entitled to vote. This will add the more than three millions of negro women, all naturalized women of foreign birth, all domestic servants—in a word, all women without respect to intelligence, character, or race, except the Chinese and Indians. In the whole country it will nearly double the vote, and in several States much more than double it. Similar considerations apply to jury duty, which is a concomitant of the ballot.

That the nation has gone so far in a dangerous path does not make it necessary to proceed farther.

The physiological and pathological reasons for the abstention of women from political work and excitement are not diminished but increased by the complexity of modern civilization. Exceptional cases of voluntary endurance of physical and mental strain, exhibited by the triumph of certain women in the contests of scholastic life, or in bearing unusual burdens in business, should not divert attention from the usual facts of personal or domestic life, or from the fact that a large proportion of the best women in youth, middle life, and age will be unable to respond to demands upon them at set times, in storm or calm, for the different forms of service involved in voting and holding of-

¹ With these general views of men and women in respect to crime, etc., Frances E. Willard seems to agree; for in an article entitled "The Woman's Cause is Man's Cause," in the "Arena" for May, 1892, she

says: "We do not claim that this is because woman is inherently better than man (although his voice has ten thousand times declared it); we are inclined to think it is her more favorable environment."

fice, or in securing the qualifications for the one or the other.

Here and there a physician may evoke smiles and compliments from advocates of the suffrage for women by declaring that he knows of no anatomical or physiological impediment to the assumption by women of the duties of political life. But the medical faculty as a whole have no sympathy with his sycophancy, and the common sense of the race, and the observation and experience of most women, concur with them rather than with those who would render legal and necessary the participation of the whole sex in the agitations and exposures of campaigns and elections.

Woman suffrage cannot achieve what its advocates expect. They think that it will reform public morals, close the saloons and other places of evil resort, and realize absolute prudence, honesty, and economy in management.

Laws that do not carry the votes of a majority of the men of a community cannot be executed. Law-abiding citizens require no force to induce obedience; but those disposed to break the law can be compelled to keep it only by force. There is a natural instinct in man which leads him to submit to persuasion by women, and to resist force applied by them. It cannot be eradicated by philosophy, refinement, or religion, and in every generation reappears with undiminished vigor. If women were admitted to political life, the tendency would be for both parties to pass all kinds of laws to please women, which would be dead letters unless they carried the judgment of a majority of the male citizens. In the absence of this, to enforce them would involve a change in the character of the government in the direction of despotism.

Religious feuds would affect political life much more than under present circumstances. It is of immense importance to the welfare of this country that the separation of Church and State be complete. The feelings of women upon the subject of religion are so intense that the franchise, in a large majority of instances, would be exercised under the power of religious prejudice. John Bright, in one of his most important speeches on this subject, exclaimed, "Of one thing there is no doubt: the influence of priest, parson, and minister will be greatly increased if this measure is passed."

Chivalry, with its refining influence over men, must pass away when women become politicians. It is not a favorable portent that of late it has become customary for the advocates of woman suffrage to disparage that chivalrous feeling which causes normal men, wherever modern civilization exists, to treat women with deference, and to be ready to extend them needful aid. At present one of the chief refining ele-

ments of society is the respect felt for women as such by men. Even those who voluntarily form evil associations still esteem the ideal woman. The passing or decline of this sentiment is equally unfavorable to both; for it will accustom men to resist the influence of women.

That it will be undiminished when the fierce conflicts of party politics are involved is an unwarranted hope. All special courtesy to women grows out of the recognition of a kind of influence peculiar to them, and a dependence on their part which must be swept away when they contend on the same plane with men in the political arena. There are many indications that it lessens in proportion as women come forward to compete with men in public life and in business. In the latter case it is an incidental result of a necessity; but it will be the natural consequence of a condition when women appear in politics.

In England, when women first appeared upon the hustings, they were received with the old chivalry, but in recent elections, the contest being fierce, all respect has disappeared. Noted women were treated most disrespectfully in the very heart of London, and people of all parties agree that England has never seen so much participation of women, or such rude treatment of them, as in the last election. In Wales Mrs. Cornwallis West tried to quell a disturbance among the electors who refused to hear Colonel West speak. She obtained a momentary hearing, but the disorder revived, and she exclaimed with much heat, "I am an Irish woman, but it was not until I came to Wales that I found men capable of refusing to hear a woman who was pleading a cause." She was silenced by yells and hisses, and was finally compelled to retire from the platform.

The introduction of women into political life will increase its bitterness. That politics create violent feuds is too evident to be questioned. At present they are modified by the undisturbed relations between the wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters of the combatants. When the struggle has been decided at the polls, these social relations serve to bring about a calm, and the resumption of personal harmony. This was admirably stated by Horace Bushnell:

Hitherto it has been an advantage to be going into our suffrages with a full half, and that (when left to its normal environment and habits) the better half morally, as a corps of reserve left behind, so that we may fall back on this quiet element, or base, several times a day, and always at night, to recompense our courage, and settle again our mental and moral equilibrium. Now it is proposed that we have no reserve any longer, that we go into our conflicts taking our women with us, all to be kept heating in the same fire for weeks or months together, without interspersings of rest,

or quieting times of composure. We are to be as much more excited of course, as we can be, and the women are of course to be as much more excited than we as they are more excitable. Let no man imagine that our women are going into these encounters to be just as quiet or as little nerved as now, when they sit in the rear, unexcited, letting us come back to them often to recover our reason. They are to be no more mitigators now, but instigators rather, sweltering in the same fierce heats and commotions, only more fiercely stirred than we.

It is the very distinctive qualities culminating in an exquisite sensibility, the source of woman's charm in private and family and social life, which, exposed to the attrition and agitations of party conflicts, will most fan the flame.

In this country these liabilities have been illustrated where women have come into anything analogous to political life. The feud that existed for years between two wings of the Woman Suffrage Association in the United States is ancient but still instructive history.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, organized for the promotion of an end in which all were agreed, managed by leaders to whom all are accustomed to defer, would not be expected to have any serious difficulty. But when a feud arose which ostensibly began because of a divergence of opinion with respect to the relation which the Union should sustain to political parties, it speedily became intense, and a distinguished woman, the leader of the minority, more than intimates concerning the national president, that,

in all her great work she has been but seeking a background for her personal exploits, and a theater for the exercise of her wonderful powers and accomplishments.

To this, by order of the executive committee, a reply was prepared by a sub-committee of four women of national recognition, which, after making various charges, culminates in a passage unsurpassed in sting of innuendo:

Whatever values — has won as chairman of the Women's Republican National League, as one of the famous "spell-binders," and wife of a Republican official, she has lost the faith of her old comrades in her sincerity, the chaplet of their admiring love, and the crown of leadership in the grandest body of women known in the world.

The closest approximation to political life on a national scale ever made in this country was the National Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair. These were women of high character and social influence, most of them accustomed to various forms of public life, selected because of their standing in the States whence they came. A large proportion of them at all times spoke and acted in such a manner

as to command universal respect, and their work as a whole secured the approbation of the country.

But the Board had honors to confer, awards to make, and patronage to distribute. Discord arose between the secretary and the president, the former being a lawyer and a noted advocate of woman suffrage. This controversy lasted for months, threatening to embroil the country. Jealousy of the president's failure to introduce some of her colleagues to the Duchess de Veragua caused a stormy scene. Later, another charged a woman in higher office with instructing the presidents of the various meetings to exclude her from participation in the speaking. Owing to various bitter quarrels among the members, and factional opposition, the president intimated her intention to resign. It must be remembered that the president was a woman of tact and rare ability as a presiding officer. On one day, after a long altercation, accompanied by many personal contradictions, the Board stopped business, and the members left the hall in confusion without adjourning. A sectional war broke out, when a lady exclaimed with reference to the nomination of jurors: "New York has eight representatives and North Dakota none. I want to know the reason why. There is something crooked going on here, and I am going to find it out."

Subsequently several women commissioners appealed to the National Commission against alleged injustice. And later, in open debate, one delegate charged another with being "an arrogant, malicious, injurious, and vindictive woman," which caused intense general excitement accompanied by ejaculations and tears. For several days the disturbance was renewed; but peace was finally made, and the account of the controversy was expunged from the records. Such was the effect of these scenes that some of the members of the Board reversed their opinion on the desirableness of woman's entering political life.

Further illustrations appeared during the recent canvass in the State of New York for petitions to strike out the word male from the Constitution, when a counter-movement was begun by women. The protestants were characterized by educated ladies in public assemblies as "traitors to their sex," "copperheads," "betrayers of the cause of woman," and such was the intensity of the feeling that these terms and phrases evoked general applause. The women who presumed to resist the innovation were characterized by one of their sisters, in a contribution to an important periodical, as "parasites who have mentally retrograded."

It will place a new and terrible strain upon the family relation. The ratio of marriages relatively to the number of the population is

diminishing; the number of divorces has been increasing alarmingly for the past thirty years. They are most numerous in sections of the country where there has been a persistent and almost fierce demand for the ballot.

The introduction of political disputes and party work into family life will develop and increase incompatibility, a prolific cause of separations, infidelity to the marriage contract, and divorce. To this it has been responded: "There has always been more contention over religion than over politics, yet often the wife is a member of one church, and the husband of another or of none; and yet the family is not disrupted, and it is evident from the seeming concord of the household that the two have agreed to disagree." That the family can bear existing strains does not prove that it could endure all that it has and a greater than any of them. Even the worst of men generally wish their wives, unless they become fanatics, to be religious, or do not seriously object to it. But there is a radical difference between political excitement and any other. A political difference means that the most intense feelings shall be excited and kept at fever heat for several weeks or months, liable to culminate in a direct act of opposition, the wife going to the polls against her husband, and he against her, exchanging glances of sympathy with life-long political opponents, perhaps coöperating in active opposition. The wife may be working and voting against her husband's most intimate business or personal friends, and endeavoring to secure the passage of laws especially obnoxious to him. In cases of disagreement, where there are children, each parent would endeavor to surpass the other in capturing recruits at the family altar, the table, and the fireside. At the end of the conflict the defeated would be left without the sympathy of the other; and not only without the sympathy, but in many cases with the taunt and sneer.

These possibilities should not be considered merely or chiefly with respect to established families, united "by the reciprocal ties of friendly intercourse," through many years down to the time of the introduction of woman suffrage. The strain will be most felt whenever and wherever the tie is weakest, whether the cause be the inexperience and impulsiveness of early married life, or the accumulated incompatibilities which test the self-control of many. To resort to the assumption that "women will generally vote as their husbands do" is to renounce most of the considerations advanced in favor of the movement.

To invest her with the responsibility of voting will diminish the real power of woman in speech. At present she may say what she will; men hear, and, without subjecting her words

to too close a scrutiny, are influenced by her spirit. Require her to vote, identify her with a party, and in some instances she will grow timid; where she refuses to restrain herself, she will become an impediment to party success, and will be ignored. When women oppose women, their party conflicts will deprive them of that power by which they now leaven public sentiment.

In an argument in favor of giving the suffrage to woman, a senator of Massachusetts brought forward as an example of intellectual and moral fitness for the franchise Mrs. Clara Leonard, whom he justly characterized as the highest living authority on private and public charities. Mrs. Leonard has recently thus expressed her estimate of the value of the ballot to woman:

It is the opinion of many of us that woman's power is greater without the ballot, or possibility of office-holding for gain, when, standing outside of politics, she discusses great questions on their merits. Much has been achieved by women for the anti-slavery cause, temperance, the improvement of public and private charities, the reformation of criminals, and by intelligent discussion and influence upon men. Our legislators have been ready to listen to women and carry out their plans when well formed.

It may reasonably be expected to deteriorate the moral tone of most of the women who become political leaders, and affect unfavorably all who take an active part in politics; and it will introduce dangerous forms of corruption. The principal causes of political immorality are the desire for power, for "spoils" in money and office, bribery, craft, party and personal prejudice. Is it reasonable to believe that women who become political leaders, and intensely excited in political campaigns, will escape the influence of these demoralizing elements? Certainly it will not be maintained that women are destitute of ambition, that they are above the influence of prejudice or prepossession, that personal favoritism can never warp their judgment, that money, or what it procures, has no charm for them. While some—in the aggregate, many—would resist every temptation, preserve their womanliness, and illustrate in high places all the virtues, is certain. But to subject the entire sex to such influences would inevitably lower its moral tone.

When women vote generally,—and if they are not to vote generally the agitation is useless,—all classes will need to be instructed and led to the polls. There must be women leaders for different classes, as there are among men. Women who aspire to be leaders, or are made such by their constituents, will be compelled to associate for political purposes with other wo-

men similarly related to the party. At present the morals of society are largely preserved by the fact that a woman of doubtful character is not admitted to the society of women of unspotted reputation. It is easy to maintain such an attitude now; it would be impossible in a general participation of women in politics. Also that leading political women will be brought into confidential relations with men occupying similar relations in the same party is a consequence of the proposed revolution which would not long be delayed. Its effect upon domestic peace, and public and private morality, could not be salutary.

A RATIONAL FORECAST.

SHOULD the suffrage be extended to women the grant can never be recalled. Experiments in legislating upon economic questions, even if unwise, need not be permanently harmful, for they may be repealed; but in dealing with the suffrage, or with moral questions, new laws, if bad, are exceedingly dangerous. They will develop a class lowered in tone, or deriving personal, pecuniary, or political advantages from the new environment, who will vehemently declare that the effect of the innovation is beneficial, and resist all efforts to return to the former state.

Should the duty of governing in the State be imposed upon women, all the members of society will suffer; children, by diminished care from their mothers; husbands, from the in-

crease of the contentions, and the decline of the attractions of home; young men and maidens, from the diminution or destruction of the idealism which invests the family with such charms as to make the hope of a home of one's own, where in the contrasts of the sexes life may be ever a delight, an impulse to economy and virtue—but the greatest sufferer will be woman. Often those who recollect her genuine freedom of speech, "the might of her gentleness," the almost resistless potency of her look and touch and voice, will long for the former proud dependence of woman on manliness, reciprocated by man's reverence for womanliness; while "the new generation, to whom such sweet recollections will be unknown, will blindly rave against their fate or despondently sink under it, as women have never done (from similar causes) under the old régime." Meanwhile the office-holding, intriguing, campaigning, lobbying, mannish woman will celebrate the day of emancipation,—which, alas, will be the day of degradation,—when, grasping at sovereignty, she lost her empire.

The true woman needs no governing authority conferred upon her by law. In the present situation the highest evidence of respect that man can exhibit toward woman, and the noblest service he can perform for her, are to vote *NAY* to the proposition that would take from her the diadem of pearls, the talisman of faith, hope, and love, by which all other requests are won from men, and substitute for it the iron crown of authority.

J. M. Buckley.

[In accordance with the conditions of this debate, the foregoing articles were written independently, and have not been changed since they were sent to the authors in order to enable them to prepare the postscripts which follow—which are also written independently of each other.—EDITOR C. M.]

POSTSCRIPT BY SENATOR HOAR.

I HAVE read Dr. Buckley's paper entitled "The Wrongs and Perils of Woman Suffrage." It does not seem to me to make it necessary that I should restate my own argument. The reading of the paper has given me great pleasure. It is, in my judgment, the strongest argument ever made on that side. All patriotic persons, whatever their present opinion, must desire that this great step should not be taken without seriously weighing everything that can be said against it. Dr. Buckley has discussed powerfully and clearly what seem to me the true points of the controversy:

"Will it be a bad thing for woman that woman should help govern the State?"

"Will it be a bad thing for the State that woman should help govern it?"

I do not suppose Dr. Buckley himself ascribes much importance to the portion of his paper headed "Disfranchised Classes." He says that the common sense of the human race, with inconsiderable exceptions, has confined the prerogatives of civil government to man. But in general the common sense of the human race has confined the prerogatives of government to a very few men—to monarchs, noblemen, aristocracies, oligarchies. We are at present addressing an audience who are agreed that what is largely the common sense of the human race is entirely mistaken in its opinion, as expressed in existing civil governments, or the civil governments of the past. So we surely need not occupy time or space in debating whether we should exclude women from a share in the gov-

ernment of the republic in which manhood suffrage is the law, because the common sense of the human race has agreed that nearly all mankind, whether masculine or feminine, should be excluded from a share in the government. Our question is, whether women should help in self-government, not whether, if it be true that most of mankind are born to obey, and a few are born to rule, it is better that the ruler should be of one sex or the other.

Dr. Buckley denies that voting is a birth-right. This denial he extends to all persons; not merely to idiots, lunatics, persons under the age of discretion, and foreigners not attached to the government, or not familiar with its principles. His readers will easily see that this claim is essential to his argument. So, we are fairly entitled to insist that all persons who think a share in the government to be a birth-right shall, if no reasons but Dr. Buckley's stand in the way, come to our conclusion. It can hardly be worth while to take much space in making an argument to persons who accept the American Constitution, State and National, as founded on sound principle, or in debating over again what our grandfathers settled.

I do not, also, care to take much more time than I have already taken in dealing with the authority of Mrs. Leonard and other ladies who, while active in affairs of government, disapprove conferring the ballot on women. I have endeavored to show already that Mrs. Leonard's practice is against her theory, and that she is mistaken only as she misunderstands what is proposed. Dr. Buckley quotes a sentence from her to the effect that woman's power is greater when, standing outside of politics, she discusses great questions on their merits. I do not think she is standing outside of politics when she discusses great political questions on their merits. I do not think she is standing outside of politics when she manages a government hospital or a normal school. I do not see how, when it is proposed to the people that some important change shall be made in these political instrumentalities, that after saying "yes" in a report, or a magazine, or a letter in a newspaper, and giving her powerful and cogent reasons, she or anybody is to be harmed if, when the vote is counted, her vote shall not be excluded. Mrs. Leonard votes when she is a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Lunacy and Charity. Mrs. Hale votes when she is a member of the Board of Trustees of the great hospital for the insane at Worcester. Other ladies vote in the Board of Education. They exercise their power by direct vote when they manage these great political instrumentalities. Will it harm either of these ladies any more to do the same thing in the town or ward where they live under the quiet security of the Australian ballot?

So we come to what I am glad to see Dr. Buckley considers the chief question, which he has dealt with so admirably and powerfully.

"Do we propose anything likely to injure womanhood, or anything likely to injure the Republic?"

I am afraid I shall do Dr. Buckley's argument injustice if I attempt to sum it up in a few lines. But of course that is all I can do here.

The argument is, if I understand it, that if women take a share in governing the State they are so far to control other wills by an authority which is submitted to because the persons submitting are subjected, governed, constrained, and obey because they are subjugated and not because they are persuaded. Women now, Dr. Buckley says in substance, exercise their control in the family as wives, mothers, or daughters, by reason of an influence which the person who submits to it is perfectly free to disregard. But the ruler of a State governs by reason of a power which the person controlled by it is not at liberty to disregard or disobey. Now he says that for women to substitute the habit of government by authority for the habit of influence by persuasion will destroy the sweet nature of womanhood itself. Dr. Buckley says a great deal more than this, which I have not time to deal with. But I select only the point which has made the most impression upon me.

It seems to me we shall find the answer to this proposition by inquiring whether the function of voting bears such a proportion to the other influences that form and affect the character, that it will tinge and color the whole character and life, or whether it will take its own color and tinge from the general character of the person who exercises it. If Lucy Stone had voted, would her character have become arrogant, quarrelsome, dishonest, ambitious, intriguing, because there is danger that political activity will create a temptation to indulge in these vices, or would the function of voting, as discharged by Lucy Stone, have been characterized by sincerity, patriotism, calmness, wisdom, sweetness, and unselfishness? Now I affirm that in mankind, in general, the function of voting takes its hue and tincture from the general character of the person who exercises it, and that the general character of the person who exercises it is not changed by the temptations which attend the struggle for political power. Voting and politics, to most men, are but a small and insignificant portion of life. They do not change opinions, or control the character of the citizen; but they take their character from the character that he brings to them. The German who has lived under the iron rule of the Cæ-

sars, the Irishman who has lived as a peasant under the heel of the Englishman, the Englishman who has lived under the hooped republicanism by which the Englishman governs himself, and with that arrogant disregard for human right with which the Englishman deals with other nations — each, when he comes here, brings to his American citizenship the quality which he gained at home, and does not change it when he takes his share in our republicanism. It may be added, also, that the function of motherhood is a function of absolute authority, perhaps the most absolute that one human being exercises over another.

Dr. Buckley narrates the story of the old New Jersey election frolic. He gives also some amusing narrations of some more recent, and rather undignified scuffles in which ladies have engaged. But these can be matched a thousand times by like scenes in deliberative bodies

controlled by men. I am afraid even ecclesiastical assemblies are not free from them. I suppose Dr. Buckley does not seriously contend, because of the example he has cited, that the great Woman's Temperance Union should disband, or that woman should not manage it any longer.

No person desires to change the essential character of American womanhood. It is a character whose beauty, dignity, grace, sweetness, and power come from causes with which the giving or denying to women of a share in the government of the State has nothing to do. It will not, in my judgment, be affected in the slightest degree for the worse if her vote shall be counted. On the other hand, when she shall be admitted to complete citizenship, these qualities of American womanhood will become more and more the qualities of American citizenship itself.

George F. Hoar.

POSTSCRIPT BY DR. BUCKLEY.

THE courteous admission of Senator Hoar that opponents of woman suffrage among men are not influenced by "the tyrant's desire to keep the rule of the State to themselves," but "chiefly an honest desire for the good of the State, and an honest desire for the welfare of woman," deserves recognition. Not less noteworthy is his acknowledgment of the changes already made in the laws concerning a married woman's relation to property and other subjects, by the "law-making sex." He might have added that where women are concerned law-makers are more than willing to rectify every real injustice and grant any reasonable request.

Woman suffrage, in his opinion, is "the change of a relation which has existed from the foundation of the earth"; yet upon this, the greatest political and social revolution, he generalizes without critically estimating the question of the value and elements of the influence of the sexes respectively under the existing order of things.

The typical man and the typical woman are contrasted by the senator in this passage: "Man values the objects of his affection for the comfort and dignity and benefit that comes to him from them. Woman values herself only for the comfort which she can be to the objects of her affection." Were this description of woman true to nature, no other argument against woman suffrage would be needed, for it would imply absolute incapacity for impartial legislation; but the characterization gives an unequal view of both sexes.

That the majority of the women of the coun-

try do not desire the suffrage is by no means "the chief reason" for withholding it. But the fact that it is so contrary to their instincts, intuitions, and sense of need that they do not wish it is a weighty reason for not imposing it upon them. The reference to Turkish ladies is not relevant, since they are deprived of the information accessible to American women.

The framers of the constitution of Massachusetts were not ignorant of the logical results of their principles. But they knew that every principle has its limits, and, when forced beyond them, mutilates or smothers some other truth. The Essex Convention, meeting at Ipswich in 1778 to consider the proposed new constitution and form of government, was particular to say that women were left unfranchised "not from a deficiency in their mental powers, but from the natural tenderness and delicacy of their minds, their retired mode of life, and various domestic duties. These concurring prevent that promiscuous intercourse with the world which is necessary to qualify them for electors."

Rufus Choate's tribute to the discrimination of character "by the collective womanhood of a people like our own" is just. But should she be compelled to "talk and think of measures, of creeds in politics, of availability, of strength to carry the vote," what reason is there to believe that her vision will not be dimmed or distorted by the medium through which she looks?

It is a suggestive phenomenon that General Butler was the particular admiration of a large number of women, conspicuous aspirants to

political life, who often commended him from the platform and in the press.

The senator concedes that there are large domains of legislation and administration from which "it would be better to exclude women as a whole than to admit them as a whole, because the great mass will be so little fitted for them," but affirms that this is true of the great majority of men. This, however, is an argument drawn from a vast evil which should be overcome, not increased by the addition of an immense number of voters whom he grants are destined to remain in the same condition.

To say that the same arguments which the advocates of woman suffrage have to meet have been used against every extension of suffrage merely acts as an opiate to thought, unless it be clearly proved that they do not now apply. Every important change, good or bad, has been opposed. The proposed extension is radically unlike any that has preceded it.

My eminent colleague in this comparison of views asks his opponents to "find four masculine figures whom they will like to select as leaders or companions rather than" those he names. Emerson and Whittier were idealists, neither qualified for leadership in politics or statesmanship, though a multitude rejoiced to come within the influence of their inspiration and elevating impulses. The deliverance of Mr. Lincoln was made at the very outset of his career, and so far as is known, though paying many a beautiful tribute to woman, he never referred to the subject again.¹ His later experience led to a profound conviction that the temperament of women was such as to make it more difficult to compose public feuds among them than

¹ In response to an inquiry, Mr. John G. Nicolay, private secretary, and one of the authorized biographers of Mr. Lincoln, writes: "I know of no allusion or reference by Mr. Lincoln to the question of female suffrage, except that made in the card printed in the Sangamon Journal under date of June 13, 1836 (and

among men. When the possibility of carrying out his conciliatory methods of reconstruction was under consideration, he remarked to the President of the Sanitary Commission that he expected more trouble from the women than from the men, and closed the conversation with these words, "Bellows, you take care of the women, and I will take care of the men."

It is not necessary to journey outside the senator's own paper to find two women worthy to be compared with Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell and Mrs. Howe. These are Mrs. John Ware, whom he declares to be "one of the wisest and most accomplished persons in this country of either sex," and Clara Leonard, "another of the women who are the pride and ornament of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." Both these ladies strongly and conscientiously disapprove of woman suffrage.

To these I add the name of "the most useful and distinguished woman that America has produced," whose influence is felt throughout the world upon every sphere of philanthropy, and is preserved in the laws of every civilized nation, Dorothea L. Dix. She saw the rise of the American woman-suffrage movement, studied it in its advocates, arguments, sentiments, and tendencies, and rejected it. The "divine discontent" which its leaders were and are endeavoring to kindle in the hearts of women she deemed merely one of the ever-changing forms of human unrest. Her biographer states that she believed in "woman's keeping herself apart from anything savoring of ordinary political action. She must be the incarnation of a purely disinterested idea, appealing to universal humanity, irrespective of party or sect."

which is reprinted in Lincoln's Complete Works, Vol. I, p. 7). [This is the passage quoted by Senator Hoar.]

So far as I know, the topic is nowhere else mentioned in his writings, speeches, or letters, nor did I ever hear him refer to it in conversation either directly or indirectly."

J. M. Buckley.

CONVERSATION IN FRANCE.



MUCH has been written, here in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and elsewhere, about the French salons; but often it seems to be taken for granted that these exist no more. In fact, there are still several of them, which certainly have not all the importance they had before the advent of newspapers and free political discussion, but in which artists and men of letters still love to meet in companionship with intelligent people of the world. Conver-

sation is, and will long continue to be, one of the greatest pleasures of the Gallic race, in which, as every one knows, the social spirit exists from the lowest to the highest rank. Wealth has never been necessary in order to have a salon. Mme. du Deffand lived very simply in the convent of St. Joseph; Mlle. de Lespinasse was so poor that her friends had to support her; and each of these two women had a real court in the 18th century. She who became later almost a queen, Mme. de Maintenon, then Mme. Scarron, gave celebrated dinners; yet it was during one of them that an

anxious servant came to her to whisper, "One more story, Madame, as there is no roast to-day." The old Maréchale de Beauvau, living after the Revolution in a small lodging of the Faubourg St. Honoré, saw quite the same number of interesting people mount her muddy staircase as when she was mistress of a splendid mansion. Good dinners and a grand household have nothing to do with the success of a salon. Yet they are not an obstacle to its success when the best elements exist; one proof of this is the salon of Princess Mathilde, assiduously frequented for so many years by writers and painters. She herself paints, working not in an amateurish and princess-like way, but busy in her studio from morning to dusk. When night comes, her guests are to be found in the two large drawing-rooms of her house in the Rue de Berri, which are filled with old pictures, and precious works of art, and in the greenhouse, which is nothing else than a square yard covered with glass and transformed into a winter-garden. People sit and talk under the tropical foliage of the palm-trees, while the princess, showing still, notwithstanding her years, a classical profile, snowy shoulders, a very graceful movement, and the finest hands in Paris, receives the few survivors of the last empire, with other men of more or less fame who have been faithful to her under all governments. There are some of the younger artists also: Besnard, Doucet, poets like José-Maria de Heredia, novelists like Paul Bourget, critics like Louis Ganderax. Groups of congenial persons settle themselves freely in the corners. The private talk is interrupted now and then by a little music, and tea is served in an informal way by the lady of honor, Baronne de Galbois. The princess has wit, and, moreover, she has eloquence of a fiery, passionate, splendid sort, above all when she is roused to discussion. Her brother, Prince Napoleon, had the same imperial way of speaking. Notwithstanding the atmosphere of liberty and ease which her highness wishes to create, every one has present to his mind the fact that she is a princess, and she herself from time to time shows that she is aware of it. When Taine wrote a hard and severe portrait of her uncle, the great Napoleon, she simply put him out of her house by sending him a formal card, with the letters "P. P. C." Taine mourned the end of their long intimacy.

"But what would you have done in my place?" he inquired sadly of Renan, another friend of the house.

"My dear Taine," answered the author of the "Life of Jesus," "I have, for the sake of what I think truth, quarreled with a much greater lady than all the princesses on earth: I have quarreled with the Church."

We have said that Princess Mathilde is eloquent, and eloquence is supposed to be the enemy of conversation, which never flourished in the days of great oratorical art—during the Revolution, for example. This is probably true in a general way, the chief qualities of conversation being in *apropos* good humor, piquancy, and cheerfulness; but after all, Mme. de Staël was eloquent, and none the less understood conversation. She has written the most delightful things about it—for instance:

The sort of enjoyment that lively conversation makes us feel does not precisely consist in the subject of the conversation; neither are the ideas or the knowledge that may be developed in it the principal interest. It is a certain manner of acting upon each other, the exchange of a quick pleasure, a way of speaking as soon as one thinks, of rushing instantly out of one's self, of winning applause without effort, of manifesting one's wit in all shades, by accent, gesture, look—in short, of producing a sort of electricity which causes sparks to fly, relieves some of the excess of sprightliness which is in them, and awakens others from apathy.

Such is conversation as we see it practised at Paris in the much renowned salon of Mme. Aubernon de Neville, who is heirress to the best traditions of the eighteenth century. Her day is Saturday—the day of Mlle. de Scudéry in the time of the "Précieuses," which name has been more than once given, very unjustly, to Mme. Aubernon de Neville and to her mother, who was one of the most accomplished women of Parisian society. "Les précieuses radicales" they were called, both of them being republicans. Every Saturday a dinner is given in the fine house of the Rue d'Astorg, usually a dinner of eight, never more than ten, persons, all of them carefully chosen, with one great talker only. Mme. Aubernon believes that two *premiers rôles* will never do. Either they clash unpleasantly, or, what is more probable, they annihilate the effect of each other. Then, to throw and catch the ball, some academician, chosen from among the more agreeable; a younger poet or novelist; a professor in the Sorbonne; one or two women only, cultivated and open-minded, not too youthful, not too handsome, not too self-conscious, and caring as little as possible to monopolize attention; perhaps as many brilliant men of fashion, capable of listening—of listening even to serious conversation if it happens to be serious, and practising that intelligent silence which is a good "accompaniment to the music of speech." Observe that silence has its value; there may be wit in the manner of responding by a glance, or a smile, to some striking word, and the sympathy thus expressed is the best excitement for a talker. The hostess

excels in this sort of encouragement, having kept the pretty dimpling smile of her youth and the most sparkling black eyes. She has also the knack of making original and unexpected witticisms which turn the current into another channel when she feels that a subject has been dwelt upon long enough, or is becoming dangerous. She never cuts the conversation, a thing which must not be done, she says, even with golden scissors; but she passes rocks and breakers like an experienced seaman, or changes the course when the wind seems to be lacking in the sail. In the choice and treatment of subjects she has plenty of freedom, always kept, of course, within the limits of good breeding; some slanderers accuse her of preparing in her mind the program of each dinner's talk, so that she has the advantage over her guests of being ready, while they are taken unawares, upon such or such a topic. It may be true for the starting, in behalf of what will follow; but very soon she is carried away by her natural and genuine wish to make others shine, and by her perfect unconsciousness.

The prominent star among the more or less brilliant surrounding clusters was very often, while he lived, Ernest Renan. He would speak, with the exquisite grace which pervades all his writings, of the historical and archæological researches which he made in Syria as in the Holy Land. Although by the natural current of his mind he was always brought to religious questions, never did a word of his offend any Christian feeling. The very peculiar combination of belief and unbelief which appears in his books, and makes him, as has been said, a beacon with changing lights (*un phare à feux changeants*), rendered him sympathetic in conversation to every kind of interlocutor. His large tolerance, his broad manner of looking at things on all sides at once, his slightly ironical and perhaps disdainful though courteous acceptance of other people's opinions, made any passing intercourse with him perfectly delightful. When I remember his fine smile and the bright twinkle of his eyes, I cannot help having a grudge against Bonnat's portrait. It is admirable painting, of course, but it does not give an idea of the charm, the very real charm, of a face so heavy in lines, yet so completely refined by the power of expression. M. Renan was at his best at Mme. Aubernon's house; even the most wonderful talkers fall to nothing if they are not given opportunities, and the good nature of that exceedingly amiable man allowed him to yield without protest to any current into which he was pushed. The very first time I saw him—long ago—he was involved in a feminine discussion of shopping and the Bon Marché. Such accidents could never happen at the house of

Mme. Aubernon; she carries the flag of conversation with a firm grasp, and never lets it droop.

Alexandre Dumas has been for many years the idol of this salon. Second only to his father, he certainly deserves to be considered as the greatest spendthrift in conversation, lavishing the gold of genius as if it were brass. This is by no means always the case; on the contrary, some writers are great misers, and keep every valuable thing that comes to their minds for the market—that is to say, for their printed work. Dumas's bon mots are like a continual exhibition of fireworks. Another prodigal of wit is Henri Becque, the writer of some sharp comedies, who has also been one of Mme. Aubernon's favorite guests. Foremost among them all we must still name Jules Simon, Ferdinand Brunetière, and Victor Cherbuliez. Jules Simon's perfect moderation in speech, and his comprehension of social problems, have sometimes allowed the talk to wander toward politics, although this is generally a forbidden subject, the passions which are excited by the public events and discussions of the day being banished from a circle where thought is supposed to soar above all earthly things. Brunetière, the strong and deeply original critic, is also the best lecturer in France. Cherbuliez, who is also known under the name of Valbert, has made his novels the vehicle of much deep thought and information, while he has given to his miscellaneous papers on politics, esthetics, or philosophy, all the charm of romance. His humor, enriched by the intimate knowledge of many foreign countries and languages, has a wonderful cosmopolitan flavor.

It would be a mistake to believe that when Mme. Aubernon invites only one great man at a time, she means to let him take the talk all to himself among admiring listeners. This would never do in France, where long dissertations and anecdotes are quite contrary to the national spirit, which is one of continual take and give, the well-edged weapons clashing together. *Glissez, n'appuyez pas*, is the first rule of conversation. One of the most exquisite talkers of the Aubernon salon, Professor Deschanel, once wrote, "Ten minutes of Parisian conversation are more full of ideas, images, feelings of every sort, than three days of provincial talk." This is true. Provincial talk has always some stiffness and heaviness in it, and it admits of a great many stories good or bad, old or new. The anecdotic manner is, on the contrary, very little used in Paris, where ideas seem far more interesting than people or facts. Some lazy minds think that conversation at Mme. Aubernon's dinners must be work rather than pleasure, and that she behaves among her guests like the leader of a symphony, bringing each

instrument to action or to silence. It is perfectly true that she permits no private chats between neighbors, which would be a trespass against the good traditions of the eighteenth century; she finds it impolite and vulgar, injurious to the general effect, and when by some rare chance it happens, she rings a tiny bell in the most decided way. She was punished once for this tyranny. While some one was speaking,—I think it was Bardoux, the biographer of Chateaubriand's lovely friends, Mme. de Beaumont and Mme. de Custine,—another guest whispered to the lady seated next to him; the tinkling of the bell stopped his untimely words. When M. Bardoux had ended, Mme. Aubernon bade the guilty one speak in his turn.

"What had you to say?" she inquired.

"Oh, little, very little," he answered in a rather distressed way.

"I am sure it was something valuable; we cannot afford to lose it. Pray speak out!"

With hypocritical modesty the other demurred. At last, with eyes lowered upon his plate, he answered, "I was just saying I would willingly have taken a little more salad."

There was a laugh, and some confusion for the autocrat. In truth, Mme. Aubernon deserves to be called by Dr. Holmes—who, if he chose, would have the seat at her right hand,—the autocrat of the dinner-table.

After dinner, as soon as coffee is brought into the drawing-room, the players in her orchestra are released; they may go to smoke a cigar in the *fumoir*, and either vanish afterward in the mysterious way which is called *à l'anglaise* in France, and *à la française* by other nations, or come back to meet the pretty and well-dressed women, and the men of leisure, who call during the evening on their way to a ball or to the last acts of the opera. Stage performances of the rarest quality have been given at Mme. Aubernon's. Chosen fragments of Alexandre Dumas' comedies were played there by artists and amateurs together, the latter—among whom was the mistress of the house—showing sometimes as much talent as the former. Once she was inspired to try the effect of Sardou's "*Divorçons*," with the last act cut off, and with actors of the Théâtre Français as interpreters. It became thus a delightful comedy instead of a farce. The translation of Ibsen's "*A Doll's House*" was first given in her salon. But the best representations are always the Saturday dinners, and some of her friends say that she ought to invite people to sit about; she thinks with reason, however, that this attitude of *cure-dents*, so to speak, would only make the listeners feel doubly famished. Nor are the Saturday dinners the only ones she gives; there is a Wednesday dinner for younger and less

well-trained guests—dinners of anarchists, as she calls them, before they get to be tamed and broken to harness.

It has been said that Pailleron thought of this autocratic salon when he wrote "*Le monde où l'on s'ennuie*," and that Mme. Aubernon was portrayed in his comedy. She went to see it, applauded warmly, and told the author, who was among her guests: "People make a mistake; they think you have wished to paint us, while you know as well as I do myself that we are '*le monde où l'on s'amuse*.'"

But the truth is that she cares only for highly intellectual amusements, and that, without being a lion-hunter, she has a great respect for established fame. Many among the Forty Immortals come to her assiduously, and, notwithstanding her democratic feelings, Mme. Aubernon clings to the old institutions, to classical forms. Each election to the Academy is to her a subject of the deepest interest. She is decidedly a conservative in art; the excesses of realism were always hateful to her, and she cannot forgive the so-called *jeunes* their trespasses against the integrity of the French language. The sort of mysticism which has lately become fashionable does not appeal to her, since she has the truly national taste for what is clear, sound, and definite, scorning shadows and mists and metaphysics, and wishing to know where she is going, and to feel the solid ground under her feet. As to her religion, it is sufficiently expressed by the words, "I keep myself equally ready for eternity and for nothingness."

An eternity without lively talk and literary interests would of course seem dreary to this leader of a salon. She could not even understand the witchery of nature, or taste the delightful rest of country life, without some sort of social condiment. When she leaves Paris it is to go a short distance to a place that seems to have been specially made for her, in the neighborhood of those enchanting woods of Marly to which Louis XIV. so often resorted, and of that lovely Louveciennes which his successor cherished. "*Cœur Volant*" is the name of this delightful dwelling-place. The house is built in the unpretending style of the eighteenth century, so favorable to close intimacy. Every piece of furniture belongs to the same time. There, on summer Sundays, the friends who meet on Saturdays through the winter at the Rue d'Astorg come to luncheon or to dinner for an afternoon or evening of conversation; sometimes under the shade of the stately old trees,—suggesting a refined Decameron of modern times,—sometimes, according to the hour and weather, in the drawing-room, the walls of which, if they could speak in their turn, would certainly have much interesting matter to repeat. This also is very helpful; a salon needs

to have been warmed by many conversations, to imprison, as one might say, contagious atoms of thought and wit.

A new, splendid, glaring mansion, without any association with the past, would never answer the purpose. Mme. Récamier knew what she did when she retired behind the walls of L'Abbaye-aux-Bois, where a chosen set came to worship the god whose priestess she chose to be.

This central figure of worship is certainly an excellent means of success, as one may see from the examples of Chateaubriand in Mme. Récamier's salon, and of Alfred de Vigny in that of Mme. Ancelot. Yet the "chosen set" is before anything indispensable. A woman vain enough to suppose that her *habitués* come to her specially for herself will never create anything like a salon. She ought to know that the pleasure of meeting together stands foremost in the mind of each of her guests, and she must leave them to that pleasure with a wholesome fear of breaking the spell. She is not free to open her door to the more pleasant outsiders without making sure that they will not be troublesome to her set; she is not allowed to be hospitable, as she perhaps would like to be; she must stand firm against letters of introduction and suing for invitations: otherwise the salon very promptly becomes an inn, and there is an end of it. Anger, resentment, and jealousy of course follow each of her refusals; she may make many enemies; some bitter attacks may be made in the newspapers: but all this she will have to endure; no difficult work is achieved without a good deal of self-sacrifice and suffering.

The women of the great French salons enjoyed the enjoyment of others without any selfish wish to attract attention, or to shine for their own sakes, even when they did shine. Such is Mme. Aubernon. Her salon, notwithstanding the disappearance by death of some of its most noteworthy people, stands unique in its way. Two others which have very close links with it aspire only to a more subdued and quiet sort of fame, which is not, however, of inferior quality.

Some families seem to be happily gifted. Mme. Aubernon is a near cousin of the two sisters-in-law, Mesdames Baugnères, whose Thursdays on the one side, and Sunday afternoons on the other, are frequented by much the same people; but there are more poets than at Mme. Aubernon's, whose preferences are for prose—more painters, more artists of the pen, as well as of the brush. Symbolists like M. de Regnier, impressionists like M. Jacques Blanche, are seen there among the flower of diplomacy and the best of traveling foreigners. In those two very elegant houses a vivid interest is shown in English literature.

A salon which has made me often think what may have been the surroundings of the accomplished and highly cultivated Rahel Levin of Berlin is that of Mme. Arman de Caillaret, a salon where science, philosophy, and literature are blended. There one may meet Anatole France, and G. Laffitte, the present chief of positivism, the heir and representative of the theories of Auguste Comte.

To all these various salons comes a man who, by his intense knowledge of the eighteenth century, seems really indispensable. M. Victor du Bled, the particular friend of all witty French women of all centuries, has tried something new and interesting at the Vicomtesse de Tauzé's Saturday afternoons; he has given short and brilliant private lectures about old French society; one of them, before two princesses of the house of Orleans, on that feminine incarnation of virtue in an unvirtuous time, the Duchesse de Choiseul. This innovation was full of fitness, Mme. de Tauzé, the biographer of Berryer, being a Choiseul herself, and the frame, so to speak, of the picture, a wonderful art-gallery full of carefully selected bric-à-brac, adding to its charm. That more or less fortunate fashion of lectures brought in and through conversation is carried to the highest degree in the palace-like mansion of a worthy English lady much given to what is called spiritualism, the Duchess of Pomar, formerly Lady Caithness.

But we are wandering very far from genuine French conversation. This we should find, and of the best kind, seasoned with tact and taste, within the chosen circle—notabilities of birth, wealth, and talent—which seeks in her modest retreat Mme. Caro, widow of the philosopher. She is herself the author of some very good novels. Her "Péché de Madeleine" was, when it appeared anonymously, a rival to the child in the story of Solomon, having been claimed by two persons, and awarded finally to the true owner, to the great annoyance of the pretender.

An interesting and valuable exchange of ideas is to be found at the fireside of the learned and humorous essayist whom the world at large believes to be a man, under her Russian pseudonym of "Arvède Barine." But her duties as a wife and mother are not neglected for those of a writer. Here we are on Protestant ground, and also at Mme. C. Coignet's, the historian of the French renaissance and reformation, who gathers about her a knot of thinkers belonging to every creed or to no creed at all, provided they be high-minded, and ready for good work; on the ladies' side, the widow of Michelet, the widow of the great liberal preacher, Pressensé, and some other strong-minded, interesting women, who have devoted themselves to pedagogy, or to some philan-

thropic work. Among the men was seen more than once last winter a very remarkable political writer of the "Temps," who is also professor of dogmatics in the Protestant faculty of the Paris University, and has given some admirable lectures in the Sorbonne upon Christian literature. The first one, on "The Intimate Life of Dogmas," was perhaps still more admired by the Catholics than by the Calvinists and Methodists, who found him too liberal, though he is thoroughly Protestant. But like many large-minded men of the period, he seems to wish to throw a bridge from one religion to another, in bringing all Christians to adore in spirit and in truth. His "St. Francis of Assisi" was the event of the season. An irreverent wit said of it, "St. Francis is becoming so fashionable that he will soon be worn upon bonnets."

It would need a separate paper to show at length the powerful sympathy and encouragement which were received in the home of the late Baronne Blaze de Bury by that special group of reformers who represent the neo-Christian movement in France. "Le Devoir Present" and "Jeunesse" have been translated, and many an American has become interested in the ethical league of the "Compagnons de la Vie Nouvelle." Among these one woman only has taken a prominent place—a woman, however, of powerful intellect and inexhaustible enthusiasm, who also is a most clever writer on subjects which would seem to need the masculine mind; but Mme. de Bury had a man's brain. The long illness which has just ended fatally stopped her pen about one year ago. She contributed at least as often to the English reviews or magazines as to those of France. Born in Scotland, she had passed many years in Germany before marrying one of the best Frenchmen of his time, and though she always remained an Englishwoman at heart, she seemed to belong to three countries. Half-foreign salons have more than once succeeded in Paris, as in the case of Mme. Mohl. Mme. de Bury had known well, and admired deeply, Madame Swetchine. Such men as Montalembert, Villemain, and Père Gratry had been the friends of her husband and herself—an association which often made her severe and fastidious in judging the talents of the hour. The afternoon receptions in the old house at the Rue Oudinot, formerly the house of Chateaubriand, were of the most varied sort. One could see at once the Viscount de Vogüé, the late Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, Mr. Hamilton Aidé, people of the Faubourg St. Germain, members of the republican government, representatives of the London "Times," and distinguished Americans who chanced to pass. The hearty welcome of the hostess it is not easy to forget.

We might well give the name of salon—

and even call it a very brilliant one—to the cozy library of Alphonse Daudet, where every Thursday night men like Edmond de Goncourt, Pierre Loti, Paul Hervieu, Raffaelli the painter, and now and then Henry James, come informally to be received by him and his charming wife, who allows his friends the freedom of smoking-jacket and cigar. We could easily add to our list one or two attractive Bohemian resorts; we could describe a certain Monday enjoyed by many a hunter of new forms in prose and verse—Mallarmé and Léon Rosny, for example, with several others, who, however hostile to bourgeois taste, prefer the atmosphere of a friendly home to that of a *brasserie*. But we should be carried too far, since there is almost no house in the world belonging to artistic and literary people where conversation, as an art, does not naturally flourish. For a like reason I have purposely omitted to mention in this sketch of salons, great and small, and their annexes, some of the most conspicuous, which are those that the editor of an important paper or magazine is always able to create with the help of a clever and charming wife. It will be easy to imagine what elements of success a staff like that of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" may bring to conversation at a dinner, or an entertainment of any kind. The salon of Mme. Adam has already been written about more than once. Mme. Eugénie Yung, the widow of the able founder of the "Revue Bleue," has kept near her a group of her husband's collaborators and friends, such as Jules Lemaitre, Challemeil-Lacour, Larroumet, and Édouard Grenier, who speaks as well as he writes about the romantic period whose most glorious representatives have been his friends. As a poet he grew up under the influence of Lamartine, and among the clever and charming women who were his friends were Bettina von Arnim, Daniel Stern (Comtesse d'Agoult), and George Sand.

In the stately building of the Institut, an incomparable court surrounds Mme. Camille Doucet, the wife of the perpetual secretary of the French Academy. The trouble of choosing is spared to her; a more difficult judge than any *maîtresse de maison* can be—the Academy itself—decides. Every Tuesday some of the Forty, who are like a large and very friendly family, come to her, and no reception of a new member takes place without tea following in her hospitable and stately drawing-room, where candidates enter with a low bow, and which is a most pleasant center for the whole illustrious company. Three salons of the Faubourg St. Germain have been closed, one after another, by death: that of the Comtesse d'Haussonville, Mme. de Staël's worthy granddaughter; that of the Comtesse de Chambrun,

and that of the Marquise de Blocqueville. The latter was an invalid during many years, and never went out — which is one of the best ways to succeed, if you wish to have a salon, out-of-door life being incompatible with such an ambition. Salons belong to the time when people stayed much at home, shut their doors to visitors, and wrote dozens of pretty notes every morning, instead of sending telegrams in the modern fashion of Paris, which threatens to be the death of letter-writing, an exquisite sequel to conversation. The same people daily kept those late hours that the "herculean weakness" of an aged Mme. du Defand could bear, but which would kill any young woman of the present century; they had midnight supper, the meal which has always most suggested wit; they never traveled. By the way, Mme. de Chambrun, who traveled a good deal, managed to have a sort of double salon, one at Nice, the other in her Parisian home, the splendid historical Hotel de Condé. She herself was the author of some poetry. Mme. d'Haussonville wrote two books, one of them relating to the youth of Lord Byron, and the other to Ireland and Robert Emmet. Mme. de Blocqueville has left some refined essays, and a volume of thoughts and maxims. This mode of writing has been familiar to more than one brilliant woman-talker, and many jewels may be found among the "Pensées" of Mme. Barratin, who believes in the power of excellent dinners to stimulate conversation, and is, moreover, able to appreciate the wit of foreign guests, as she knows three or four languages excellently well. The Comtesse de Beausacq (Comtesse Diane) has chosen from among her own sayings the material for a pretty little volume, "Maximes de la Vie," for which the great man of her salon, Sully Prudhomme, has written a preface.

Have I said that it was to be noticed that the women who succeed best in creating a salon are those who have no husbands? The great salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were, without exception, presided over by widows or single ladies. When it was otherwise, the husband had to efface himself, as did insignificant M. Geoffrin, whom the philosophers at his wife's table never noticed until some one happened to ask why that silent little gray-haired man, generally sitting at the end of the table, came no more. It was then rumored that it had been M. Geoffrin, and that he was dead.

Fortunately for some women, it is possible to have excellent conversation within reach without resorting to widowhood. Mme. de Girardin, the first wife of the clever newspaper writer and editor, the author herself of the weekly masterpieces called "Lettres du Vi-

comte de Launay," not to speak of her well-known poetry, comedies, and dramas — Mme. de Girardin shone like a star some forty years ago in the neighborhood of her very brilliant husband. She has given in a humorous way very good receipts for conversation: "First of all, the quality of the talkers; secondly, the harmony of their minds; and thirdly, a propitious arrangement of the furniture." "An amusing conversation," she says, "cannot start if the chairs are arranged symmetrically. The disposition of a drawing-room must be like that of an English garden — apparent disorder, which is not the effect of chance, but, on the contrary, of consummate art, the result of fortunate combinations. In a symmetrically furnished drawing-room, it is only at the end of the evening, when the furniture has against its will yielded to the necessities of society, that enjoyment begins. You just begin to amuse yourself when it becomes necessary to take leave.

"And remember," she adds, "that good talkers hate idleness, the most witty men hardly know what to say when they ceremoniously hold their hats in their hands; they must have some valuable thing to finger, and help them keep countenance — dainty scissors or pen-knife, a golden chain, a jeweled smelling-bottle. The more you scatter trifles and baubles in your salon, the less nonsense there will be in conversation. But before anything," she recommends, "let yourself go; do not think of yourself; forget the talent you may have."

And Deschanel, to whom we already have referred, the professor in the Collège du France, the delightful lecturer, adds some more precious and deeper advice: "Banish the words *I* and *me* as much as you can; be courteous in contradiction, ready to understand a joke, although unwilling yourself to use that weapon too frequently; employ no *banalité*, no commonplace; be merry; remember that gaiety is the soul of conversation, that mockery often shows the lack of real wit. Talk can never be good unless men and women are brought together, all of them comfortably seated in a congenial atmosphere. Try to be neither above nor below the persons you talk with, and avoid, like the plague itself, that sort of people who by their very presence, as they enter, take off the wit of others, and spoil the already settled affinities. Let conversation be clear, prompt, and lively, with sound good sense at the bottom."

Perhaps, however, good advice is not quite enough to prepare good talkers. There must be a sort of initiation which no one can get outside that refinement which is the result of elegance and leisure. Less and less, very probably, shall we see anything like the magic of conversation as it existed in some high-born women

of the past, as it exists in the Comtesse de Beaulaincourt, who still lives, and lives most intensely too. She was reared in the midst of it, in the salon of her mother, the Marquise de Castellane, where she knew in her youth Merimée and Alfred de Musset, playing comedies and proverbs with the one, and keeping up a correspondence with the other, of which delightful letters fortunately remain. She remembers to the smallest details the days which one cannot believe her old enough to have seen; but the most distinguished figures of that time passed before her eyes while impressions were quickest and strongest. Her first great dinner, when she was a newly married beauty of seventeen, was given in her honor by Talleyrand, and while she can speak as no one else can of everything relating to the old monarchy, her personal friendship with the Empress Eugénie made her no less familiar with the last court. Imbert de St. Amand, the *avocat* of interesting women in the last two centuries, often comes to breathe near her the atmosphere of the *ancien régime*; so, also, does Mlle. Herpin, who signs herself "Lucien Perey" in her works of curious research, which are most valuable books. Mme. de Beaulaincourt is keenly interested in history, and she can speak of political subjects, French or foreign, with any statesman. To hear her rouse the eloquence of such a man as Émile Olivier is great good fortune to the listener.

Strange to say, the name of this remarkable woman is not known in America for any social or intellectual reason, but simply as that of a maker of artificial flowers. Among the women's work exhibited last year in Chicago were some of these unique flowers made for the great exposition, which many a visitor made the mistake of thinking natural. While engaged in making these she was busy with an entirely different piece of work—preparing the memoirs of her father, the late Marquis de Castellane, *maréchal de France*.

I remember that when Merimée was passing the winter at Cannes he used to send Mme. Beaulaincourt baskets containing anemones, which she returned to him full of the same flowers so exactly copied that one needed to go very close and to touch them to know them from the models.

Mme. de Beaulaincourt displays her diploma from one of our universal exhibitions in a conspicuous place in her drawing-room, feeling more proud of it than of many greater distinctions. French tradesmen know how well she has deserved it, for she has brought excellent additions to their art through her good taste, her knowledge of botany, and the ingenious researches for which they themselves lacked time and money. More than once she

has taught working-girls, calling them in to help her in some emergency,—such as a sale for the poor,—when they have not only learned the refinement of flower-making, but have discovered that constant, laborious work may be chosen as a pleasure by a great lady who could afford to be idle.

* Every day, during part of the afternoon and almost every evening, unless she is taken away by music, Mme. de Beaulaincourt sits at a large plain deal table, which is covered with masses of natural flowers and the materials for their counterfeit presentments, at which she works diligently. She dyes, folds, and curls the small parts of what will presently be a rose, talking meantime to the guests who come and go as no one else will talk when she is gone, because no one else will have, like her, the spirit of the past. Her active fingers have always seemed to help her active brain, for she never talks so well as when most busily at work. She does not strive to imitate the *grandes dames d'autrefois*. She is by nature one of them—the last of them; and it is surprising enough that such vivid interest in the present can exist side by side with such a wealth of ancient traditions.

Democratic life, from its general conditions of haste and effort, is not favorable to conversation. This has often been said and proved; yet we have seen that the great accomplishment still exists in republican France, and, for my part, I have never heard better talk than in republican America. But the American gift for conversation seems, with several glorious exceptions, to be most given to women, which is certainly not the case elsewhere. The reason for this must be in the excitements and engrossments of business, which fill the time of most men, and to some extent in the influence of ladies' clubs. The regular meetings where charitable, literary, or social subjects are discussed seem to be in every respect a very good and wise institution. They develop self-possession, ease, fluency, and clearness of expression. They accustom the speakers to contradict courteously, and to discuss without too much warmth. Even if such a club does not carry its members to the threshold of political life—a life which many of us think undesirable—it will help them a great deal to excel in general conversation, always provided that they do not lose the taste for men's society, keep fast to simplicity, and avoid all over-pretension and pedantic forms of speech. It is very necessary to find the right word, but the technical one is often *de trop*, and an apparent ignorance is very becoming to both sexes, I must say, in purely social intercourse, especially to women. Never will the pedants know how nearly a far-fetched scientific expression produces the effect of the

snakes and toads which fall from the lips of the beautiful princess in the old French fairy-tale.

After all, no one can be taught the art of conversation; it must be a natural gift, or, rather, the individual expression of many gifts, both natural and acquired. "Use what language you will," says Emerson, "you never can say anything but what you are." And to

sum up, I can do nothing better than transcribe that great man's praise of what he considers best in life: "What a train of means to secure a little conversation! This palace of brick and stone, these servants, this kitchen, these stables, horses, and equipage, this bank-stock, and file of mortgages; trade to all the world, country-house and cottage by the water-side, all for a little conversation, high, clear, and spiritual!"

Th. Benton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Intelligent Citizenship.

IT is encouraging to note that in various parts of the country, and especially in the large cities, increasing attention is being paid to questions relating to additional safeguards about the ballot-box. Many earnest reformers are beginning to suspect that perhaps we have been somewhat too liberal in extending the suffrage to foreign-born citizens, and also somewhat too eager to make the exercise of the suffrage easy to those least qualified to exercise it intelligently. As a consequence, our naturalization laws are undergoing careful scrutiny, and our ballot laws and election regulations are being examined for the purpose of discovering whether it is desirable to make them more stringent.

These subjects are at present receiving thoughtful consideration in the New York Constitutional Convention, and it is not improbable that the outcome will be amendments making important changes in the fundamental law of the State. Discussion of ballot-reform legislation in this State has turned always upon the meaning of the words in the present Constitution — "all elections by the citizens shall be by ballot, except for such town offices as may by law be directed to be otherwise chosen." The opponents of the most desirable form of the Australian ballot system, as it has been embodied in our American laws, held at one time that the words "by ballot" meant a written or printed ballot, and hence a ballot which a voter may prepare for himself and take with him to the polls. For these reasons they opposed the official ballot as unconstitutional, since its exclusive use prevented the voter from preparing his ballot outside the polling-place. Being driven from this position as untenable, they took up another one, to the effect that any law which did not allow the voter to write or paste upon the ballot the name of any candidate, not printed thereon, for whom he desired to vote, was unconstitutional. Under this contention the "blanket paster" provision was incorporated in the present New York law, and repeated efforts to dislodge it have proved vain.

It is made very plain by the debates and resolutions of the Constitutional Convention of 1776-77, which framed the New York Constitution, that the words, "by ballot" were used to distinguish secret methods of voting, which were just then coming into use, from the open or *viva voce* method, which had previously prevailed. Previous to the Revolutionary War the word "ballot" was used to signify various forms of vo-

ting other than that of holding up the hand, or *viva voce*, but in no case was it used to signify a written or printed vote. Thus, in Pennsylvania, voting with black and white beans was voting by ballot; in New Jersey balls were used under the same name, and in New England Indian corn and beans were so used. Whenever written ballots were used, they were spoken of as "papers," or "votes," and sometimes as "written votes." The framers of the New York Constitution had this custom in mind when they used the words "by ballot," and without reasonable doubt they had no other intention than to designate a form of voting which should be secret as distinguished from open voting.

The contention that not only was a printed or written ballot called for by the words "by ballot," but that the words carried with them also a right for the voter to write or paste upon that ballot any name he chose, and, if necessary, to have help in so doing, is based entirely upon legislation which has been enacted during the last fifty years or more. Because the laws have recognized the right of the voter to write his own ballot entirely, or to write or paste names upon it, the claim has been made that the Constitution gives him this right. As a matter of fact it does nothing of the kind; but years of legislative assumption that it does have given as much force to the contention as if it were based on the Constitution itself.

In fact the ballot laws of nearly all our States recognize the same right when they provide a blank space at the bottom of all groups of candidates' names in which the voter may write any name he chooses. The only reform ballot law that we know of which has not such a provision is that of Colorado, which in its original form had nothing of the kind, though it may have been amended recently.

The question has been raised in more than one State whether or not it is wise to have this provision allowing a voter to write in the name of a candidate which does not appear on the official ballot. If this provision were not incorporated there would be no need of supplying aid to the illiterate voter in all States having laws which arrange the names of candidates in party groups with symbols at the top. It is the necessity of providing aid for illiterates, in order that they may exercise their right of voting for a candidate other than those regularly nominated, which opens the door to all the worst frauds and most pernicious corruption at the polls. If the laws were to say that no one should be permitted to vote for anybody except those whose

names were printed on the official ballot, all this trouble about illiterates would vanish, and with it most of the loopholes for fraud. Of course an educational qualification, like that of Massachusetts, makes such prohibition unnecessary.

It is claimed by those who advocate this prohibition that the privilege of writing in names on the ballots is of no practical use whatever; that it merely enables a voter to throw away his vote in order to gratify a whim; that with all the privileges that are given under the reform laws, in the way of nominations by petition, etc., every candidate who has any following, or any chance of election, has abundant opportunity to get his name on the official ballots; and that it is unreasonable, and not in the interest of honest and fair elections, to ask for anything more. On the other hand, it is said that it might happen, in case the objectionable character of the regular candidates for a given office was not discovered till a few days before election, that the privilege of writing in, or of pasting on, a name would be the only way by which the honest voters could defeat the bad candidates, and elect a good one of their own. Whether it would be desirable, in order to obtain the greater and more general good, to run the risk of exceptional evil like this, is a question which we do not presume to answer.

We believe that the New York Constitutional Convention will consider carefully the question of so altering the language of the Constitution that there will be no doubt as to the forms of voting allowed. We believe it will also give thoughtful attention to our naturalization laws. These at present permit any foreign-born citizen to vote who has been a resident of the United States for five years, and who has been naturalized ten days before election. While these laws are much more stringent than similar laws in many other States, they are more lax than many others in one respect, namely, the time which must elapse between naturalization and election. In sixteen States aliens are permitted to vote on the mere declaration of an intention to become citizens, the time of required residence in the State varying from three months to a year and a half. In New York and many other States they cannot vote till they have become citizens, which makes a five years' residence in the country obligatory, and the time of State residence varies from three months to a year. To let a man vote before he becomes a citizen, and especially after a few months' residence, is to invite evils like those which fell upon Louisiana with the Mafia crimes and the riots that followed them. The source of evil in the New York law is the ten-day limit before election. It is because of this that each year great squads of new citizens are naturalized on the eve of election in ways which always cause public scandal. If the limit were to be placed a full year before election, the corrupt bosses would not interest themselves in naturalization to anything like the same extent that they do under the present law. It is a very easy matter for them to keep track of a new voter for ten days, but they would not undertake to do so for a year. The consequence would be that naturalization would be largely a spontaneous act on the part of aliens, and would cease to be a farce and a scandal as at present. Other States than New York have a short limit, and in those we are glad to learn that movements are on foot to extend the time to six months or a year before election. It is worse

than folly to allow our electorate to be swollen and debased by unfit voters, when we have so completely in our hands the means of controlling the foreign supply.

Legal Tender Money in History.

WHAT is the meaning of the term "legal tender," as applied to money? "The Century Dictionary" defines it as "currency which can lawfully be used in paying a debt." A briefer and common definition is "compulsory circulation," and this is the term applied to such money habitually in most South American countries, *curso forzado*. Edward Atkinson, in a recent very interesting pamphlet, cites legal tender among some examples of words of which the meaning has been perverted to the vitiation of public thought, and says legal tender should be defined as "an act by which bad money may be forced into use so as to drive good money out of circulation." He has made a search through history for legal-tender acts, and concludes from his discoveries "that no decree and no statute of legal tender ever originated anywhere except for the purpose of forcing a debased coin into circulation, or for the purpose of collecting a forced loan by making paper substitutes for coin a legal tender for debts."

This conclusion must be confirmed by everybody else making like research. The first case of legal tender on record, Mr. Atkinson thinks, was in Greece, in the sixth century before Christ, when Solon debased the coinage so that one hundred new drachmæ were worth no more than seventy-three of the old ones. Another case occurred in Rome, when the senate reduced the weight of the copper money of the republic during the second Punic war. Philip le Bel, of Spain, about 1506, debased the pound sterling, and enforced the circulation of the depreciated money based upon it by decree of legal tender. Professor James B. Thayer of the Harvard Law School is cited by Mr. Atkinson as authority for the statement that the first appearance of legal tender in English history was in the time of Edward III. (1312-1377), who debased the coin, and by a decree of the crown made it a penal offense to refuse the debased money.

A little more than three hundred years later, in 1689, James II. of England made a similar experiment. He was then reigning in Dublin, whither he had returned after abdicating and fleeing to France, and was seeking to regain his throne with the aid of an Irish Parliament. He was confronted with an empty treasury, and conceived the notion, according to Macaulay, that "he could extricate himself from his financial difficulties by the simple process of calling a farthing a shilling." He reasoned that since the right of coining money belonged to the royal prerogative, the right of debasing the coinage must also belong to it. Macaulay gives an entertaining account of the outcome of his experiment, from which we quote a few passages:

Pots, pans, knockers of doors, pieces of ordnance, which had long been past use, were carried to the mint. In a short time, lumps of base metal, nominally worth near a shilling sterling, intrinsically worth about a sixteenth part of that sum, were in circulation. A royal edict declared these pieces to be legal tender in all cases whatsoever. A mortgage for a thousand pounds was cleared off by a bag of counters made out of old kettles. . . . Any man who belonged to the cast now dominant might walk into a shop, lay on the counter a bit of brass worth three pence,

and carry off goods to the value of half a guinea. Legal redress was out of the question. . . . Of all the plagues of that time none made a deeper or more lasting impression on the minds of the Protestants of Dublin than the plague of the brass money.

During our Revolutionary War the Continental currency was made a legal tender, and one of the most formidable obstacles with which the patriot cause had to contend was the debased money which was thus given a forced circulation. Readers of *THE CENTURY'S* Cheap-Money series remember the disastrous results which followed the efforts of the State government of Rhode Island, between 1785 and 1787, to enforce its decrees making the money of the Rhode Island Paper Bank a legal tender. Business of all kinds was paralyzed, money ceased almost entirely to circulate, the State's credit was ruined, and its prosperity dealt a blow from which it did not recover for many years. France, as was shown in the same series, went through the same experience twice—once with John Law's money, between 1718 and 1720, and again with its assignats and mandats, between 1789 and 1796. So also did Alabama with its State Bank in 1823-42; Michigan with its "wildcat" banks in 1837-39; Mississippi with its Planters' Bank in 1833-1840; and the Argentine Republic with its Hypothecary Banks in 1884-90. All these diversified forms of debased money were made legal tenders, and their circulation was forced by all the powers of the governments which had issued them.

No one can examine historical evidence upon this point and not be convinced that every act of legal tender has been passed to force into circulation a form of money which would not otherwise circulate at all. Sometimes this has been the assumed necessity of a great war like that of the Revolution, and later, of

the Rebellion, but oftener it has been the outcome of ignorance or something worse.

Good money needs no act of legal tender to make it circulate. Mr. Atkinson makes an unanswerable argument on this point by citing the fact that the great international commerce of the world has been carried on from its beginning to the present time without international act of legal tender. There has been no trouble experienced in finding a satisfactory form of money for this trade. The traders of the world have selected gold as the medium of exchange, because it best answers the purpose, and no act of international legal tender, if such a thing were possible, would have the slightest effect upon them. They would still go on using gold.

Why, then, should we go on making silver, or any other form of money, a legal tender? Why not accept the proposal made by Mr. Wells and other economists years ago, and put in the form of a bill in the House of Representatives by Congressman Harter of Ohio, to open the mints to the free coinage of both gold and silver, with no legal-tender quality imposed upon either? The people of the country could then decide with which form of money they would prefer to transact their business, in the same way in which the international traders of the world decide now. Is not this the best and fairest way out of our financial complications? What objections have the bimetalists to such a plan? Will they consent, after a ratio between gold and silver shall have been agreed upon, to leave both metals to stand upon their own merits as money, without the aid of any legal-tender enactment? That would surely be doing as much for silver as for gold, and it would soon be demonstrated which metal the people preferred to use as money.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Senate and the Constitution—A Reply.

THE purpose with which Mr. Warner's article entitled "An Attack on the Senate," in *THE CENTURY* for July, was written has my full sympathy. I understand he seeks to maintain that representation in the Senate, as now obtained, is an essential part of our scheme of government, and cannot be modified without prejudice to that whole scheme. The suggestion that a different method of selecting senators in the States, viz., by popular vote, would be preferable to selection by the legislatures, has attracted some attention, though it seems to me that the argument of Senator Hoar in April, 1893, vindicating the present plan, is virtually unanswerable.

A proposition to abolish the Senate altogether would hardly meet with favor in any one of the States; certainly it could not be carried so long as the Constitution remains unaltered in this provision: "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

I think, however, while agreeing with the purpose of the article, that there are statements in it which ought not to pass unquestioned.

On page 375, readers are told that the Constitution was framed and adopted "without the slightest refer-

ence to the *doctrinaire* propositions of the Declaration of Independence." This seems to be contrary to the current opinions upon the subject, and lays a foundation for most unfortunate inferences. Gouverneur Morris, in the convention which framed the Constitution, stated, "On the Declaration of Independence a government was to be formed." If he referred to the Articles of Confederation, then, it is also true that the Constitution was formed upon the same foundation: its object was the securing of a more perfect union. Chief Justice Taney, in the *Dred Scott* case, seems to have had very strongly in his mind the idea that the *doctrinaire* propositions of the Declaration of Independence had a great deal to do with the Constitution. His opinion concedes it in its effort to exclude the negro from the application of those propositions. The judges who concurred in that opinion must have entertained precisely the same notion, or they would not have so approved the elaborate discussion by which Taney C. J. sought to establish the exception.

President Lincoln also entertained the idea that these *doctrinaire* propositions had not been abandoned in the formation of the Constitution, for in his speech at Independence Hall, February 22, 1861, he announced it as his object to save the country upon the basis of the

Declaration of Independence. He repeated this in his first inaugural:

The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the articles of association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was, "to form a more perfect Union."

Again at Gettysburg he said:

Fourscore and seven years ago [1776] our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

It is undoubtedly true that the idea prevailed in the convention that the States were to a very large extent the guardians of the rights asserted in the Declaration. This was believed by the delegates, and among them by the authors of "The Federalist." And so it was contended in that remarkable collection of papers that the Constitution as it stood furnished adequate protection of those rights so far as the general government was concerned. (See Nos. 54 and 55.)

"The Constitution does not give to Congress the power to interfere with the great body of the rights of the citizen." (Miller on the Constitution, p. 294.) This being true, the members of the convention were not the sort of men to spend time during the sessions in repeating the Declaration of Independence.

When the Constitution came before the people in their conventions, it was felt that further safeguards were desirable, so the first batch of amendments was proposed and adopted. These had the direct assent in the conventions in the States of many men who were members of the Constitutional Convention, and practically were agreed upon by all; so that the document as it stands furnishes ample protection for those so-called "doctrinaire propositions," and ample evidence that the gathering at Philadelphia had these propositions in mind. The Constitution, with the first eleven amendments, must be taken as representing the mature views of the statesmen of that time.

It is hardly to be supposed that the men who fought the battles of the Revolution, conducted its diplomacy, participated in the acts of Congress, under the old confederation,—many of them were members of the Constitutional Convention,—would turn their backs upon the propositions which the foundation paper announced. Fancy Roger Sherman and Benjamin Franklin, members of the committee which drafted the Declaration, cutting themselves loose, in the convention which established their government, from the principles announced in the instrument with which they had so much to do! Imagine Robert Morris, James Wilson, George Clymer, George Ross, and George Read engaged in that business—imagine, if one can, the officers of the Revolutionary Army who were in the Convention, with George Washington at their head, in that kind of performance! The truth is, that the Constitution is a grant of power, and the Declaration of Independence is a sovereign rule for the interpretation of the grant.

It is an interesting fact that the great act of freedom, the Ordinance of 1787, was adopted at the very time the Constitutional Convention was engaged in its great

work, and was confirmed by an early Congress under the Constitution.

A careful consideration of the Constitution, providing as it does for *habeas corpus*, forbidding bills of attainder, *ex post facto* laws, titles of nobility, and making it obligatory upon the nation to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, and the first eleven amendments, indicate a very general belief in the *doctrinaire* propositions of the Declaration of Independence. In short, taking all these things together, they do conserve the rights which the Declaration set forth. But so careful were the statesmen of that period upon this point that they provided in the IXth Amendment, "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

The doubt suggested by Mr. Warner as to the early existence of the definite national idea is unfortunate. The proclamation of Elias Boudinot, President of Congress in 1783, is an interesting illustration of its prevalence, but far less important than the fact that for years the confederacy had representatives abroad engaged in negotiating treaties with various nations,—only nations can, in the sense of international law, make treaties,—and several had been actually signed before this date. The idea runs through the diplomatic correspondence of the Revolution. It is strikingly presented in a letter written by Benjamin Franklin to Hartley, May 24, 1782. Franklin observes, "We Americans consider ourselves a distinct and independent power or State." It is imbedded in the Declaration in emphatic terms. That paper by the authority of the good *people of these colonies* "declares that these United colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

On page 377 is the assertion that "the States ratified the Constitution." The doctrine announced by Mr. Warner seems to be, (1) That the Constitution was ratified by the States; (2) That it had its origin in the States.

This seems to be clearly erroneous, and full of mischief. The question came up in legal form in the case of *McCulloch v. The State of Maryland* (4 Wheat. 316) in 1819. The cause was elaborately and exhaustively argued by the greatest lawyers of that time. Walter Jones, of great professional repute, one of the counsel for the State of Maryland, "insisted that the Constitution was formed and adopted, not by the people of the United States at large, but by the people of the respective States. To suppose that the mere proposition of this fundamental law threw the American people into one aggregate mass, would be to assume what the instrument itself does not profess to establish. It is, therefore, a compact between the States, and all the powers which are not expressly relinquished to it are reserved to the States." William Pinkney of Maryland closed the discussion on the part of the United States; he said "that the State sovereignties are not the authors of the Constitution of the United States. They are preceding in point of time, to the national sovereignty, but they are postponed to it in point of supremacy, by the will of the people. . . . But the State powers are no more original than those belonging to the Union. There is no original power but in the people, who are the fountain and source of all political power."

Chief Justice Marshall gave the opinion of the court, in which it was declared:

From these conventions the Constitution derives its whole authority. The government proceeds directly from the people. . . . The assent of the States, in their sovereign capacity, is implied in calling a convention, and thus submitting that instrument to the people. But the people were at perfect liberty to accept or reject it; and their act was final. It required not the affirmance, and could not be negated, by the State governments. The Constitution, when thus adopted, was a complete obligation, and bound the State sovereignties.

This opinion was concurred in by Washington of Virginia, Johnson of South Carolina, Livingston of New York, Duvall of Maryland, and Story of Massachusetts—certainly a respectable tribunal.

Years afterward, Chief Justice Chase, speaking for the Supreme Court in 1868 (*Lane Co. v. Oregon*, 7 Wall. 71), declared that the people established a national government. So one may well suppose that point, at least judicially, set at rest.

It was supposed to have been settled also by the debate in 1830-33, in the nullification days, and especially by the great speeches of Webster, and the remarkable proclamation of President Jackson, drawn by the master hand of Edward Livingston.

The question was by some thought to be an open one from 1801 to 1865, during the War of the Rebellion, but it is generally agreed to have been finally closed by the surrender at Appomattox. I cannot but think it unfortunate that this undoubted heresy should be repeated at this late day by so important a writer as Mr. Warner, in so important a periodical as *THE CENTURY*.

On the same page is the proposition that "The form of government can be changed, but it can be changed, except by revolution, only by the action of the States in the manner that they prescribed in the Constitution." I cannot think that this statement announces constitutional law.

It is clear that the States did not form the Constitution, and if this be so, then clearly they did not, in the language of the article, "prescribe" in it the manner in which it was to be changed; on the contrary, the people prescribed the manner in which it may be changed. It is not, under that document, to be changed by the States at all. The manner of accomplishing the change is fixed by article V:

1. Two thirds of both houses may propose amendments.

2. Congress may call a convention on the application of two thirds of the States.

When amendments are proposed under either of the two methods they may be ratified in one of the two ways:

1. By the legislatures of three fourths of the States.

2. By conventions in three fourths of the States.

Congress, however, is to determine which of the two methods shall prevail.

Obviously, the statement I have quoted fails to set forth the plan provided by the Constitution for the introduction or perfection of changes in that instrument.

I pass now to a notice of only two of the specifications indicating, according to Mr. Warner, a tendency to disregard limitations in the powers of Congress, and even a disposition to overrun State lines.

The first relates to a proposition for legislation by Congress in respect of conditions such as were pre-

sented by the riot in New Orleans when several Italians were killed. The theory of the article is, that the proposed legislation merely had reference to the opinion of other nations concerning the United States. I do not so understand it. I understand that the claim was asserted on the part of the Italian government that it is the duty of one nation to protect the citizens of other nations who may be temporarily within its borders—an obligation of unquestioned sanctity, and, in this instance, reinforced by treaty stipulations. When demand was made, the Italian government was met by a statement of the relations subsisting between the national and State governments, which it was thought precluded the nation from any attempt to procure the punishment of those who composed the mob. Eminent statesmen felt that a condition was presented which called for legislation in that regard, and bills were introduced into Congress for that purpose. It will not be disputed that the General government ought to have some power to protect itself in respect of violations, within State lines, of international obligations.

A kindred situation was presented in the famous case of *McLeod*, who was arrested by the New York authorities on the charge of perpetrating a murder on board the steamer *Caroline* in the Niagara River. Undoubtedly, as between nations, the British government, having avowed its responsibility for the acts of the armed body who cut out the *Caroline* and sent her over the falls, *McLeod*, who was an armed soldier acting under the authority of Great Britain, could not be held personally responsible for his act. It was found that, under the law as it then existed, his discharge could not be procured, the State of New York refusing to recognize the right of the General government to demand his discharge as an international obligation. Fortunately, *McLeod* was acquitted, but immediately an act was passed in Congress giving the right to the writ of *habeas corpus* in such cases. That has always been held, and is now considered a wise piece of legislation. A charming situation would have been exhibited if *McLeod* had been executed after the avowal of his act by the British government. If war had then resulted, it would not have presented a case of what other nations thought of us, but of what another nation did to us.

Again, the article contains this surprising statement:

A lack of delicacy in the Supreme Court in reaching into State conflicts, and too great readiness to take out a kink which it were much better for the State's honor that it should take out itself, at any inconvenience.

Such an attack as this ought not to be made on a great tribunal without some reference to facts sustaining it. I insist that it cannot be supported by any fair treatment of the history of the court. In my judgment it is not only unwise, but unjust. I think an examination of its decisions will show that the court has a remarkably clear and creditable history on this point. The Supreme Court has no power by its own action to reach into State conflicts. It cannot institute any proceedings; it can do nothing but take cognizance of causes which are properly brought before it by regular process sued out by litigating parties. It is well known that the Supreme Court is reluctant to pass upon questions regarding State laws. It avoids them whenever it can do so, and perform its duty. For instance, when a cause is brought before it on a writ of error from a State

court, the first question considered is whether a determination of a Federal question was necessarily involved in the decision; and if the court find that a Federal question might have disposed of the case, and also that a question of mere State law might have disposed of the case, the court will not take jurisdiction, presuming that the case was disposed of upon a question of State, not Federal law. The books are full of cases of this sort.

Again, suppose a question comes before the Supreme Court involving the constitutionality of a State law. The court will not decide, as I understand it, the State law unconstitutional unless the cause is argued before a full bench. For instance, if upon an argument of such a question before eight of the nine judges five of them be against the State statute and

three in its favor, the court will order a reargument, and not rehear the case until there is a full bench. And this situation, as I believe, is one of the reasons why such a considerable number of cases were postponed during the term which has just ended, while the seat of the late Justice Blatchford was vacant. Take also the attempts which have been made within a few years to enforce a State liability in the Supreme Court, the liability arising out of the various railroad transactions in the Southern States where State indorsements had been given. The court has carefully avoided these questions in every case where avoidance was possible, and uniformly regarded constitutional limitations.

There are many other things in the article which might well be made the subject of criticism, but there is space in these columns for no more.

Cephas Brainerd.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Brother Rolly's Drawback.

IT was Saturday afternoon at the Station. A number of men sat out in the front porch of Bundy's store, which was also the post-office. The two benches on each side of the door were filled with men, and several were balanced on the porch railing. Brother Rolly McKittrick occupied a goodly portion of one of the benches, his long legs, incased in brown jeans trousers and calfskin boots, comfortably crossed. He presented a pleasing aspect, with his white hair and beard, ruddy skin, benevolent and inquiring eyes, and sturdy figure, somewhat bent at the shoulders.

"Well, gentlemen," he was saying in a mellow voice, "my experience in religion has certainly been funny. Mighty strange, I should call it. I know I'm saved, and that my sins is forgive,—I got the assurance of justification,—but I don't seem to git no further. I've got the peace of religion, but not the joy, so to speak—saved, but not sanctified. Here I been seekin' sanctification for two year, and ain't got any more 'n I had at first. W'y, pretty near everybody in the Station's been sanctified in that time but me. I've kep' up a sight of prayin', and walkin' in the narrow path, and got all the preachers and saved a-prayin' for me, but look like it ain't no use. There's bound to be a drawback somewheres, I say. I ast Brother Cheatham about it last quarterly meetin', and he says: 'It's faith you 'relackin', Brother Rolly. Keep a-prayin' for more faith.' But seem like I got the faith a plenty. Now I ain't got no doubt that the Lord *could* sanctify me if he was a mind to. I'm always lookin' for the blessin'—always gettin', but never got. So I think there must be somethin' else in the way. I wish somebody'd tell me what it is! Now, I ain't a drinkin' man, and goodness knows I never played no cards, and never swore but once, and, that when I was a little fellow six year old ridin' a stick horse, and he shied at a stump, and I cussed him. That sounded so bad I never swore no more. I was brought up in the way I ought to go, and although I've been a tol'able sinner, I ain't never been to say ornery. Now, I say the Lord's dealin' with me is strange, for here I've been seekin' the blessin' for two year, and seen worse sinners sanctified in two days. It's a funny thing. There's a drawback somewheres, Brother Jones."

During this time Brother Rolly had been turning over tenderly in his fingers a new plug of "Kentucky Orphan," with a shining silver band around it, and he now proceeded, with keen relish and much delicacy of touch, to slice off an end of it with his barlow knife. The slice, being satisfactorily square and straight-cut, was conveyed on the point of his knife to his mouth.

"I should say with Brother Cheatham that it was faith you was lackin', Brother Rolly," replied Brother Gilly Jones. "The grace is free to them that's got the faith to lay hold of it." Brother Jones was perched on the porch railing, and spat vigorously over to the other side of the porch to emphasize his remark. He was a thin, wiry little man, with pale red hair and chin-whiskers, much-wrinkled skin, and watery blue eyes.

A young boy, who, standing outside of the charmed circle, leaned inward over the railing, here ventured to say with some hesitation: "I heard Preacher Hockersmith say down to Lebanon at camp-meetin' last week that no man that chawed tobacco could hope to git the blessin'." He said it was 'filthiness of the flesh.' He gasped rather than spoke the last words, for all eyes were turned upon him in stern surprise and disapproval, and all the moving lower jaws suddenly dropped rigid. There was silence for the space of a minute. Then Brother Jones recovered himself.

"Well, I know I got the evidence of the Spirit in me, and I've chawed since I was five year old. You must have heard wrong, Charlie. Sholy Brother Hockersmith never said that!"

"Yes, he did," replied the boy, not without a visible tremor.

"Where's his reference? Where's his Bible for it?" demanded Brother Jones. "Got to show me Bible on any line before I'll believe it."

"Well, he said somewheres in Corinthians it said, 'Havin' therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit.' He say if chawin' tobacco was n't filthiness of the flesh, he'd like to know *what* it was. He say a *hog* would n't chaw tobacco. He say he had a special call to preach on that line."

"Well, he need n't be noratin' it around none in these parts!" exclaimed Brother Jones, in a high and scornful voice. "W'y, what's tobacco made for, I say?"

Jest to set on a stump and look at? Jest to plant and plow and worm? No, gentlemen; things has their uses. I ast you all, gentlemen, if it wa' n't made for to chaw?" He extended his right arm in an inclusive gesture. "I reckon Brother Hockersmith ain't the *only* man that has leadin's. I reckon there 's others that 's got some po'tion of the Spirit!"

Brother Rolly moved uneasily, and slowly pushed his broad straw hat off of his forehead. "What else did he say on that line, Charlie?" he asked, after a few minutes' reflection.

"He said there was jest lots of folks that was plumb ready for the blessin', all but that, and look like they found tobacco harder to give up than all the rest, and kep' rackin' around with their mouth full of tobacco, lookin' for the blessin', and wonderin' why they did n't git it."

"That may be the very thing your soul 's hangin' back on, Brother Rolly," said Brother Melton, a tall, fine-looking young man, with clear, direct eyes, who was leaning against one of the posts. "Everybody has their drawbacks. Sometimes it 's one thing, sometimes another. The devil 's sure to nose around, and find out the partic'lar spot where he can git his holt on a man. With me it was my gold collar-button. The devil mighty near got me on that! I 'd heard a sight of preachin' on the gold line, but look like I could n't see the harm in that there little old collar-button that my father 'd wore before me. I kep' a-strivin' for the blessin', and prayin' fit to kill. I taken off my necktie, for of co'se I knowed that was superfloous adornment. But then it seem like I had more need than ever of that collar-button. Well, gentlemen, it got so, when I 'd be up at the mourners' bench or prayin' anywhere, that collar-button it 'd burn right into my neck, and after while it never quit burnin' at all. I was jest in misery, and done give up hopes of gettin' the blessin'. Kep' resistin' for all I was worth, till one day when I was dressin' I got the strength to snatch it off, and throw it out of the window. Well, sir, I had n't no more 'n done it before I got the blessin' all thoo my soul, and commenced to shout. Rulaney she come a-runnin' from the kitchen, and she said she never seen nobody have a more glorious experience than me that mornin', less 'n it was the time she throwed her new spring hat into the fire."

"It was swearin' with me," mournfully remarked Brother Gideon Blevins, his lantern jaws snapping to after each sentence. "I was born a-cussin'. My pa he cussed before me. I could n't be out-cussed. Somehow got religion. Commenced seekin' the blessin'. Look like I 'd never git it. Was always helt back. Then I 'd git mad, and turn in and cuss the devil for all I was worth. One day I was wormin' tobacco, and set down on a log to meditate. I commenced to think about the devil holdin' me back, and how he helt Adam and Eve back in the first place, and Jonah, and them, and first thing I knowed I was cussin' him like a blue streak. Pretty soon I heard a rustlin' in the bushes behind that log, and every cuss-word I 'd say, somethin' would say over again. Well, I knowed the devil and me was in pretty close quarters then, so I turned in to cuss him black and blue. Well, sir, the more I talked, the more he talked, till after awhile he was sayin' about ten words to me one, and I could n't hear what I was

sayin'. I set and listened awhile, and then I up, and made a bee-line for the house. I seen I was whipped, and that he could beat me at it so bad I was n't nowheres. So I quit."

"Boiled shirts was my drawback," timidly said young Brother Tice Deacon, a mild-eyed young man with a dawning mustache. "I used to send my shirt up to town every week to be boiled and laundered. But I had a leadin' on the fine linen line, and finally give it up, and got the blessin'."

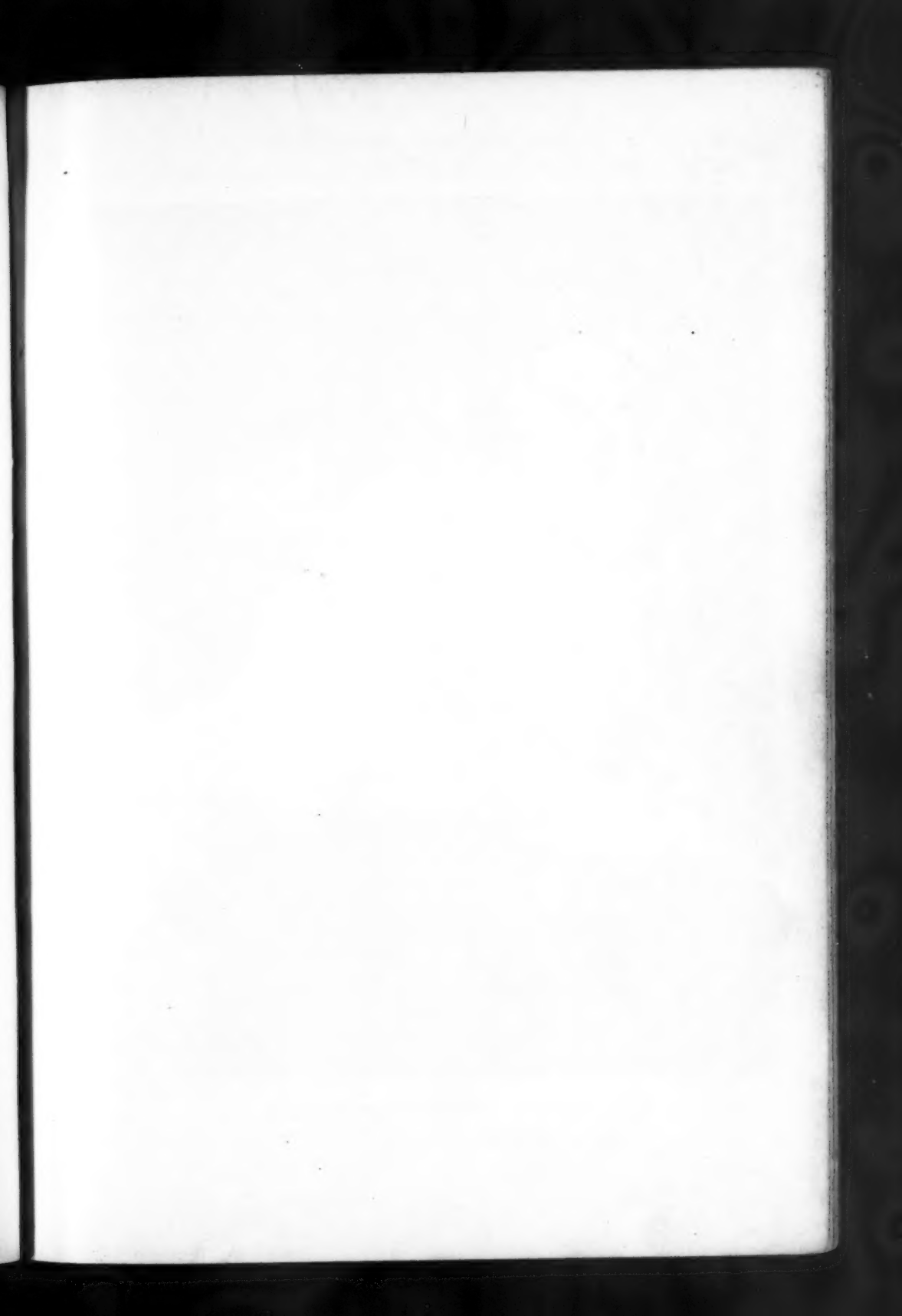
Here Mr. Bundy, the storekeeper, who stood bracing his elbows against the door-posts, put in a scornful remark. "By gosh! You folks 'll swallow a camel next! Seems to me if a man lives righteous as he knows how, and don't shoot nobody, and pays his just debts, he 's goin' to come out at the big end of the horn. I 'd bet my money on him every time a durn sight quicker 'n on some of them that 's got such a terrible sight of religion and sanctification, and don't pay their honest debts!" He gazed in a non-committal way at the western sky. There was a dead silence. Some of the gentlemen, noticeably Brother Jones, squirmed uncomfortably.

The conversation had received too much of a damper to thrive after this, and the men sauntered off one by one to the hitching-bar after their horses. Brother Rolly mounted his fat bay mare in silent meditation, and set off at a brisk canter for home. Keziah gradually slackened her speed as they went down the one long street of the Station, until, reaching the end of it, and not receiving the expected discouragement from Brother Rolly, she relapsed into a slow walk, leisurely switching her tail from time to time. Meanwhile Brother Rolly sat, rapt and unseeing, on her back. Not for him did the evening sky flame with gold and red and purple; not for him the heavy yellow light slant through the trees in great bars, glorifying the dusty road and grass and weeds. Brother Rolly was looking inward. They went slowly on, through the green woods, between broad fields where the stately tobacco plant spread its soft, ample leaves, or tall corn rustled lazily. Once Brother Rolly slipped his hand into his trousers pocket, and drawing therefrom the plug of "Kentucky Orphan," gazed at it long and earnestly, and with a deep groan slipped it back again. Keziah walked on, through more woods, past the three-mile covered bridge, and presently stopped short before Brother Rolly's own big gate. Brother Rolly slowly raised his eyes, and gazed around him, his usually placid brow contracted in a frown, a stern gleam in his eye. Once more he brought forth the "Kentucky Orphan," and, raising his arm, prepared to throw it far out into the field. But, in so doing, a whiff of its odor reached him. It was too much. He jerked his extended arm back, and inhaled the fragrance. The plug brushed against his mustache. His teeth spasmodically closed upon it. He drew a long, sighing breath; the frown melted away; he closed his eyes.

Suddenly his whole frame stiffened; his eyes flew open; he grasped the "Kentucky Orphan," and flung it far out into the corn-field, with a loud shout as of victory.

The next day it was told in the Station that Brother Rolly had found the blessing.

Lucy S. Furman.





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